

Summary: Harry travels back in time to change the future, but something doesn't go exactly the way he planned. Neville is the boy who lived.

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter

Note: Don't get excited, it's the same chapter I just changed the last line.

Thank you "ElDani" for pointing out my atrocious german.

Words in this chapter: 2024

Chapter 1

Time is important

It was sunset. The sun was disappearing in the horizon; it looked beautiful, an orange color that made everything looked as if it were on fire.

Peaceful.

It would be a perfect time to just sit outside and maybe read a book or just stare into the peacefulness of it all.

Relax.

The trees and grass were alive. The green showing there was still life.

It was something to appreciate, something to be thankful for.

You could even hear one or two birds chirping, maybe it was spring. It didn't really matter what the season was. It didn't matter what day it was, not even what year it was.

Not a single voice could be heard this night, no children playing, no annoyed parents trying to get their kids inside. Nothing. It was quiet, except for those birds.

London for the first time ever, was in total silence.

It would be a happy moment if you didn't really know the cause of such silence.

There wasn't even one soul alive to disturb the silence. Not that he knew of, at least.

Only one person lived. Only one survived.

Why was he the only one that survived?

What made him so special?

Though it couldn't really be called surviving. He was dead inside, he felt as if he had no reason to live. Everything and everyone he cared about no longer existed in this world. Not even as ghosts, he had looked.

He felt no interest in anything anymore. Nothing really mattered.

He was around 23 years old, he wasn't sure, time wasn't important anymore.

He had messy black hair, tall and you could tell he had once been in great shape, but you couldn't really expect it to still be that way when the man barely ate, when he barely got out of his house, if you could really call it a house.

It looked as if it could fall on any moment, as if something supernatural kept it as it was, even if that is impossible it was the only explanation there could be.

His most prominent feature were his eyes brilliant green eyes that once had been hidden with glasses, but his friend had a long time ago helped him get his full sight back and now you could see those beautiful green eyes from miles away. Especially since it were the only eyes that could be seen in miles.

Determination.

Determination was the only emotion that held those eyes.

The man, whose name was Harry Potter, though his name wasn't really important anymore, had been fighting an impossible war for years.

He had seen his mentor, friends and family die. He had continued fighting by himself in memory of everyone he once loved, for everyone he still loved.

He felt there was no point anymore. Who was he fighting for now?

His parents had died when he was one year old, they had died to save his life, and for some reason the evil man hadn't been able to harm him physically and had disappeared instead for eleven years.

Ironically, those eleven years could have easily been the worst years of his life.

His parents' murderer hadn't harmed him physically, except for a lightning shaped scar on his forehead, but he had harmed him every other way there was possible.

He had made him an orphan, he had deprived Harry from love, from everything a kid needs: a mother and a father, for that Harry had always hated that evil being.

Because of that night, his mentor had decided his safety was more important than his happiness, something he had hold a grudge for a long time.

His mentor had left him in the footsteps of his aunt's house, his mother's sister, a woman who had despised him from the moment he saw him.

For the first eleven years of his life hadn't understood why.

He had thought his name was Boy Freak Potter, until he was 5 years old and had gone to school for the first time.

When the teacher had asked for everyone to introduce themselves a skinny little kid had introduced himself as "Boy Freak Potter", since they where the only 3 names his family had ever called him.

He wasn't sure if the order was right, but he felt it was.

Everyone had laughed thinking he was being funny, but because of his low self-esteem he had thought they had been laughing at him.

His teacher, Miss McClaire, had been shocked to feel the sincerity in the little boy's voice when he had introduced himself.

She had informed him his name was Harry James Potter.

Harry had to admit he liked that name better.

Miss McClaire had called Harry's family over to have a talk with them with had only resulted in a severe punishment for Harry once he was in his house.

Flashback.

"What were you thinking? You wanted to make us look bad didn't you boy?" a purple faced large man yelled at Harry, while he threw him into the house and closed the door, after his wife had come in.

"My name is Harry" the little boy said trembling, with tears falling from his eyes while he was laying in the floor in front of his uncle. He was scared, but now that he knew his name, he wanted to be called Harry.

His aunt was on the stairs just staring at him with hatred in her eyes, she was holding a young, whale of a boy with blonde hair, that was currently laughing.

He was watching how his cousin was being punished, he didn't know the reason but he knew he deserved it.

"Don't talk to me in that tone!" yelled his uncle after he kicked him on the side, "After everything me and my family had done for you, you should be thankful we didn't left you in the streets when we found you"

Harry wanted to say he was sorry, but the pain wouldn't let him do anything.

"We should have known you were going to be just like your mother, pitiful and worthless" his aunt said, "Only someone as stupid as my

sister would have married a workless and drunk man. Of course that would get her killed" his aunt started rambling, "She just never thought about anyone but herself, selfish. She had to go out and get herself killed in that car crash. I'm sure she did it on purpose just to make my life miserable. She knew I would have to take you in, since I am such a good person. She must have known what you were and didn't want to be near you for any time longer" her aunt finished saying.

"Go to your room!" his uncle had yelled while he picked him up roughly and tossed him inside a small cupboard underneath the stairs. He locked the door behind him.

Harry had stayed there for 3 days.

End of Flashback

Harry had been changed into the same school as Dudley, his cousin, after that.

No one had ever tried to help again.

He had never had any friends, not even the teachers liked him

But everything changed when he turned 11; his life was changed.

Something he always thought was impossible, happened.

He was a wizard, and he had a place in Hogwarts.

He was told by his first friend, Hagrid, that he had been accepted to the best magical school in the world.

Even though his life had been in danger for at least once a year, Hogwarts was his home. He hadn't felt happier anywhere.

In his first year, a professor, who had been possessed by his parent's murderer, had tried to kill him.

In his second year, a diary and a basilisk had almost achieved it.

In his third year, a convicted murderer was thought to be after him, but then found out the man was innocent. In fact he learned the

supposed murderer was his godfather. He almost had his soul sucked out by a hundred dementors, at least.

In his fourth year, his parents' murderer had come back.

In his fifth year, the evil man had tried to possess him and he had found out why everything happened to him. Stupid prophecy. His godfather died that year.

In his sixth year, the white masked men, who were known as Death Eaters, had entered Hogwarts and killed his mentor.

In his seventh year he had ditched school and had tried to go after the evil man. His two best friends had died that year.

Next year and until the current year everyone that he had once known, had been killed.

Flashback

"Harry Potter. How does it feel to have killed everyone you loved?" a snake faced man asked him, the man that had been trying to kill him most of his life.

"I didn't kill them. You and your dogs did" Harry answered him, barely standing, lifting a long piece of wood with his right hand. Battered and bloody clothes, broken nose and a swollen eye.

Everyone present started laughing. One of those laughs stood out; Harry could know that laugh anywhere.

"Bellatrix, I'm glad you are here. After I kill your master, I'm going to kill you" Harry turned to look at who he knew was the woman who had killed his godfather a long time ago.

"Oooh, poor little Hawy thinks he is going to win" mocked the woman. Harry knew who it was even though she had her face hidden behind a white mask.

"You want to know what I did to the mudblood and the bloodtraitor?" a man stepped forward, closer to Harry.

"Lucius, I'm going to avenge them, you can be sure of that" Harry gritted. He was now looking at the man that had stepped forward.

Everyone started laughing again.

"Oh Harry is almost a pity that I have to kill you. I have to say you have been my best entertainment for the last years. It will be quite boring without you, I have to admit" the snake-face man said.

"I'm going to kill you Tom. I'm going to do it for my parents and my friends" Harry promised him, trying to maintain his balance.

It wasn't meant to be.

He was too weak.

He fell hard on the floor, his legs couldn't hold him anymore.

Everyone laughed one more time, this time with more force.

"Just so you can't say I'm evil, I'll give you a chance to try again. You can live for a while longer" the man who Harry had called Tom told him with a smirk before he disappeared. All the white masked men and women after him, leaving him bleeding behind.

End of Flashback

Tom had been playing with him, and Harry knew that. Not even calling him Tom worked anymore.

The evil man had won.

There was no one left but Harry opposing him.

That had been 2 years ago.

In that time, Harry had found the house he was currently living in. He never left it.

Hermione, one of his best friends, had been researching of a way to win the war before she was killed. Harry had continued with her work.

It was hard work, and he was progressing very slowly. He was almost there though, he was sure of that.

And he was right.

After 2 and a half years, he had finally finished.

Everything was ready.

Everywhere, in the floors, walls and ceiling, something was carved. Some things were drawn with what looked like blood.

Harry was standing in the middle with a long piece of wood in his hand.

With a smile on his face and with determination in his eyes.

He was going to make a change.

He was going to help everyone.

He was going to win this time.

"Zeit ist wichtig" muttered Harry.

A blinding white light quickly started surrounding him and the house, disappearing quickly after, leaving only burned grass behind.

While the light surrounded him he heard a voice, though he didn't understand what it said.

"Man kann die Vergangenheit nicht ändern, aber ein anderes Leben leben"

I used a translator

Zeit ist wichtig : Time is important

Man kann die Vergangenheit nicht ändern, aber ein anderes Leben leben: You can't change time but you can live another life

I know the idea has been done but this is the type of stories I like to read, so I thought I would try to write my own.

I will be putting the dates as a random fact at the end of each chapter, unless you ask me not too.

In this chapter the date is unknown.

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 2

Change was going to happen

While the light surrounded him he heard a voice though he didn't understand what it said.

"Sie schräge Änderungszeit, aber Sie können leben ein anderes Leben"

A hole opened in the sky for less than a second, but it was enough time for the sky to throw something forcefully out.

You had to have paid attention and know exactly where to look for.

It all happened too fast, but it got dark and cold.

A black shadow fell through the sky; before you could really notice, the stars could be seen again in the sky accompanying the moon as if nothing unusual had just happened.

The shadow fell rapidly towards the floor and hit hard on the ground.

Harry stayed there for a couple of minutes, groaning and trying to get control over the pain.

Just when he thought the pain was manageable, he stood up as quickly as he could, which wasn't too quickly, and started taking notice of his surroundings.

He had no idea of where he was.

Nothing could be seen that could give him an idea of where he was.

Flashback

"What are you doing Hermione?" Harry asked curiously to her friend.

"We are going to win this war Harry, and this is how we are going to do it. I just need to... it shouldn't take long" Hermione answered half paying attention at what she was saying, never lifting her gaze from the parchment she was currently writing on.

"She has gone barmy mate. She only sits there and writes. She has been like that for 2 days now" Ron, his other best friend said without getting up from his bed, in a sleepy voice "Try getting her to eat, maybe she will listen to you"

Harry took the parchment away from Hermione and lifted it up his head, laughing.

"Come on Mione, you have to eat something, and you should sleep a little"

Ron after seeing what was going on, got out of bed and stood behind Hermione.

"Throw it at me Harry" Ron yelled at his friend laughing.

Harry made the parchment into a ball and threw it towards Ron, who caught and lift it over his face laughing.

Hermione turned towards Ron and started trying to get it back, but both boys were considerably taller than her.

Ron threw it back at Harry, making Hermione turn back towards her other friend.

"Harry James Potter and Ronald Billius Weasley stop playing right now and give me that back" a very angry Hermione ordered in a dangerous low voice, successfully shocking both her friends and getting her parchment back.

"At least tell us what is so important about what you are doing" Ron asked her, scared of making her angrier than what she already was.

"Why is this going to help us win the war?" asked Harry with no care in the world, trying to get the parchment away from her again.

"Harry don't you dare!" warned Hermione, getting Harry's hand away from the piece of parchment.

"Hermione I'm being serious. Explain to us what you are doing and if we think it's important we won't interrupt you again" Harry promised her.

"You are not Sirius" Hermione joked, with a little smile in her face.

Ron tried to hide his smile behind his hand. Harry had no idea how to react.

Not seeing Harry smiling Hermione felt guilty, "I'm sorry Harry, I don't know why I said that. I think you are both right. I need to sleep and eat something. My mind isn't really working at the moment"

Harry seeing her friend starting to get distressed smirked, "Tell us what you are doing and I'll forgive you" Harry promised Hermione.

"Harry! You made me feel so guilty!" Hermione told him swatting him playfully in the arm, when he saw Harry smirking. He was playing with her.

"Please Hermione, let us help you" Ron told her, once he knew that it was safe to get near his friends. He sat down across from Hermione.

"Fine, but it will take a while" Hermione answered.

Harry sat down in the bed waiting for Hermione to start explaining.

End of Flashback

He had been sorry for interrupting her after learning what she was doing. She had been right. It was what was going to help them win the war. Yes them.

He was going to make sure there was going to be 'them' again.

First she had explained everything in only a way Hermione could have understood, taking on her famous lecture tone.

After almost half an hour of explaining, she finally saw the confused faces on Harry and Ron.

She realized they had not understood what she had been trying to explain.

Remembering that moment made Harry smile.

They had acted carefree, like normal teenagers, even though the topic had been anything but normal.

She had then started to explain everything in a much simpler way.

At that moment he had realized just how much of a genius Hermione really was.

Only she could have done what she had been doing.

It was brilliant.

The perfect plan.

Dumbledore had once told them that traveling through time was dangerous, illegal, and that you had to be careful to not make big changes.

But Hermione had explained that that didn't really apply here.

It wasn't illegal since there was no government.

It wasn't dangerous since what made it dangerous was the fact that you could accidentally kill yourself, if you travel to a time where you couldn't hurt yourself, then it wasn't dangerous.

Finally the point of it all was to make big changes.

Hermione had found a way of making a sort of time turner that could get anyone back in time years, instead of hours.

She had used the basic theory of the time turners that already existed and modified them to make them what they needed.

The new, improved, time turner could move you forward as well, making it easier than waiting for the time to pass to get back to their time. Like the basic time turner did.

The three of them were to go back to 1981, October 31st 1981 to be exact.

While Harry made sure Voldemort didn't kill him or his parents, Hermione and Ron would make sure Bellatrix didn't hurt Neville or his parents.

They were going to hide them without even Dumbledore knowing where, so Voldemort wouldn't be able to find them.

Hermione was also trying to find a way to make Voldemort disappear for at least the same 11 years that he had disappeared in their time without getting the Potters killed.

That way they would be able to have a life and prepare before they had to fight again.

Somehow getting their memories into their younger selves so they would know what was coming.

She had the basics of what they needed to make it happen, she just had to make it work somehow.

After she had explained, Ron and Harry had become engrossed, just like Hermione.

They had been trying to help her with her plan.

They needed to make sure it worked.

Flashback

"Harry look out!"

Harry dived out of the way just in time to see a green light hit just where he had been standing a second ago.

"Thanks Mione" He yelled back, quickly standing up.

It was a fight, there was no denying that.

They were losing.

It was a blur of lights.

He couldn't really see how his friends were doing.

He hoped they were alright.

At least he knew Hermione was still alive and near.

Reducto!

Expelliarmus!

Avada Kadavra!

Spells could be heard being yelled by everyone.

At some point the Death Eaters had taken their masks off their faces. That made it harder to know who was in what side.

He didn't know who was an ally and who wasn't.

Crucio!

"Aaaaah!" Harry started screaming feeling as if a million knives were cutting him everywhere in his body. He just wanted it to stop.

It felt as if hours had passed before the spell was taken off.

"Oooh Harry, does it hurt?" he knew and hated that voice. That awful mocking baby-like voice.

It was Bellatrix.

"I would gladly help you end it, but my master wants to help you personally" Bellatrix stated.

Stupefy!

Harry couldn't move.

He could feel Bellatrix breath near his ear.

"My master wants you alive and free for now. Enjoy his mercy" Bellatrix got up "We are done! Lets go" she yelled and before everyone apparated away, she conjured the Dark Mark right above Harry.

End of Flashback

He hadn't understood why he was left behind while he was there until Ron had found him and lifted the curse.

Those words still got him nightmares.

"They took Hermione"

They had tried everything they could think of to get Hermione back, but they had no idea where she was or who exactly had taken her. They had gotten themselves into countless fights and killed countless Death Eaters with no result.

Flashback

"This is a suicide mission" Ron stated but not backing down

"Lucius knows where Hermione is" Harry repeated for what it felt like the millionth time of the day.

They were outside Malfoy Manor waiting for the perfect opportunity to get to Lucius and make him talk.

It had been 3 months since the last time they had seen Hermione.

She had to still be alive.

"Malfoy must be sleeping, we need to act now" Harry said in a hushed voice.

Ron nodded and started walking towards the entrance being careful of not being seen, or triggering any wards.

When he saw everything was according to plan and making sure no one had seen Ron, Harry started to walk after his friend.

After 3 steps Harry couldn't move any further. There was a barrier stopping him, but Ron had walked through.

"You really think it would be that easy?" a voice was heard from the darkness.

Stupefy!

"Ron!" Harry yelled seeing his friend slam into the ground.

That is when he saw them.

Lucius and Draco Malfoy.

Draco was walking towards Ron, while Lucius was walking towards him.

"Don't you dare touch him! I'll kill you both" Harry threatened, trying to get through the barrier with no luck.

Draco turned towards him and smirked while pointing his wand towards Ron. He could only see, not being able to anything, while Draco levitated Ron in front of him towards his house.

"Say goodbye Potter. You won't ever seen him again either" Lucius told him and turned away from him, walking behind his son.

He stayed there for weeks trying to get through the barrier, with no luck.

Almost one month after that when he woke up to start fighting the barrier again, he saw them.

Both of them.

Ron and Hermione dead just in front of him.

They were standin,g obviously with the help of magic.

He could see their lifeless eyes and their pale skin.

They were dead.

He stood there not daring to believe what he was seeing.

"Now you are alone" he could hear Lucius voice even though he couldn't see him.

End of Flashback

Lucius was right, now he was alone.

He had to change that.

He finished what Hermione started, following all her notes and instructions.

He was going to do alone, what they had all planned to do together.

He had to save them.

He had to be able to save them.

All of them.

Change was going to happen.

He apparated quickly from wherever he was, to his planned destination.

"Harry James Potter!" an angry voice yelled his name.

Random Fact:

Date: 31st August 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 3

What?

"Harry James Potter!" an angry voice yelled his name.

Harry had only one thing in his mind. He had to get to Godrics Hallow and save his parents and then get to the Longbottom house and save them as well.

Without his friends help, he had to do everything himself.

He had to do it right.

He will get his memories into his younger self, and he will kill himself after that.

He needed to rest, to at least be in peace.

Hope that the new Harry will do things better than him.

He apparated quickly from wherever he was, to his planned destination: Godric Hallow.

What he didn't expect to hear was a loud angry voice yelling his name.

To say he was in shock would be an understatement.

He had thought he was stronger than this.

He couldn't move.

There she was.

His mother.

Just in front of him.

She looked just like he remembered her from the photos he had seen. Maybe a little older, but she still looked beautiful.

"Answer me young boy!" a very angry Lily demanded.

"What?" Harry was truly confused.

"You are just like your father! One of you is going to give me a heart attack one of these days" a very frustrated Lily started saying when the fireplace lighted up and said man stumbled out.

The man looked exactly like him.

It was James Potter.

His father.

"You got in trouble?" James asked him, with a wide smile on his face.

"James Potter!" Lily exclaimed angrily.

"I mean. Harry you are grounded you shouldn't do that, you know its wrong! Think about what you did while you are confined into your room" James told him in the best serious face he could master.

"You are impossible" Lily said exasperated, throwing her arms into the air.

James was scared "What did you do to get her like this?" he asked Harry in a hushed voice, so only he could hear.

"What?" asked an even more confused Harry Potter.

"Now I made her mad as well, I'll be sleeping in the couch for sure. Don't you want to make a place for your dad in your room for tonight, since this is technically your fault?" James asked him.

But before Harry could get more confused, the fire lit up again.

"Prongs!" A man with black hair black eyes and elegant robes started screaming desperately, as if he were dying.

James started laughing hysterically at his friend's antics.

"Sirius Black stop yelling this instant!" Lily yelled at the new arrival.

Sirius was smart enough to act scared and shut up instantly, walking towards the other two men in the room slowly and never taking his eyes off the scary redheaded lady.

"Whose fault is it?" Sirius asked in a hushed voice to his best friend, but making sure Lily could hear as well.

It annoyed Lily to no end, since she knew she wasn't being taken seriously.

"Harry's" James pointed to his son, trying to get his laughter under control.

"Prongslet! Whatever you did was wrong don't do it again!" Sirius told Harry in a stern voice "Now that you had been punished enough lets go out and play quidditch" a now excited Sirius told both James and Harry.

Lily was now furious.

"Don't move!" Lily warned, glaring at the three boys in front of her. The all froze in their place.

Both James and Sirius took it literally and stayed exactly the way they had been when Lily made the order.

Sirius had an arm up in the air and a huge smile on his face.

James had one foot up, on his way to turning around towards the quidditch field.

Not paying attention to what were supposed to be two grown men, she walked towards Harry and stood just in front of him.

"Where were you?" Lily asked in a low dangerous voice, which reminded him strongly of Hermione.

"What?" asked for the third time a confused Harry Potter.

Lily then started crying, covering her eyes with both hands. She had been scared to death and now her son wasn't taking her seriously.

James and Sirius stopped playing and both went towards Lily trying to comfort her, but really at loss to what to do and how to react.

"You could have been killed or kidnapped, I didn't know where you were for hours. I have been dying of worry" Lily said between sobs, with her face buried in James chest.

"Prongslet I think this is the time when you say you are sorry" Sirius nudge Harry towards his mother.

"Sorry?" Harry tried, but it sounded more like a question, since he had no idea what was going on.

"Harry you really worried your mother, I think she deserves a better apology than that" James told him seriously, still holding Lily in his arms.

"I honestly don't know what is going on" Harry said in a confused and sincere voice, more to himself than to the people that were currently in the room with him.

It was the wrong thing to say.

Lily pushed James away and turned towards Harry with fire in her eyes.

"You don't know what is going on? You don't understand why your mother is so worried after she tried to wake you up and found out you weren't in your room and didn't hear anything from you until now?" asked Lily getting louder by the second.

"I'm so sorry" said Harry this time sincerely and feeling guilty, even though he really didn't understand what was going on.

Calming down a bit Lily asked again "Where were you?"

"I just wanted to go for a walk and I lost track of time" Harry answered the first thing that came to his mind, hoping they wouldn't notice he was lying.

It worked.

"Harry, its perfectly normal to be a little scared and nervous. It is a big change. But that is no excuse to do what you did" a sympathetic Lily told him with warm in her eyes.

That only scared Harry.

How did Lily go from furious to warm in less than a second?

"You can write us every time you feel lonely, and when you don't feel lonely anymore keep writing" James warned playfully, trying to calm his son.

"Don't be scared Prongslet, you will love Hogwarts. Besides you are more than ready for Hogwarts" told him Sirius, with a wink.

"Why is Harry more than ready for Hogwarts Sirius?" asked Lily in a high voice, while James tried to get as far away as possible without being seen, "Don't move Potter" Lily told him before he could fully get away.

"Nothing Lily. I just meant he is old and mature enough to go to school and be away from his parents and godfather, even though it'll never be the same as his home and he won't want to come home for the holidays. Then he will meet a pretty girl and marry her and never come back. We will never see him again. Don't go Harry!" Sirius started explaining playfully to Lily, and finished crying holding Harry for his life.

"Calm down Padfoot you are scaring him" James told his friend, trying to get him to let go of his son, with no luck.

"But Prongs your son is leaving you tomorrow forever. You won't see him again" Sirius cried out.

"I just hope that is true. Otherwise I'm going to hex everyone in this room for waking me up" a girl in the stairs said, looking quite angry.

She had dark black hair in light curls falling until her shoulders, dark brown eyes and light skin. She couldn't be older than 9 years old, and was wearing red pajamas.

"Sorry darling, your father and his friend were being over dramatic, again" Lily apologized to the girl.

"Could you please keep it down?" the girl asked in a sarcastic tone.

"But your brother is leaving you! Doesn't that kill you" Sirius asked in a very dramatic high voice.

"Come on uncle Sirius you know better than anyone that he will never leave me. Maybe he'll leave you and mom and dad, but never me. So no, it doesn't kill me" the girl answered with a smirk on her face.

"Oh what I would give to be you so Harry would never leave me" Sirius cried out once again holding Harry with no plan of ever letting go.

"This is getting ridiculous. We all went through this when we were 11. Are you going to act this way when Danielle goes to school as well?" Lily asked Sirius and then turned towards Harry.

"There is nothing to worry about, you will go to school, make friends, owl me everyday and come home in a few months for he holidays. A few months. 4 moths" Lily said standing very still "Its too long" Lily sighed, her eyes getting moist.

"What am I supposed to do with two crying people?" asked James to no one in particular.

"Hex them" Danielle said with a serious face, which made James laugh.

"Come one Padfoot. Harry can't breathe" James told him, not really wanting the show to end.

Reluctantly Sirius let go of Harry and calmed down.

"Tomorrow is going to be a big day. I'm sure Harry wants to get ready" James was trying to save him from another emotional attack.

"Yes, we wouldn't want Harry to live anything behind" Danielle said with a smirk.

James knowing full well that Danielle knew exactly what she was doing when she said that, glared not really feeling it, at her. This way, neither Sirius nor Lily would ever let Harry go.

Even if his wife was acting strong, he knew it was killing her to see Harry go to school.

Lily and Sirius ran towards Harry and hugged him again.

"Please don't leave us. We will love you more than the awful girl you want to marry, I'll buy you all the firewhiskey you want" Sirius started to cry out.

James started laughing and Danielle just stared in shock and glee at the scene below.

Lily let go of Harry and started screaming at Sirius.

"You will do no such thing! Do you understand me Black? If he ever gets drunk I'm going to blame you and I'm going to make you wish you'd never heard about firewhiskey"

Sirius stopped crying and hugging Harry.

He now looked terrified.

"No firewhiskey for Harry ever" Sirius promised Lily "Sorry Harry, you have a boring mom" Sirius told Harry in what he thought was a hushed voice that Lily wouldn't hear.

"Sirius Black get out!" Lily demanded.

Sirius ran towards the fireplace and floo away.

"I think it's time everyone went to bed" Lily ordered.

Danielle was the first to turn around and go back up the stairs. In almost no time a door being shut closed, was heard.

"Amm.. " Harry started to say.

"No Harry, it's late. Whatever you want to say can wait until tomorrow. Bed now!" Lily interrupted him.

Slowly and still confused Harry went up the stairs.

He went into the room that had his name written on it.

That is when he saw himself in the mirror.

"Ahh!" He screamed as if he was being tortured.

Danielle won't be a huge part of the story yet so she won't be mentioned too much for now.

Random Facts:

At the moment Danielle is 9 years old.

Danielle's full name is: Danielle Kelly Potter.

Her birthday is on the 5th of April.

Date: 31st August 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 4

Getting younger

"Ahh!" He screamed as if he was being tortured

Harry walked up the stairs still confused about what was happening.

He was sure he did everything correctly, Hermione made the calculations and he was sure they were correct.

What happened?

He was supposed to be on the 31st of October 1981 saving his parents from Voldemort.

For some reason his parents knew him, even at his 23 year old self.

Hogwarts?

Why would he be going to Hogwarts?

Did he become a teacher?

Why were his parents and Sirius so tall?

Harry walked up the stairs towards the second floor.

He wasn't sure which was supposed to be his room.

If he was honest to himself he was pretty tired and just wanted to sleep for hours and not think about anything.

The second door to his right was a red one with his name –Harry James Potter- written on it in black letters; that must be his room.

He opened the door and closed it behind him slowly, making sure not to slam it shut.

In the dark he started looking for the light switch, then he remembered this was a wizard's home. There was no electricity.

Where is his wand?

He couldn't find it anywhere on him.

Starting to panic he didn't notice there was now light in the room.

Thinking maybe he dropped it, he looked ahead where he could see his full reflection in the mirror that was hanging on the wall.

"Ahh!" He screamed as if he was being tortured

Lily and James opened the door to Harry's room with their wands in their hands, trying to find the danger. What made his son scream like that.

"What is going on?" a scared Danielle asked running into her parents when she entered Harry's room.

"Danielle go to your room now" James ordered her daughter leaving no place for her to argue.

A little scared and curious Danielle ran out of the room and back into hers.

"Harry slowly walk to us" Lily told her son still looking for the possible threat.

Harry forgot about what he just had seen on the mirror and was even more confused if that was possible looking at his parents in auror mode. He had no idea what was going on and he didn't move.

"Harry, listen to you mother!" James ordered in a stern voice, which made Harry move quickly towards them.

"Where is he Harry?" James asked in a cautious voice.

"Where is who?" Harry asked in a hushed voice.

"Whoever threatened you" James answered.

"What?" Now Harry was confused again.

He was threatened?

When?

By who?

"Why did you scream Harry?" Lily asked looking at her son a little annoyed, and putting her wand down, seeing there was no threat.

Harry had the sense of looking ashamed.

"Harry, why did you scream?" asked Lily again.

James put his wand down seeing there was no threat, and that it had probably been a prank.

Was it a prank?

James started laughing.

"You wanted to say goodbye with a prank didn't you Harry?" James asked between laughs. "I don't get it, what is so funny about screaming?" asked James, he abruptly stopped laughing and looked confused.

"It was funny in my head" Harry answered, lying through his teeth, hoping his parents will leave the room so he could see himself in the mirror again.

He was feeling sure his eyes had been playing a trick on him.

"Harry James Potter!, Two heart attacks in one day? Go to bed right now young man!" Lily ordered angrily.

They left the room and Lily slammed the door shut after James got out.

Harry not understanding why he felt so guilty, walked towards the mirror and almost screamed again but stopped himself on time.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

He thought he would only be able to see himself that way was if he ever decided to look at photos.

There was an 11 years old Harry Potter looking back at him.

He didn't look exactly as he remembered himself at that age.

For once he didn't look as if had ever skipped a meal in his life, there were no bruises on him, and his clothes fitted perfectly.

What is going on?

Harry dared looked at his surrounding.

He was definitely in an 11 years old boy's room.

Blue walls and blue carpeting, white covers on his bed with small quidditch players on brooms on it.

Toys and clothes tossed randomly in the floor.

Even if he had gone back to another time than what he intended to, why were his parents alive if he was 11 years old?

Who saved them?

"Man kann die Vergangenheit nicht ändern, aber ein anderes Leben leben"

Those words he heard in the light must be important; he needed to know what they meant.

He wasn't even sure what language it was, he thought it was german but he couldn't be sure.

How was he supposed to figure it out?

Should he kill himself like he had planned?

Should he give himself a chance to know this people who looked just like his parents and who he truly wished acted just like his parents would?

Harry couldn't take his eyes off the mirror, even if it scared him to death to be on his 11 year old body. He couldn't help but feel happy to see himself like that, healthy, he must be happy here.

It was decided then, he would give himself a chance; he wanted to be happy.

He could still save his friends, and his parents were already saved.

Sirius wasn't in Azkaban and he even had a sister, a younger, sarcastic, little sister.

He could at least take it as an investigation, to know the situation he was in.

Right?

"Harry James Potter! You better be awake" a voice he figured must be from his mother could be heard.

Harry woke up abruptly. "My mother?" he asked himself.

Everything that had happened the day before came back to him with a huge headache that made him lay down again on the bed.

Harry heard the door being opened a second later.

"Mom! He is still sleeping" Danielle screamed.

"Get out!" Harry yelled at his sister.

"Mom! Harry is yelling at me!" Danielle yelled back.

"Harry stop yelling at your sister and get downstairs now!" Lily yelled from downstairs, he guessed.

Knowing he wouldn't win this fight he got up and tossed a pillow at Danielle "Get out!" yelling; Danielle started laughing and closed the door behind her.

Slowly he started looking for clothes and found a pair of dark jeans and a black t-shirt, which he put on after he got a quick shower.

Going downstairs he started to look for the kitchen, which was where he guessed his family must be in.

Before he could truly walk into the kitchen he felt someone suffocating him, he was beginning to panic trying to get who ever it was off.

"Sirius leave my son alone, he can't breathe" he could hear Lily saying.

"But Lily, I won't be able to do this ever again" Sirius whined, without letting go of Harry.

"Mphmm Phmm"

"What was that Harry?" Sirius asked letting go of Harry.

"Can't breath" Harry said trying to get air back on his lungs.

"Sit down. Breakfast is ready" Lily announced and everyone sat down on the table waiting for Lily to serve the food.

Sirius moved his chair as closed to Harry as he could making Harry nervous and missing his personal space.

Before Harry could really know what was happening Sirius took his plate and started making weird noises. "Choo choo! Come on Harry open your mouth, here comes the train. Choo choo!"

Harry did open his mouth in shock, he couldn't believe Sirius was acting this way, but Sirius took it as an invitation to put food in his mouth.

"Padfoot I think Harry can eat by himself" James stated, trying hard not to laugh something Danielle wasn't even trying.

She was rolling on the floor holding her stomach.

"I know how to grab a fork" Harry told Sirius carefully, taking the fork from his godfather's hand.

"No! who taught Harry how to grab a fork? He is going to leave us!" Sirius cried out stubbornly, keeping a tight hold onto Harry's fork.

And the fight between Harry and Sirius started, a battle of wills, who was going to keep the fork?

Sirius won.

The train stayed.

"Choo choo!" Sirius could be heard saying throughout breakfast.

Harry had an annoyed look the whole time, something everyone else enjoyed.

"Go get your trunk Harry. We need to get to Hogwarts express and it's getting late" Lily said trying to stifle a laugh.

Not needing to be told twice Harry ran towards his room leaving a crying Sirius and a hysterical James behind.

"Harry we need to go!" Harry heard his mother yell fifteen minutes after he got into his room.

He ran back down dragging his trunk behind him, he almost halted at the foot of the stairs when he saw Sirius hadn't calmed down, if anything he was being even more dramatic.

Anyone would think someone had died.

"Sirius if you don't calm down you are not going with us" Harry stated hoping that would work.

"Did you just call me Sirius?" a shocked Sirius asked.

"Isn't that your name?" asked Harry knowing he was walking into a trap, but not finding the way out.

"What happened to being called Padfoot? Uncle Padfoot?" Sirius started crying again.

"Padfoot get a hold of yourself or I'll let James do this overdramatic show when Holly goes to school" Lily threatened half seriously.

That definitely worked and Sirius looked as if he hadn't cried in years, smiling and dragging everyone into the fireplace so they could go.

Who is Holly? Harry wondered.

20 minutes later the Potter family and Sirius Black, who was an honorary part of the family, were in front of the Hogwarts express saying goodbye to the eldest of the Potter children.

"Harry you are a man now. Have fun and make us proud" said a serious and cold Sirius only putting one hand in his shoulder while saying it.

A big change from the Sirius from early in the morning

"Is that fine Lily?" asked Sirius with a smile on his face turning towards Mrs. Potter.

"You can say goodbye Sirius" Lily said exasperated.

Sirius hugged Harry tightly and started crying again, saying Harry's name over and over again.

"Come on Padfoot we all want to humiliate Harry before he goes" Danielle said trying to get Sirius to let go of her brother, which she succeeded.

"My big loving brother, write everyday! Don't you dare forget me!" cried Danielle loudly making Harry wish Sirius was the one giving the dramatic show.

It was less humiliating than having a 9 year old girl cry, like how his sister was crying right now.

"That is enough!" Lily got Danielle off Harry.

"Now Harry, write everyday! And use clean underwear, brush your teeth at least three times a day and don't you dare not take a shower everyday. Remember you are a grown man now so don't forget to shave and use deodorant, girls don't like smelly boys..." Lily started rambling making Harry's cheeks start burning.

James couldn't stop laughing, while the rest of his family said goodbye to his only son.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye to Harry?" Lily asked James.

James controlled himself, if you could call that control and gave a mischievous look to Harry, which made Harry fear for his life, social life at least.

"My dear Harry..." started saying James.

"I love you too dad, bye" Harry told his father and ran towards the train.

"Hey! Not fair! It's my turn to say goodbye!" James shouted after him but Harry got on the train before James could say or do anything else.

Random Facts:

Lily isn't supposed to be emotionally unstable, in the last chapter. I was trying to portray her as a mother who hadn't known anything about her 11 year old son for a day, she was supposed to be angry, sad and relieved at the same time.

Sirius isn't really dying of sorrow, he is just being dramatic because he thinks its funny.

James and Sirius are acting immature, it's an act they do.

Danielle is a little sarcastic and likes to get her brother into trouble like any other little sister, yet he loves his brother very much.

Sirius does have 3 children, 1 girl and two boys.

I am still not sure about the pairings since I don't think Harry is ready for that, he is a little unstable since he has been alone for a couple of years just thinking about how to kill a man, even if that man is Voldemort.

By magic, when someone enters the room and wants the light to go on, it does, same goes if you want it off.

James Potter and Sirius Black are aurors.

Lily doesn't work, at least until Danielle goes to school.

Holly is Sirius' daughter who won't make an appearance in the story for a long time.

You can make any questions you like and I will make sure to answer all of them in the story, maybe in the next chapter maybe not until chapter 20 but I will answer it.

Date: 31st August 1991 and 1st September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 5

New old Friends

"My dear Harry..." started saying James.

"I love you too dad, bye" Harry told his father and ran towards the train.

Knowing full well that James had been the leader of the Marauders for a reason he didn't want to find out what his father was going to do to top Danielle's and Sirius' performances, so he ran to the train without giving him a chance to humiliate him any longer.

He couldn't get the smile off his face.

Even though it had been a very humiliating moment he was thankful for it, he couldn't help but love his family, or what would his family be if he had had one.

He was loving this, and it had been only one day.

He was just starting to feel sad about the fact that he had to be away from them for months.

This train of thought only got him depressed since he started to remember the reason why he hadn't had a family in his world/time, he wasn't sure anymore which was it.

The reason for everything that had gone wrong in his life: Voldemort.

Thinking of his worst enemy, he walked through the train's corridor until he found an empty compartment.

He entered and closed the door after him, sitting down and remembering his past.

Flashback

"Harry, we are your family, you are not alone" Hermione told him, while hugging him.

They were currently in Grimauld place.

It had been 3 years since Sirius had died.

Sirius had left Grimauld Place to him in his will.

The Order was almost nonexistent since the dead of Albus Dumbledore.

Grimauld place was quite and empty, except for the three friends inside.

It had been like that for some time now.

Harry was feeling lonely and desperate.

Voldemort was winning almost without effort.

They could actually affirm that Hermione, Ron and him were the only three wizards brave enough to oppose him.

The government had fallen almost 3 months ago.

There were no more aurors, or at least none they could see.

"Why keep fighting?" Harry asked himself, but Hermione heard him.

"For me and for Ron, but most of all for you" Hermione told him, making him look into her eyes so he could see the sincerity and seriousness of what she was trying to get into his head. "You know you can't live knowing you did nothing to stop the snake-faced monster, it's part of you to fight for what you believe in"

"We will always be here for you. We will fight with you. We will never leave you" Ron told him, in the most serious voice he had ever heard his best mate use.

"I don't know what I would do without you guys" Harry told them, with a smile on his face.

"You wouldn't survive even for a day without Hermione" Ron told him.

"Yes he would. We all have to promise each other we will never give up, even if one of us doesn't make it 'til the end" Hermione told her best friends, with a pleading voice.

"That won't happen Mione. I'll never let anything happen to neither of you" Harry told them both, but looked only at Hermione.

"Promise me Harry" Hermione pleaded to Harry.

"I promise I will never let anything happen to you Hermione" Harry promised her, feeling every word he said to her.

"Not that. Harry promise me you will never give up, even if I don't survive" Hermione demanded, in a pleading but stern voice.

"But Hermione..." Harry started saying, making Hermione take on an angry face.

"Hermione is right Harry. We have to promise each other" Ron interrupted.

Feeling defeated, Harry promised.

End of Flashback

He was planning on keeping his promise.

He was going to defeat Voldemort, even if it was the last thing he did.

He was going to do it for his sister, in every way but blood.

For Hermione.

The train started moving and he saw Danielle and his family get smaller as the train was getting farther away from the station.

That brought a smile to his face.

He was going to do this for his blood sister as well.

For Danielle.

"Do you mind if I sit here? Everywhere else is full" Harry hadn't even heard the door to the compartment being opened.

A tall redhead, weird looking, eleven year old boy, was waiting for his answer.

"Of course, sit down" Harry answered.

"My name is Harry Potter" Harry introduced himself offering his hand as a greeting, once Ron had taken a seat.

"I'm Ron Weasley" the boy introduced himself, and shook Harry's hand.

Weird... No reaction after saying my name. Harry thought to himself.

"Do you want anything from the cart?" An old lady asked from outside the door of the compartment.

"No thank you. I brought lunch with me" Ron answered feeling a little ashamed. He took out what looked like a crushed jam sandwich from his left pocket.

Harry started looking for money in his pockets, but remembered his parents hadn't given him any. He didn't find any coins on him.

"Amm, no thank you" Harry answered, a little depressed that he wouldn't be having any candy for the trip.

The lady went on her way leaving both boys alone in the compartment.

"Mom always makes me a double lunch. Are you hungry?" Ron offered Harry another sandwich he had taken out of his other pocket.

"Yes, thank you" Harry took some of Mrs. Weasley homemade food, which he had missed for years.

"It's not the best, but is edible" Ron told him.

"I think its brilliant" Harry answered, with food on his mouth half chewed.

"Swallow before you eat" a bossy voice told him. "Have you seen a toad? Neville Longbottom lost his pet"

"Longbottom?" Ron asked with awe on his voice.

"Have you tried summoning it?" asked Harry.

"I'm a first year. That is very advance magic" the bossy girl told him, as if it was the most obvious thing.

"Accio Neville's toad!" Harry tried, and a toad flew straight to his hands.

"Wow, what year are you on? I thought you were first years just like me" the girl said, obviously impressed.

"First year, I've been practicing" Harry lied.

"But we can't do magic outside of school until we are of age. It says so in Hogwarts: a history" the girl lectured.

"Our wands aren't being tracked yet. The put the tracking device when you get sorted" Harry explained to her.

"I didn't know that. I could have been practicing this whole time!" the girl started ranting, clearly annoyed at herself.

"My name is Harry Potter and this is Ron Weasley" Harry introduced him and Ron to the girl.

"Hermione Granger" the girl said, and walked out of the compartment taking the toad with her, before Ron or Harry could say anything else.

"Weird girl" Ron said.

Harry started laughing, seeing the Ron and Hermione he remembered, in this Ron and Hermione.

"Who are you?" a blonde, arrogant boy, was now in the entrance of the compartment.

"Let me guess secondhand clothes and redhead you must be a Weasley" the boy stated looking at Ron with disdain, "New robes messy black hair, and obviously no sight if you are wearing glasses. You must be a Potter" the boy stated towards Harry.

This was the boy that had taken Ron away.

He had watch helplessly as this boy took his best mate away, and killed him afterwards.

"Let me guess, white hair, and looks as if he is smelling something awful. You must be a Malfoy" Ron told the blonde boy, getting riled up.

"You are the son of Narcissa Black?" Harry asked, acting as if he didn't know exactly whom he was talking to.

"Narcissa Malfoy" the blonde boy answered, looking offended.

"You are my godfather's nephew" Harry told him as if he hadn't notice The boy now looked clearly offended.

"Your godfather was disinherited so he is not my uncle" the boy stated, as if it was something Harry should have already known.

"Actually that never happened" Harry told him.

The boy looked murderous of not knowing such vital information and finding out about it from a third person.

From someone not even part of the Noble Black family.

"My godfather is actually Lord Black. You should get your information updated" Harry told the boy in a tone that was clearly a dismissal.

The boy left, slamming the door to the compartment after him.

"We should put our robes on" Ron told Harry, looking impressed at how Harry had handled the Malfoy heir.

"First years!" the voice of Hagrid was heard above all the noise.

Harry dragged Ron after him, towards where he knew Hagrid will be.

"No more than four to a boat" Hagrid told the first years.

Ron and Harry got into a boat, Hermione and another girl, Harry recognized as Susan Bones, got in with them.

"Go!" Hagrid ordered the boats once he made sure everyone was in a boat. They started to move forward.

"There is supposed to be a giant squid in the lake" Hermione stated offhandedly, trying to find it.

"There is, a what where?" a now scared Susan shrieked. "Please get us to the shore!" Susan pleaded to the boat, willing it to go faster.

Harry was having the time of his life. He had forgotten how carefree a person could be.

"There is a giant snake as well in the castle" Harry said knowing it was the truth, but that at least Ron would take it as a joke.

"You are joking, right?" Susan asked, even more scared.

Ron couldn't stop laughing.

"It's not funny" Hermione reprimanded Harry.

"There is no giant snake in the castle" Hermione tried to calm Susan.

"But there is" Harry said seriously, thinking about the giant basilisk, currently sleeping in the chamber of secrets.

Hermione directed a dead glare towards Harry; that successfully shut him up.

"You should be able to see the castle in a second" Hagrid told everyone with a beaming smile.

They did.

It was just like he remembered.

"It's bloody brilliant" Ron exclaimed.

"Language!" Hermione reprimanded.

"She is just like my mother" Ron told Harry in a hushed voice only he could hear. Harry couldn't stifle a laugh.

"Be careful Ron, they say we always fall for the girl that reminds us most of our mother" Harry half-joked.

The expression on Ron's face was priceless. It made Harry start laughing again.

Susan and Hermione were confused.

"Be careful when you get off the boat" Hagrid warned, once they had reached the shore.

Walking towards the entrance with all the first years behind, he knocked three times and waited for someone to answer his call.

A stern looking woman opened the door almost immediately.

"Professor McGonagall, the first years" Hagrid introduced the professor.

The lady looked at Harry, and saw the smile on his face.

For only a second she made an annoyed and amused face, that only Harry saw.

"Welcome to Hogwarts" Professor McGonagall welcomed them and let them in.

Random Facts:

Date: 1st September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 6

Huge Mistake

"Welcome to Hogwarts" Professor McGonagall told them letting them in.

Just when Harry walked passed Professor McGonagall he said in a low voice only for her to hear "Hi Minnie" which surprised the Professor. Harry couldn't help himself he now had the excuse of having known Sirius for his whole life.

"Mr. Potter" The Professor greeted with an annoyed voice.

"Not even in the castle and you already annoyed a teacher? Wicked" Ron told Harry "I don't even think my brothers could have manage that. I'm so telling them"

"You should respect the teachers" Hermione told him in a bossy voice.

"I do. She is just an old family acquaintance" Harry told her not bothering him in the least Hermione's bossy manner.

"You know her?" Hermione asked.

"Not exactly" Harry answered leaving the girl confused.

"In a minute you will get sorted. You can be sorted into Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw or Slytherin. The house you are sorted in will be your family for the next 7 years. You can get points awarded into your house as well as points deducted. I will leave you here for a minute to make sure the school is ready for you" Professor McGonagall told them and disappeared behind what Harry knew were the Great Hall doors.

"She is scary" Ron stated.

"She is" Harry said not taking the smile off his face, which made Ron think Harry was crazy.

"My aunt told me about the teachers. The man that brought us here called the professor, Professor McGonagall, that means she is the

Transfiguration teacher and the head of Gryffindor house" Susan told them in a shy voice.

"I hope I get into Gryffindor" Ron exclaimed.

"Of course you do. Foolish and no brains just like your whole family" the blonde boy stated with a bored tone of voice.

"I shouldn't ask you were you'll get sorted. You are obviously a snake" Ron told Malfoy angrily.

"Slytherin. A proud snake" The boy smirked after he answered.

"Slytherins are supposed to be cunning and ambitious, yet you act arrogant and impulsive, I would say you would fit in Gryffindor better" Harry told Malfoy with a serious face, which made Draco walk away.

"That was bloody brilliant!" Ron exclaimed impressed.

"You shouldn't be having a fight when we haven't even been sorted" Hermione told Harry exasperated.

"I wasn't fighting, I was just making a valid point. Besides it is the perfect time to have a fight since we haven't been sorted there is no house to deduct points from yet" Harry stated in a bossy voice trying to sound just like Hermione.

Hermione made an annoyed noise and turned away from the boys.

"Weird girl" Ron told Harry.

"I like her" Harry told Ron with a huge smile.

"Then you must be crazy" Ron stated.

"I won't argue that" Harry answered seriously and wondering how crazy he really was after everything he had lived.

"Follow me" Professor McGonagall told them, Harry hadn't noticed she was back, and opened the door to the great hall, the first years followed behind.

"My brothers told me we have to fight a troll to get sorted" Ron told Harry.

"If you fight it you are a Gryffindor, if you manage to talk your way through you are a Ravenclaw, if you confuse him and get passed without him realizing it you are a Slytherin and if you become his friend you are a Hufflepuff" told him Harry as if fighting a troll was what they were supposed to do to get sorted.

"Fight a troll?" Ron asked scared starting to think that what his brothers had told him was true.

"Fight? I don't think I'm brave enough to do that. I'm thinking more about becoming his friend" Harry told Ron, remembering the time when he had actually fought a troll.

Professor McGonagall put a worn hat on a stool in front of the teacher's table.

The ugly old looking hat started singing.

Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,
But don't judge on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me.
You can keep your bowlers black,
Your tops hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat
And I can cap them all.
There's nothing hidden in your head
The Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you
Where you ought to be.
You might belong in Gryffindor,
Where dwell brave of heart,
Their daring, nerve, and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart;
You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil;
Or yet wise old Ravenclaw,
If you've a ready mind,

Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;
Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means
To achieve their ends.
So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And you won't get in a flap!
You're safe in my hands(though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!

"When I call your name you are to sit in the stool and put the hat on"
Professor McGonagall explained.

"A hat? That is it?" Ron asked to no one in particular.

"Too bad. I was already thinking of ways of becoming the troll's friend" Harry said looking disappointed.

Professor McGonagall started calling names from a list she had on her hands.

Harry was going to pay attention to each one this time.

"Hannah Abbot" "Hufflepuff"

"Susan Bones" "Hufflepuff"

"Terry Boot" "Ravenclaw"

"Lavendar Brown" "Gryffindor"

"Milicent Bullstrode" "Slytherin"

"Michael Corner" "Ravenclaw"

"Vincent Crabbe" "Slytherin"

"Justin Finch-Fletchley " "Hufflepuff"

"Anthony Goldstein" "Ravenclaw"

"Gregory Goyle" "Slytherin"

"Hermione Granger"

He knew Hermione was going to become a Gryffindor and he was looking forward to being in the common room with his two best friends "Ravenclaw"

What? Harry couldn't believe it. What was different? Why wasn't she a Gryffindor this time?

"Daphne Greengrass" "Slytherin"

"Neville Longbottom" "Gryffindor"

"Ernie Macmillan" "Hufflepuff"

"Draco Malfoy" "Slytherin" No surprise there.

"Theodore Nott" "Slytherin"

"Pansy Parkinson" "Slytherin"

"Padma Patil" "Ravenclaw"

"Parvati Patil" "Gryffindor"

"Harry Potter"

It was Harry's turn.

No the stool and didn't wait for the Professor to put the hat on his head, he put it on himself.

"Mr Potter. What an interesting life you have lived" the hat said for only him to hear.

"I guess you could say that. A sad one. But I can't argue that it was interesting" Harry thought for the hat to hear.

"A brave thing you did coming here to save everyone you love" the hat told him.

"I want them to have a chance to live" Harry answered.

"Slytherin" the hat announced for the school to hear.

"What?" Harry yelled after confused.

But before he could try to argue with the hat, Professor McGonagall took the hat from his head and shoo him to the Slytherin table calling the next name in the list.

"Zacharias Smith" seconds later the hat announced "Hufflepuff"

Harry sat in shock at the Slytherin table without even noticing he was sitting next to Draco Malfoy.

"Dean Thomas" "Gryffindor"

"Ronald Weasley" "Gryffindor"

And finally Blaise Zabini became a Slytherin.

"9 girls and 15 boys" Harry said to himself "That is going to be a problem for when we start being interested in dating" only Draco heard him.

"You like talking to yourself Potter?" Draco asked him in a mocking voice.

"I actually do. It disappoints me when someone comes between me and myself talking. There are so many people that like to listen to someone else's conversation. It's sad. Don't you think?" Harry asked Draco.

Draco's face got red from frustration and embarrassment and turn away from Harry to keep talking to the rest of the first years Slytherins.

"Slytherin? What happened to being brave?" Harry asked to himself almost hoping the hat would hear his question and answered it.

"And now for a few words before you can start eating" Dumbledore exclaimed.

Harry didn't hear a word after that and almost didn't notice the food that was in front him. Almost. He did notice it and he ate as if he hadn't eaten in days.

"I'm Blaise Zabini" the dark haired boy sitting across from him introduced himself to Harry.

"Harry Potter" Harry answered.

"Don't talk to him Zabini. He is crazy" Draco said playfully for only the people around him to hear.

Draco being playful? Harry thought. The world is going to end.

"Don't mind him. He just loves to joke" Zabini told Harry laughing.

"Aren't the Malfoys supposed to be arrogant and superior?" Harry asked Draco.

"We are superior and act arrogant, true, but you don't actually expect me to act like that every second of my life do you?" Draco asked Harry.

"Yes, I thought exactly that" Harry said.

"Who else to act like myself than with my family?" Draco asked Harry talking about the Slytherin house "Everyone else get to see the arrogant and superior Malfoy"

"Sorry about before by the way, but I was sure you were going to become a Gryffindor" Draco apologized to Harry.

"No problem" Harry half asked.

"Now that we are full some reminders for our older students and new notices for our new students" Dumbledore started saying after the food had disappear. "The forbidden forest hence the name is forbidden" he said looking pointedly to the Weasley twins and then to Harry.

"Now that is new" Harry said to himself.

"Why is Dumbledore looking at you?" Zabini asked him.

"I may have an idea" Harry answered him.

"Mr. Filch asked me to remind you that you can't use magic in the corridors, and the list of banned articles is posted on his office" Dumbledore continued "This year the third floor is off limits if you don't want to die in a sudden painful way" Dumbledore said seriously.

"So the Philosopher stone is here" Harry said to himself.

"The what?" Draco asked him.

"Really, why do Slytherin's love to hear other people's conversations?" Harry asked to himself for Draco to hear, Draco turned towards Blaise and ignored Harry.

"Now off to bed" Dumbledore said in a happy tone and with a twinkle in his eye.

Random Facts:

I always thought Hermione would have fit better in Ravenclaw though I won't argue she was brave.

I always thought Harry was impulsive and foolish because of Ron, (not bashing Ron) but I thought Harry was more cunning and ambitious.

Ron was impulsive, foolish and brave. To me he was the perfect Gryffindor.

I know Draco is not exactly canon, but he is a kid, he should act like one.

Besides none of them act exactly like canon, do they?

Date: 1st September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 7

Dear Mom and Dad

"Slytherin" the hat announced for the school to hear.

"What?" Harry yelled after confused.

How was he supposed to tell his parents he was sorted into Slytherin?

Everyone had always told him James hated Slytherins.

He had seen how James had treated anyone with green colors during his school years.

He had seen it almost first hand, through a memory, one of Snape's memories. He had been a bully.

He had hated more than anything, anything to do with the snake's house.

What was going to be his reaction when he found out his son is what he hates so much?

Harry was actually scared.

He had always wanted a family, and now that he finally got one he was going to disappoint them.

He was going to make his father's worst fear, real.

He had been staring at the blank piece of parchment, for what felt like ages.

Well he better do it quickly, before they find out from someone else.

Dear Mom and Dad.

I love you.

I thought I would start with that.

Well, no one is dying, so you can calm down.

It is actually worse than that... are you ready?

I am in Slytherin!

Yes you read right. I'm a Slytherin.

Please don't throw me out! I don't know what happened.

I'm betting the Sorting hat is pranking me.

Dad did you ever do something to the Sorting hat for it to want to punish me like this?

Mom, kick my dad out for making the hat sort me into Slytherin!

Tell Danielle what just happen to me, so she can be prepare for when the hat puts her in Slytherin as well.

Oh, what a shame I am to the Potter name!

By the way I'm a parselmouth, so I'm going to need a snake to talk to.

I made new friends today, Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy.

I think they are going to become my new best friends.

Don't like the idea?

Get here quickly and make Dumbledore sort me again!

By the way, did I say I love you yet?

I love you

I do!

Say hi to Padfoot for me

And if not for me, do it for Danielle.

Dad, apologize to the sorting hat, and make everything normal again.

Your green and silver son,

Harry Slytherin Potter

P.S. Change my walls, door and carpet to green, my new favorite color.

He hoped that humor would help him in this case.

Harry walked all the way to the owlry and sent his letter quickly, before he could change his mind.

He walked back to Slytherin common room, before anyone could see him or notice he was gone.

Now that he was a Slytherin, he had to act like he was proud of it if he wanted to survive.

He didn't really believe James had anything to do with him becoming a Slytherin, but thought that this way he would make them laugh a little and not think too much about his sorting.

Random Facts:

Since this is such a short chapter, I uploaded at the same time as chapter 6, so it wouldn't be too depressing to read.

Harry doesn't expect his parents to actually believe he is a parselmouth, even though he is.

Ron, Hermione and him only were able to destroy the locket, the diary and the ring in his world, Harry doesn't even know he is a Horcrux yet, so he still has Voldemort's soul inside his head. His Voldemort, not the one in this dimension.

Date: 1st September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 8

Some things don't change

"Now off to bed" Dumbledore said in a happy tone and with a twinkle in his eye.

"It is too early" A sleepy and annoyed voice said from under the covers throwing a pillow to where he thought the voice was coming from but missing its target "Shut up!" the voice demanded.

"Aren't you excited about the first day of classes?" Harry said in an exaggerated excited voice "Just imagine everything we will learn! How to be sarcastic, how to make students hate garlic, how to be biased, how to be nice, how to daydream..."

"That sounds boring, not exciting" a sleepy Theodore said while slowly getting off the bed.

"You've already taken a shower?" asked an incredulous Blaise to Harry.

"What time is it?" whined a sleepy annoyed Draco without getting out of his bed covers.

"I like to be ready on time. It is time to go down to breakfast" Harry said taking Draco's covers off forcibly "Come on Draco time to get up"

Even this small childish things made Harry feel better about sharing a room with the future man that killed his best friend. He knew Draco wasn't that man, yet. But Harry just couldn't forget what he knows Draco is capable of doing.

All of the Slytherin first year boys got out of bed, slowly but surely, and started getting ready for the day, all of them except Crabbe and Goyle, whom Harry didn't really cared about deciding to act as if he didn't notice them.

One by one the boys started walking down the stairs to the common room where Harry was waiting not wanting people to question why he knew his way to the Great Hall in only his first day, so he decided

he was going to get lost with the other first years just like was supposed to.

"Ready?" asked Harry once everyone, the girls and boys from first year but Crabbe and Goyle, where in the common room.

"We should wait for a prefect to take us there, otherwise we will look stupid trying to find our way there" stated Draco as if it was the most obvious thing to do.

"Prefects will take us to the Great Hall?" Harry asked. Why hadn't anyone told him this when he was in Gryffindor? It would have saved him a lot of time.

"Yes. How else would we get there?" Pansy asked Harry with a little disdain on her voice.

Before Harry could answer a 5th year girl whom Harry vaguely remembered but didn't even try to remember her name walked towards them.

"Is everyone here?" the girls asked though didn't wait for an answer and started walking, the fifth years behind her almost running after her trying to keep up, almost running, Slytherins don't run where someone else can see them, that is what Draco stated once Harry had started to jog to keep up.

Before they could enter the Great Hall the girl turned towards them.

"Remember you are Slytherins, so act like it" the girl almost demanded and entered the Great Hall walking towards other fifth years, who were already there.

"She needs to get a man" Harry said to himself talking about the prefect who had just left them.

"What?" asked Daphne.

"Really, why do Slytherins like to get in other people's conversations?" Harry asked again to him self but intending for Daphne to hear.

"People usually think what they don't want other people to hear. Talking to yourself just makes you look like you are not all in there" Daphne said back making Harry shut up.

"I am Harry Potter" Harry introduced himself to Daphne after he got out of his shock and extended his hand for her to take in greeting.

"I know who you are" Daphne answered with a smirk and entered the Great Hall not even looking at his hand.

"Are you going to stare all day?" Draco asked Harry with a smirk successfully getting Harry to stop staring at Daphne's back

"She shut me up" Harry said surprised to Draco.

"She usually does that" said Blaise "Come on, Snape should start giving out the timetables any time now and I want to eat something before our first class"

The boys walked into the Great Hall and sat across from the girls. No one said a word throughout the meal, eating in silence, something Harry was used to but didn't like.

"Here" a voice told him from behind and put a parchment in front of him.

"That was our Head of House. Professor Severus Snape" Draco told him in a hushed voice and started looking at the parchment he had just received just like every other Slytherin.

Harry took the parchment with caution, not really trusting Snape, if he had hated him with his father death, he could only imagine what Snape felt about him with his father and godfather raising him and having Harry as an intruder in his house.

"Professor McGonagall with the Hufflepuffs first" Harry told everyone sitting near him.

"We can see that Potter" Pansy told him with the same disdain on her voice he was getting accustomed to.

"We should go now if we want to be early" Blaise told them getting up from the table.

"Why would we want to get there early? Shouldn't we just be on time?" Harry asked him not intending to stand up yet.

"Because being on time is the same as being late" Theodore answered while dragging him out the Hall.

Transfiguration classroom was just as he remembered and Professor McGonagall was just where he remembered she was on his first day of class.

"Aww... look! A kitty!" Harry yelled excitedly pointing at the Professor's animagus form and running towards her, holding her and petting her.

"I am going to call you Minnie" Harry told the cat/professor.

If cats could glare that one would been glaring.

Petting and making cute noises to the cat he sat down in the desk nearest to the professor's desk.

"It's already 5 past 9. Where is Professor McGonagall?" Blaise asked curious.

The cat escaped from Harry's hold and Harry started making a show of looking for it under the desk.

"Minnie! Minnie! Here kitty!"

"Mr. Potter take your sit" Professor McGonagall ordered annoyed.

"My kitty escaped professor" Harry answered looking as if he were about to cry.

"That was not a cat Mr. Potter.." the Professor started to explain.

"Yes it was Professor it had whiskers, it had paws, a tail and meowed" Harry interrupted.

"As I was about to explain before you rudely interrupted me Mr. Potter, it was not a cat, it was an animagus, my animagus form to be

exact. 5 point from Slytherin" McGonagall told the class "Who can tell me what an animagus is?" the professor asked.

"Yes Miss Bones?" the professor called on Susan.

"An animagus is a witch or wizard who can turn into an animal" Susan answered a bit shyly.

"As Miss Bones answered correctly, an animagus is a witch or wizard who can morph him or herself into a specific animal at will which is not chosen by the wizard but determined by their personality and inner traits. It is learned rather than hereditary, skill, unlike those of a metamorphmagus. Not all witches and wizards are able to become one. We will be learning more about animagus in 7th year 5 points for Hufflepuff" The professor lectured while everyone took notes.

"Today we will learn how to turn matchsticks into needles" a box of matchsticks appeared in front of every student just as she finished talking.

Not wanting to get too much attention on himself he acted as if he was trying to do just as McGonagall had showed them but not being able to change anything into anything.

They left the class with practice as homework, only Draco and Daphne being able to do the transfiguration correctly gaining 20 points for Slytherin.

"We have History of Magic" Harry announced.

"Again Potter stating the obvious" Pansy said walking past them.

"Yes Mr. Potter?" the Professor asked Harry after seeing his hand in the air.

"Professor how did you die?" Harry asked

"That is not part of the class Mr. Potter" the professor answered ready to continue with his class.

"Seeing as you are death but still here as a ghost it has to be by some sort of magic, and seeing as if you died in the past is history, therefore is a perfect topic for History of Magic" Harry stated.

Professor Binns chose to ignore Harry's question and continued with his class on goblin's wars.

Not really interested in the class Harry took his cloak off, staying in his jeans and t-shirt , using it as a pillow.

"That was rude Potter" Hermione told him after the class was over.

"No, it was boring" Harry stated.

"I guess you don't like knowing about anything else than wizards or witches, but it was interesting" Hermione told him.

"I have nothing against goblins, except they are a bit scary, but do you honestly want to hear only about goblin's wars for the next seven years?" Harry asked her.

"We won't be hearing about goblin's wars for the next seven years, it's just a topic. Honestly Potter!" Hermione said annoyed and walked away.

"Why were you talking with the mudblood?" Draco asked Harry disgusted.

"Muggleborn and her name is Hermione" Harry told him not a bit happy about hearing that awful word used to describe Hermione.

At that moment Crabbe and Goyle came running towards them and crashed into Pansy.

Everyone except for Daphne and Pansy laughed at Pansy's predicament and awkward position on the floor with two large boys on top.

"Remember when Crabbe and Goyle crashed into Pansy?" Harry asked Theodore laughing loudly.

They were now in the Great Hall eating lunch.

"It happened not even fifteen minutes ago" Theodore answered.

"I know, and it was so funny" Harry fell off his chair laughing, making everyone in the Hall look at him.

Pansy just glared at him stood from her place and left the Hall with Millicent following her.

"Potter control yourself! Everyone is looking at you. Act like a Slytherin!" Draco reprimanded in a hushed tone so only Harry could hear him.

"Pansy.. Crabbe.. Goyle.. floor" Harry could barely talk between laughs.

"We get it! Now control yourself!" Draco reprimanded again "Snape is coming" Draco sat straight.

"Is there a problem Mr. Potter?" Snape asked annoyed and barely containing his temper.

Harry stopped laughing and looked straight to Snape's eyes without getting off the floor.

"I asked you a question Mr. Potter, I expect an answer" Snape asked getting more annoyed if it was possible.

"It's such a general and difficult question Sir. Is there a problem? There are several actually. Me being a Slytherin for one, do I act like a Slytherin? Then why was I sorted into the Slytherin house, or is it more of a mystery than a problem? How about the treatment of muggleborns? We don't like them because we say they wouldn't accept us yet we are doing exactly that to them. And what is your intake on bullying?" Harry answered Snape in a straight and serious face.

"Mr. Potter get off the floor and go to your next class" Snape said barely controlling his temper and leaving no room for discussion.

Harry smiled, got off the floor and out the Great Hall looking forward on meeting dear Tom again.

"Aaah! I can't concentrate with all his stuttering and that awful garlic smell" Draco whined during DADA "My father is going to hear about this"

"But Draco don't you see the brilliance of this? He is making us believe he is a fool and doesn't know a thing about the Dark Arts. If someone believes his acting then he is a fool" Harry told Draco which made Draco glare at him.

"Ye-es Mr. Po-otter" Quirell stuttered calling on Harry once he noticed he had a question.

"Professor you've fought werewolves and vampires, giants and dwarves" Harry started saying

"Ye-es" the professor invited him to continue

"You must be so knowledgeable and so brave" Harry said with fake admiration, which no one got.

"Mr. Po-otter..." started saying the Professor a little embarrassed before Harry interrupted.

"Have you ever been possessed?" Harry quickly asked making sure everyone in the room understood his question.

Everyone in the room was paying close attention, either because they were genuinely interested or because they were genuinely confused.

"What?" Quirell asked surprised forgetting to stutter.

"Has a different being ever tried to control you by getting into your body?" Harry tried to explain what possession was incase the professor hadn't known what he meant.

"No!" Quirell answered quickly.

"Oh well, I guess its impossible for someone to have lived through everything" Harry stated calming himself down and making dribbles on his notebook as if nothing had just happened, leaving everyone staring back at him.

"Cla-ass is o-over fo-or to-oday" Quirell stuttered dismissing everyone 20 minutes before the class was supposed to end.

"Possessed? At least you got him to let us go early" Blaise said smirking.

Harry stared at Blaise and started to smirk.

"What are you trying to do, Potter?" Theodore asked.

"If I want to be a true Slytherin, I have to learn how to smirk" Harry answered trying and failing to smirk.

"It may not be for everyone" Draco told him smirking but Harry didn't look as if he was going to give up.

"Why are you sitting next to me?" Hermione was curious.

"I don't like Herbology, so sitting next to the smartest witch of our generation seemed like the smart thing to do" Harry answered seriously not taking his eyes away from Professor Sprout.

"I am not letting you copy my notes Potter" Hermione warned Harry.

"Who says I am going to ask for them?" Harry told her trying to smirk but failing miserably.

"What was that?" Hermione asked confused

"I am practicing my smirk" Harry answered as if it was the most obvious thing.

"Why not try smiling?" Hermione asked.

"Slytherins don't smile" Harry said with a smile on his face, which made Hermione very confused.

"Don't ever sit next to me again" Hermione told him and turned towards the Professor.

"I am sorry Miss Granger but you can't tell me where I can and can't sit" Harry told her a little hurt but Hermione didn't turn towards him again during the remaining of the class.

Random Facts:

Schedules: it won't let me put the schedules here, but I have them, if you want them just ask for them and will send them to your profile, I think I can do that, if not then I'll ask you how you would prefer for me to send it.

I didn't really liked how this chapter turned out, but here you go.

This is my longest chapter yet. I hope it makes it up for the shortness of the last two.

Like I've already explained in an earlier chapter, Harry is unstable, at this moment he doesn't care why anything happens, nor he pays really any attention to his surroundings, he has been alone for years which makes him hate being alone now that he knows he can be surrounded by people, he doesn't really care who is besides him as long as there is someone there, though he misses Hermione and Ron's company. I hope this explains a little his behavior and why I am not explaining a lot of things yet.

The first day of class is a Tuesday.

Date: 2nd September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 9

Welcomed Change

"I am sorry Miss Granger but you can't tell me where I can and can't sit" Harry told her a little hurt but Hermione didn't turned towards him again during the remaining of the class.

Classes were over for the day, something Harry was very grateful for since he had to admit he got bored in every single one, how was he going to survive seven years?

He was walking towards the Great Hall when he caught some girls gossiping and he couldn't help but overhear.

"He is so dreamy" the blonde one said to the dark haired one "he must be so powerful if he defeated he-who-must-not-be-named when he was only 1"

Harry made an annoyed face, he thought he got rid of that.

"How does it sound? Loraine Longbottom" the blonde asked "Not better than Britney Longbottom" the other one said back.

Longbottom? That would explain the lack of attention towards him.

So Longbottom is the boy who lived, he so wished Hermione would not ignore him, he hated the library.

But if he wanted to know exactly what had happened he had to do some researching, and what better place than the library for that?

"Where are you going Potter? The Great Hall is the other way?" Draco told Harry when Harry started going the other way.

"I am going to the library?" Harry answered

"You are a Ravenclaw now?" Theodore asked a little bored of Harry's antics.

"That would make going to the library not feel like such a torture" Harry answered.

"Do you need help?" Madame Pince, the librarian, asked Harry when he reached her desk.

"I'm looking for the Daily Prophet from the 31st of October 'til the first week of November of 1981" Harry answered Madame Pince.

"Get a desk. I will bring them to you" She told him and that is exactly what Harry did.

Since he didn't want to be disturbed, nor he wanted anyone to know what he was doing he got a desk in the corner that was a little more secluded than the rest.

"Here you go" Madame Pince gave him several newspapers and left.

Harry reached for the one that had the date of October 31st 1981 first.

The end of the world

by Christopher McMillan

He-who-must-not-be-named attacked yesterday several muggle cities across England letting us know he isn't focusing his attention in only London anymore.

Only Dumbledore being stubborn enough to keep fighting the Dark Lord, this writer must say what we all are thinking: this may be the end of the world as we know it.

Should we give up and accept our fate or should we keep fighting?

Is there a point to dying if we know we can't win?

Is there really anything wrong with wanting to help keep our world hidden for our own and our kid's safety?

Are we fighting something we should be embracing?

The Dark Lord....

Christopher McMillan is or was definitely a Death Eater, calling Voldemort The Dark Lord and trying to get everyone to stop fighting him.

Feeling disgusted at what he had just read he tossed the paper aside without finishing the article and looked for the one on November 1st 1981.

The boy who lived

By Ginger Kirkland

We have a one year old to thank for the banishment of the worst wizard that has ever lived.

Neville Longbottom was attacked yesterday at his house by He-who-must-not-be-named him self while his parents were at a Ministry Halloween party, having left their son in the care of the Longbottom matriarch, Neville's Longbottom grandmother, who was found without life obviously from the Avada Kadavra curse, laying beside our savior; his grandmother gave his life to save him.

Neville only got a lighting bolt shaped scar across his forehead for a reminder of what happened to him.

I am sure everyone reading this article feels the same way as I do and want to thank our little savior for giving us a second chance in life.

At least I can say I will be forever in his debt.

No one knows exactly what happened, but we can safely assume Neville with his astonishment power vanquish the Dark Lord only leaving his cloak and wand behind.

We should celebrate!

We should forever thank Neville Longbottom.

The boy who lived.

His parents didn't die.

It was safe to assume they hadn't been under the Fidelius charm.

Didn't Dumbledore ever tell them about the prophecy?

Putting that paper aside Harry grabbed the one on the 2nd of November of 1981.

Death Eaters attack

By William Prince

Everyone feeling safe about the banishment of He-who-must-not-be-named forgot about his followers and let their guards down.

The Potters were attacked by Death Eaters yesterday in their home while they were celebrating with their family and friends.

Being two aurors in the house at the time of the attack: James Potter and Sirius Black, they were able to control the situation and capture the Death Eaters:

Bellatrix Lestrangle,

Rodolphus Lestrangle,

Rebastan Lestrangle,

Barty Crouch Jr.

who are to be trialed and sentenced later today.

The Death Eaters tried to get information from his parents this time; they didn't plan on Sirius being there.

The attack means we weren't under the Fidelius charm either.

Didn't Dumbledore hear the prophecy in this world?

Feeling curious at to what happened to the Death Eaters this time he grabbed the next paper, which date was the 3rd of November of 1981.

A kiss

By Natalie Hartman

A dementor getting out of control attacked and kissed Rebastian Lestrage during the trial that was supposed to be held to get a sentenced after the attack on the Potters.

The trial was postponed.

Bellatrix Lestrage, Rodolphus Lestrage and Barty Crouch Jr. are currently in the Ministry's holding cells awaiting for a new trial date.

That is different.

That didn't happen in his world.

A dementor gone wild?

It looks like it knew exactly what it was doing and Harry was guessing it had been told to do just that.

4th of November 1981.

Remember the Heroes

By Jonathan Conwell

Since the downfall of He-who-must-not-be-named we've read about Death Eaters but we haven't put time in remembering the victims of the long war that has just ended.

I've liked to play tribute, to this Heroes, to the people that gave their lives to let us have a second chance of life, lets not waste it.

Anne Anderson

Riley Arthon

Gabriela Carson

Hailey Humble

Kirke Hikes

Loralie Powell

...

There were more than 100 hundred names in the article, it was nice to know that they were remembered and payed attention to, people tend to forget about the people that fought for them.

Maybe in the next day's article there's something about the Lestranges and Crouch. Harry thought.

But in the next day's article they only talked about the celebrations, so did the other articles of that week.

Harry grabbed all the articles that he had in the table and walked towards Madame Pince's desk.

"Madame, I am done with this articles, thank you" Harry told her in a very polite way.

"You are welcome, did you find everything you were looking for" The librarian asked.

Harry had learned that if you were polite and well behaved while in the library Madame Pince could be very resourceful.

"I am sorry to say no, I was trying to find some information on the trial of the Death Eaters involved in the Potter's attack on 1981" Harry told her in a disappointed tone.

"Why are you interested in that particular event?" Madame Pince asked with curiosity.

"Well, I am Harry Potter, and I wanted to know more about what had happened to my family" Harry explained in what he thought was a very credible way.

"Oh, I am sorry Mr. Potter, the trial should be in one of that year's articles but I can't seem to remember the exact day" Madame Pince told him.

"May I try to find it?" Harry asked feeling a little confused about the fact that the librarian didn't know something that was in her library, he always thought she knew everything written in every book, magazine or newspaper located in the Hogwart's library.

"Of course Mr. Potter, but you'll have to come back tomorrow since its almost curfew" Madame Pince said in a dismissalal tone.

"Thank you Madame, I will be here tomorrow" Harry said then walked out of the library to see if he could have a bite in the Great Hall before going back to his room.

Walking towards the Great Hall he was met by a sight to which sadly Harry was accustomed on seeing.

Several seventh year Slytherins in a hall with a group of second year Gryffindors.

"When you see us walking you move!" one of the Slytherins said in a frightening tone to the young Gryffindors.

"We are sorry, we didn't see you" One of the Gryffindor girls said in an almost not audible voice.

"That is not an excuse!" another Slytherin exclaimed.

"As far as I know this school is not governed by the Slytherins, we have as every right as you to walk down the hall" one brave Gryffindor boy said.

"That just shows you how badly informed you are" one of the Slytherins who Harry recognized as Marcus Flint told the Gryffindor boy who Harry couldn't really see from his point of view, so he couldn't place him.

"Flint!" Harry interrupted the confrontation.

"Yes?" Flint answered looking at him barely containing his annoyance at being interrupted, but not willing to fight someone from his house in public.

"Professor Snape is looking for you" Harry told him in what he hoped was a scared voice, as to make him think he was in trouble.

Not answering, the seventh year walked towards the dungeons on his way to his Head of House's office.

The other Slytherins turned towards the Gryffindors again once Flint was gone. Harry hadn't anticipated that, he had thought Marcus was the leader and that the others will go once Flint was gone.

That didn't happen.

"What is the gain on terrorizing a group of second years?" Harry asked the older boys.

"Gryffindors" one of the Slytherins stated as if that explained everything.

"Are you planning on finishing that sentence?" Harry asked.

The Slytherin boys looked confused, which Harry took as a queue to continue talking.

"You should make a better use of your time" Harry stated, thinking he was winning this verbal and starring competition with the older boys.

"It is almost curfew, why don't we all walk back to the common room?" one of the Slytherin boys asked without really expecting an answer putting his arm around Harry's shoulders.

"Venom" the Slytherin who had put his arm around him and hadn't took it off the whole walk to the common room said when they reached the entrance, which made the wall move to let them pass.

"Snape wasn't looking for me" a voice said as soon as he entered the common room.

"I think we have a Gryffindor who likes to dress up as a Slytherin here" the boy beside him said pushing Harry in front of him.

"What happened?" a Slytherin sitting in the center chair of the common room who Harry vaguely placed asked with a tint of boredom on his voice.

"He was defending some Gryffindors from us in public" one of the boys who had been involved in the hall confrontation said with disdain.

"First year?" the boy in the chair asked Harry with a fake sweet voice.

Harry nodded carefully not really knowing what he had just gotten him self into.

"We will let it slide this time, won't we boys?" the boy in the chair asked the other seventh year boys with the same fake sweet voice.

"We don't fight in public with members of our house nor we question the upper years reasons on doing anything ever, understood?" the boy asked Harry forgetting the sweet tone of voice.

"What if they are doing something wrong?" Harry asked not liking where this was going.

"You come to me or professor Snape" the boy answered without any patience left.

"What if there is no time, or I can't find either of you anywhere?" Harry kept pressing.

"Then you will trust they know what they are doing and leave it like that" the boy said clearly intending on ending the conversation which Harry wasn't considering on complying.

"Not just because they are older means they are wiser" Harry stated.

"If you are planning on surviving the next seven years you are going to do as you are told"

"I thought Slytherins didn't follow anyone"

"You are clearly not a real Slytherin"

"Then why was I sorted into this house?"

"I will talk about that with Professor Snape"

"Snape didn't sort me"

"Enough!" the boy yelled exasperated "from now on you will be a Slytherin in public but will be treated as an intruder in private"

"When are we ever going to be in private?" Harry asked in a fake scared voice.

"I didn't mean you and me private, I meant between Slytherins, in the common room or where there are no members of other houses in sight" the boy explained annoyed.

"So you are making me an outcast?" Harry asked

"Yes"

"Then I am free to do whatever I want" Harry stated.

"You are to behave like a Slytherin should in public" the boy stated back.

"But I am not a Slytherin"

"Yet you were sorted in this house"

"Which means I am a Slytherin and should behave as one" Harry finished and walked towards his room not waiting for the boy to finish thinking about how the conversation had ended.

Random Facts: Date: 2nd September 1991

I am going to be adding a new chapter every time I finish a new one. I am currently working on chapter 20.

I am currently looking for a beta, if you wish to do it you just have to send me a pm and i will read one of the stories you've published. if you become my beta you will know beforehand about everything that happens in the story. My beta will be able to make an input, and remind me about stuff I still need to explain. I already know exactly what happens in each chapter, but I may think I already explain something I haven't.

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 10

Torn

"Which means I am a Slytherin and should behave as one" Harry finished and walked towards his room not waiting for the boy to finish thinking about how the conversation had ended.

This day should be fun. He was going to have two hours with Tom first thing in the morning. Harry was actually looking forward to finding new ways to torture his dear friend twin. At least in his mind, since it wasn't the same Tom he'd been fighting his whole life, he was calling this Tom the twin.

"Eve-ry-one ta-ake a sit" Quirrell stuttered as soon as he walked into the room.

When the professor turned around towards the class he frowned when he looked Harry Potter had his hand up in the air, obviously he had a question.

"Mr. Po-otter class ha-asn't sta-art yet. You can't po-ossibly have a que-esti-ion alre-eady" Quirrel narrowed his eyes at Harry.

He was waiting for the full pain of a headache, but it never came, which was something he was very grateful for.

"Well I have a question about souls" Harry said.

"Why wo-ould tha-at be a to-opic for DADA?" Quirrell asked.

"Can a soul be fractured let's say seven times?" Harry asked innocently.

"What made you ask that question?" Quirrell asked forgetting to stutter, which was Harry's intention.

"It just came to my mind" Harry shrugged.

The rest of the DADA class had been a joke, Quirrell had don't nothing the whole class, but narrow his eyes suspiciously at Harry and made everyone just read the first chapter of their book.

Total waste of two hours if you asked Harry.

During History of Magic Professor Binns had ignored Harry the whole class even if he had tried shouting his questions. Trying to get the ghost to teach something that wasn't goblins was proving to be an impossible feat.

In Herbology, Harry had tried sitting next to Hermione again but she had made that impossible. She had sit with another Ravenclaw, who didn't look happy about the arrangement.

Potions at least had kept him awake.

There hadn't been a special treatment like in his old life, he hadn't been single out by the professor or asked a bunch of difficult questions.

Snape had even skipped his name, something Harry had pointed out, but had been ignored.

When Snape had asked to follow the instructions on the bored he had made sure Harry's potion vanished every 5 minutes saying it was less than acceptable and that he had to do it again.

Of course Harry hadn't been able to complete the assignment, but at least he already knew how to make that potion so he was going to do it on his free time and give it to him in front of Dumbledore so he would have to take it.

"You do know why everyone is treating you this way right?" Draco asked Harry while they walked towards the Great Hall after classes had ended for the day.

Throughout the day every Slytherin had made sure not to look or talk to Harry, making sure people didn't think something was going on in the House.

"Of course I do" Harry answered for only Draco to hear "Because they are Hufflepuffs who like to follow someone else's command without knowing or even wanting to know the reason why" Harry said in a louder voice, knowing full well it had been directed at them, every Slytherin who heard him, for the first time in the day, turned towards them and glared.

Draco wanted at that moment to be already at the Slytherin's table to be able to go under it from all the glares that were directed at Harry but since he was just beside him actually felt as if it were towards him as well.

"Oh look Draco! I'm visible again!" Harry exclaimed loudly for everyone in the hall to hear with a large grin on his face, which made the other Houses confused and curious as to what was going on.

"Unfortunately, but once I learn the spell to make something invisible I'll try it on you" Ron said while pushing him aside and going towards the Gryffindor's table with Neville and a Seamus.

"Now, what was that for?" Harry asked hoping Draco knew the answer.

"Who cares?" Draco shrugged "Though we shouldn't do something or they'll think they can treat us like this every time they feel like it."

"Just let it go Draco" Harry said feeling a little hurt.

"We can't do that! We are Slytherins! They should know their place" Draco said getting angrier by the minute.

"I am not a Slytherin remember?" Harry stated with no feeling in his voice, making Draco believe he was depressed by the fact that he was being outcast by the people who were supposed to be their brothers in all but blood.

"Don't worry Harry, I will help you get into Slytherin's good side again. We will go after the boy-who-didn't-die and the boys-who-follow" Draco said trying to make Harry feel better.

When did I become friends with Draco? Harry thought bewildered.

"Move Malfoy!" a very angry voice could be heard from afar.

Harry was walking towards the Slytherin common room when he started hearing people shouting to each other. He knew Draco was there since someone had shouted his name, and he was pretty sure the one that had shouted had been Neville.

"Or what?" Malfoy taunted.

Harry turned the corner and there he saw them, on one side there where Neville Longbottom, Ron Weasley, Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas, on the other side there were Draco Malfoy, Theodore Nott, Blaise Zabini, and Crabbe and Goyle.

"You don't want to know the answer to that, so just move!" Ron said in what Harry was sure Ron thought was a very frightening voice, but in his 11 year old voice he was more humorous than frightening Harry thought.

"Oh, a Gryffindor threatening a Slytherin... what would McGonagall think?" Blaise said in a fake scared voice, which made the other Slytherin boys smirk and the Gryffindor boys even angrier if that was possible.

How do they do that? I need to keep practicing my smirk. Harry thought.

Harry knew he should intervene before this escalated even higher and became impossible to stop them from hexing each other.

"You are a Death Eater just like your father!" Neville told Draco.

"Not yet" Draco said in a low voice that he managed to make menacing.

"One day, Neville is going to kill you all" Ron screamed to all the Slytherin boys which made them laugh hard, Nott could barely breathe and Zabini was holding his stomach, Crabbe and Goyle were laughing but Harry was pretty sure they hadn't understood a word that had been said in the hall.

"Really? The boy-who-live is going to become the boy-who-murders?" Draco asked mocking "So then he is going to become the next Dark Lord?"

That made the Gryffindor boys shocked.

"Neville would never be like you" Seamus stated in almost a whisper.

"Yet he is threatening to kill me" Draco said in loud enough voice to be heard "You do know I could get you thrown into Azkaban for that right?" Draco asked Neville.

"I didn't threaten you" Neville answered in a confident voice.

"Your minion did it for you" Draco stated.

"Unlike you, I have friends, not minions" Neville said.

"Unlike you, I have power and a name, not just a hyphenated title" Draco said back.

"The Longbottoms is a name with power" Neville said.

"Not like the Malfoys" Draco said back.

"The Potters and the Weasleys are ancient houses too" Harry made the input.

Both Neville and Draco turned towards him with confusion written all over their faces.

"I thought we were talking about families names" Harry said in an innocent voice with a smile.

"Your parents should be ashamed of you! Becoming a Death Eater! The Potter has always been a light family" Ron told Harry.

"There is no such thing as light or dark, everything is gray, it's the reason behind everything you do what makes you good or bad" Harry lectured.

"Only a dark wizard would say that" Ron said.

"There are no dark wizards, there are good and bad people, and even then everyone has good things as well as bad" Harry tried to reason.

"Get out of our way Death Eater!" Ron shouted.

"Do you see a mark?" Harry asked after he rolled his sleeves up for Ron to see.

"He-who-must-not-be-named wouldn't brand kids who are still at school, but I know you will become Death Eaters once you graduate" Ron answered.

"And how do you know what the Dark Lord would or wouldn't do? Have you met him?" Nott asked Ron.

"I would never be anywhere near Him!" Ron exclaimed.

"Then how do you plan to kill him if you don't want to be near him?" Zabini asked.

"He-who-must-not-be-named is already gone" Neville answered.

"Voldemort" Harry interrupted and made all the boys look at him in shock.

"He-who-must-not-be-named is way too long, Voldemort is shorter" Harry explained.

"You said his name!" Ron shouted in shock "You are a Death Eater!" Harry couldn't stop himself from rolling his eyes at that.

"Am I ever be anything but a Death Eater just because I am in Slytherin?" Harry asked.

"All dark wizards are from Slytherins" Seamus stated.

"I know a dark wizard from Gryffindor" Harry answered.

"Impossible!" all the Gryffindor boys shouted at the same time.

"Why can't we all be friends?" Harry asked hopeful.

"I would never trust a Slytherin!" Ron shouted

"I wouldn't let anyone ever see me with a Death Eater" Neville shouted

"Never!" Seamus and Dean shouted at the same time.

The Slytherin boys were just trying to hide their confused faces.

"Move Malfoy!" Neville shouted again.

"Or what?" Malfoy taunted.

"Feels like dejavu" Harry whispered to Dean since he was the closest one.

Dean just shoved him aside and went to stand closer to Seamus.

Harry couldn't believe what Dean had done, he was supposed to be his friend.

No he wasn't, this weren't the people he once knew, they were different people with his friend's faces, Dean would never had done something like that.

The confrontation in the hall between the first year's Gryffindors and Slytherins had ended in a hex fight getting Crabbe, Goyle and Dean in the Hospital Wing.

Harry hadn't thrown a single hex but had had to doge several ones from Gryffindors and he wasn't sure if one or two had been from the Slytherins.

"What is wrong with you Potter?" Draco shoved him once they entered the Slytherin common room and everyone in there turn towards them.

"What was that for?" Harry asked surprised.

"You like being an outcast don't you? What were you thinking defending the Gryffindors?" Draco asked angrily.

"You didn't throw a single hex at them, we are Slytherins, we are supposed to have each others back" Nott said while shoving him again.

At that moment Flint and his friends entered the common room laughing.

"The mudblood's face was worth it!" one of them exclaimed making everyone focus on the seventh year and forget Harry.

"What mudblood?" someone asked.

"The first year ugly bossy one" Flint said.

"The beaver?" Draco asked.

"Yes, that one! With the bushy hair and the large teeth"

"What did you do to Hermione?" Harry asked getting mad making everyone focus on him again.

"You are on first name basis with the mudblood?" Nott asked him.

"She is not a mudblood!" Harry defended Hermione.

"Really? I've never heard about the Granger family before" Draco mocked.

"She is a muggleborn" Harry said.

"Mudblood" Draco said in an almost hissing full of malice voice.

"I thought you said you weren't this way, that it was all an act for people outside Slytherin" Harry told him.

"You are outside of Slytherin. The fact that the hat put you here doesn't make you one of us" Draco explained.

"Hermione is worth a hundred of you!" Harry stated which made everyone laugh hard.

"Are you in love with the mudblood?" Flint mocked in a baby's voice, which made everyone laugh even harder and Harry just glared at him.

"Defending the Gryffindor blood-traitors and in love with the Ravenclaw mudblood" Flint said and shoved him hard enough to make him fall.

"I would rather have them as a friends than you" Harry told him from the floor.

"They are not your friends Potter, not even them like you" Draco told him with a smirk.

"Potter is delusional" One of the Slytherin boys declared.

"You are alone Potter, and now that you became a Slytherin not even your parents will want you" Draco stated.

"True families are there for each other no matter what, something you will never know" Harry told him.

"We will see" Draco almost dared.

Random Facts: Date: 3rd September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 11

Mentor

"True families are there for each other no matter what, something you will never know" Harry told him.

"We will see" Draco almost dared.

From there things had gotten worst.

Not even the other first years Slytherins talked to him, no one from the other Houses even looked at him, being a Slytherin had become a nightmare and he hadn't even received a reply from his parents yet.

He was starting to want to go back with more force each day, maybe he should tell Dumbledore about his situation, surely he could help, who better than the Greatest wizard alive to help send him back?

After 5 days of being in Hogwarts an owl flew right to him during breakfast.

His name: Harry James Potter, was written in a dark green ink.

Harry opened it curious as to what it was about and who had written him.

Harry James Potter:

This has to be the ultimate prank ever! How did you manage it?

You have to tell me before I go to Hogwarts! Can you imagine? What better prank than both Potter kids in Slytherin? Wouldn't it be awesome?

Mom and Dad are disappointed I think.

But I think they just don't know how to handle it, it's not like you are a different person just because you are with the snakes.

Do they have snakes as pets in their common room? That would be great!

Sirius hasn't come over since your letter.

He stormed out saying he wanted nothing to do with the Potters anymore, but I am sure he was just being his usual drama self and he will be here next week.

Don't worry Harry they would come to their senses soon, they just like being dramatic and if it doesn't happen, you can always ask your master to torture them until they do.

Just kidding!

Dad threatened me to not go after your footsteps, so that is exactly what I am doing, please tell me how you managed to trick the Sorting hat (dad told me how you get sorted after I begged with my puppy face, it wasn't that hard), I have two years to prepare so make sure to write me back fast!

I know I should have written back earlier but I was grounded for shouting to mom after they got your letter, by the way, Holly wanted me to say hi and that she will be here for you no matter what, and she called Sirius a really funny word that I won't write.

Why don't you write her and ask her what that word was? (Hint Hint!)

Kidding aside you should write her, you know she really cares about you and she will be really happy to hear from you.

Remus and Peter didn't mind you being a slytherin, well I don't think uncle Peter was actually paying attention, you know how he is, and uncle Remus was trying to reason with mom, dad and Sirius about you being the same boy who left a week ago and whom Sirius had sob uncontrollably for (Dad told them about what happened the night before and the day you left).

Well, dear brother of mine, write me back soon and tell me about your adventures, what you learn and all the pranks you do, remember I am stuck here at home bored with nothing to do so don't you dare forget me!

Your jealous little sister,

Danielle Kelly Potter

Uncle Peter? Harry thought. The rat is still around? Who is Holly?

Receiving Danielle's letter had brightened his mood, it had been good to know someone still cared for him no matter what and that she was even jealous, calling all of what was happening a prank! He just wished it were a prank.

The fact that Sirius, James and Lily were disappointed and not wanted to talk to him made him ache, he was so sure that if he ever had parents they would be there no matter what, but he had learned that what he saw in the Malfoy family was what was true instead (he had forgotten about the Weasley family for that moment)

If his parents didn't want him, now more than ever he wanted to get out of here and go back to his life, that loneliness he could handle, this one was breaking him fast.

Harry decided he should tell everything to Dumbledore, just after classes ended.

"Lost Potter?" the sarcastic voice of Severus Snape said from behind.

"I was on my way towards the Headmaster's office" Harry answered not really wanting to fight with Snape at the moment.

"Do you have an appointment?" Snape asked with a hint of curiosity.

"No sir, I just had something important to tell him" Harry answered.

"The headmaster is a very important man Potter, he doesn't care about 11 year olds childish problems. Go back to the common room." Snape told him.

"I am sorry Professor, but this is important" Harry tried to reason.

"I am sure is not. Potter do as I say or I will have to take away points from my own house, and I don't think the other Slytherins will like that" Snape threatened with a smirk.

Harry thinking that he could always come back later turned around and left the Professor behind.

"Move Potter"

Harry hadn't been paying attention to his surrounding and had ended being in the same hall with the Gryffindors' first years.

Was Neville able to say anything but "move"?

"You can walk around me Neville" Harry stated not really caring.

"Don't call me by my first name! and I said move!" Neville ordered.

"Walk around me!" Harry said louder this time.

"He is the boy-who-lived if he wants you to move, you move!" Ron told Harry.

"Is he your master?" Harry asked Ron.

"I don't have a master! I am not you!" Ron answered.

"Then why do you kiss the floor Longbottom walks on?" Harry said ignoring the last part of what Ron told him and making emphasis in Longbottom.

"He is my friend not my follower, something you will never have!" Neville told Harry.

"Do you hate me just because I am in Slytherin?" Harry asked all the boys really wanting to know the answer.

"You are a Dark Wizard!" Dean answered as if it was everything that was important.

"And you are prejudice! You hate Voldemort because he doesn't accept muggleborns or muggles, and you don't accept anyone who you think is different" Harry said in a sad voice, the Gryffindors boys all gasped when Harry said Voldemort.

"Don't say his name!" Neville half ordered half begged.

"You supposedly vanquished Voldemort and yet you can't say or hear his name?" Harry asked getting frustrated.

"Neville is the most powerful wizard alive, he vanquished you-know-who" Ron told him.

"Voldemort" Harry corrected getting exasperated.

"Don't say his name!" Neville ordered again.

"Voldemort! Voldemort! Voldemort!" Harry yelled just when students and Professor Snape were about to walk besides them.

"Potter!" Snape reprimanded.

"Let me guess, I have detention and a million points off Slytherin, right?" Harry said in a sarcastic mad tone of voice.

"Two weeks detention and 50 points off Slytherin" Snape declared for everyone to hear.

"Let's make it four weeks Professor" Harry told him and before Snape could say anything else Harry shouted Voldemort's name three more times.

"Potter four weeks detention and 100 hundred points from Slytherin! Come with me, we are going to go see the Headmaster" Snape said dragging him towards Dumbledore's office leaving shocked and frightened students behind.

Harry wanting to go see the Headmaster since he woke up let Snape dragged him there.

Once they were in front of the gargoyle Snape said the password in a whisper which made Harry frustrated since it would be easier for him to come often if he knew the password.

"I am very disappointed Mr. Potter"

"Someone once told me I shouldn't fear a name for it only gives more power to the man" Harry recited.

"Wise words" Dumbledore stated "But that is not the reason why I am disappointed"

"Is it because I was sorted into Slytherin?" Harry asked

"A house doesn't make a person evil or good. Being cunning and ambitious doesn't make you evil Harry" Dumbledore explained.

"Then why are you disappointed, sir?" Harry asked honestly curious.

"Why were you fighting with Mr. Longbottom and his friends?" Dumbledore asked.

"I wasn't fighting Headmaster, I was trying to get back to the common room. Neville and his friends tried to start a fight with me" Harry explained.

Dumbledore's usual twinkle wasn't present this time, this was how Harry knew he wasn't believing a word he was saying.

"Neville is a spoiled brat" Harry said starting to get angry.

"Mr. Potter, have more respect for the Headmaster!" Snape ordered.

"He thinks he is superior to everyone" Harry continued.

"Neville doesn't think he is superior than you Harry" Dumbledore tried to reason.

"You just have to see how his friends act around him to know I am telling the truth. If you don't see it, you are blind" Harry said back.

"That is enough Mr. Potter! Go back to your house. I will tell you tomorrow when your detention will begin" Snape snapped.

"I am not telling Dumbledore or anyone about who I really am. I don't need them. I can find out how to get out of here by myself, but for that I need to stop playing and start researching what happened to the other Harry and every single different thing there is from what I know" Harry said to himself once he was alone in his room.

Random Facts: Holly is Sirius eldest daughter, her full name is Holly Marie Black and she is currently 8 years old, her birthday is on the 25th of September.

Date: 6th September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 12

Priori Incantatem

"I am not telling Dumbledore or anyone about who I really am. I don't need them. I can find out how to get out of here by myself, but for that I need to stop playing and start researching what happened to the other Harry and every single different thing there is from what I know" Harry said to himself once he was alone in his room.

It had been 3 days of detention with Snape already and it made his days even worse than what they had been.

He had been living in the library when he wasn't in detention or class trying to find a way to get out of there, he was starting to think that suicide was his best option. He didn't have anything or anyone to go back to anyway, and he wasn't wanted here either.

There was no record of the Lestrage's trials. He was hoping they were thrown into Azkaban without a trial just like Sirius had been, and not because there had been corruption in the Ministry and they had been let go.

For what he had watched this days Neville was a lot more confident than in his world, he still looked a little lost, as if he had no idea what he was doing and maybe as if he didn't really like all the attention. At least that is what Harry thought.

Ron was something he couldn't figure out, when he was with the Gryffindors he was the same Ron he remembered but when he was anywhere near him he became an angry and malicious person.

He hadn't been able to find Hermione anywhere until he went to the library, he had had to know that is where he would find her, but it was weird, she was always there, even more than what he remembered, and she was always alone, yet when he had tried to talk to her she had snapped at him and asked for Harry not to talk to her again.

Dumbledore was impossible to talk to. Not at all what he remembered about him. The only one that was just the same as he remembered was Snape.

Malfoy had confused him at first, but he was exactly like he remembered now. The arrogant spoiled brat, at least this way he wouldn't treat him almost as a friend unconsciously.

He had gotten a letter from his parents the day after Danielle had sent him one.

Harry

A Slytherin? What have we done wrong? You bring shame to the family!

Your mother just hit me in the head.

We are proud of you and love you no matter what. Even if you were sorted in the snake's house, I am so sorry for you since you have to see Snivellus all the time, you know him as Professor Snape, I have to tell you that story someday.

We miss you very much and are counting the days 'til the winter holidays to see you again, Danielle misses you too and Sirius wants a full recollection of all the pranks you have pulled since you were there, so don't forget to write him too, I'm sure he wants to hear from you.

Write everyday and your mom says hi too.

James Potter

Even after that letter he didn't feel right, he felt as if his parents had said that only to make him feel better, because parents were supposed to do that, but he just knew they didn't really mean a word they wrote.

It just didn't feel honest, not that he really knew his father to say that, but that was just how it felt.

Attention all first years

Flying lessons will be held at the school grounds at morning Wednesday September 10th, classes will be suspended for that hour, please be sure to ask Madame Hooch for the exact hour for your House.

A notice had been put in every common room for all the first years to see. It was all everyone could talk about during breakfast, lunch, dinner and class.

All the time.

Harry had read that notice 2 days ago and was excited about it. Not that he was excited about learning how to fly. He already knew that. He was excited about being in a broom and not thinking about anything. He needed to feel like the world was not out to get him.

He was acting like a brooding teenager again.

Walking towards the grounds he noticed he was having the lesson with the Gryffindors, he just hoped things didn't happen like the first time he had had flying lessons.

He wasn't looking forward to becoming the Slytherin's seeker and having Flint as a captain.

Not that there wasn't a chance Snape would get him expelled instead of rewarded with Quidditch.

"Everyone stand close to a broom, put your hand over it and say – UP-" Madame Hooch commanded once everyone had arrived at class.

Several people could be heard yelling –up- some frustrated, some sounding a little nervous, other apprehensive, and some others scared.

Only three people had made the broom move on the first time.

Only Harry and Draco Malfoy had made it come straight to their hands, and only Theodor Nott had been able to get a reaction even if it wasn't the desired one.

"Luck" Malfoy said in a disdain voice towards Harry.

"Talent" Harry responded in the same type of voice as Draco.

"If you haven't managed to command your broom to your hands yet just grab it from the floor and practice on your free time" Madame Hooch told the class.

Several boys and girls had to grab their brooms from the floor.

"Now get one leg over your broom and hover in the sky just a few inches from the ground and then come back down" Madame Hooch said.

"Want to have some fun?" Malfoy asked Nott in a whisper that Harry was able to hear.

Nott smirked and Malfoy took out his wand pointing it at Neville Longbottom. Just when he was about to say a curse Harry moved his arm and the curse hit Ron.

Ron fell off his broom but since he was only a few inches from the ground nothing major happened. Madame Hooch ordered everyone back on the ground immediately.

"Someone cursed me!" Ron yelled at Madame Hooch.

"Wands aren't allowed in this class Mr. Weasley" Madame Hooch told him.

"Well someone obviously didn't care about the rule" Ron told her "I bet it was Malfoy and his friends" Ron accused.

"Mr. Malfoy, did you throw a curse towards Mr. Weasley?" Madame Hooch turned towards Draco and was waiting for an answer to her question.

"No Madame Hooch, Harry did" Draco pointed at Harry.

"I did not" Harry defended himself.

"Empty your pockets Mr. Potter" Madame Hooch ordered.

Harry did as he was told.

"Why do you have your wand?" Madame Hooch asked him.

"I don't like to leave it" Harry answered.

"You can't feel so dependent towards it after only one week of having it Mr. Potter" Madame Hooch said.

"I didn't curse Ron" Harry defended himself.

"Yes he did" Ron accused.

"I saw him Madame Hooch" Draco smirking at Harry, but making sure Madame Hooch wouldn't see him.

"You can do priori incantatem if that would help" Harry handed his wand to the flying instructor.

"A little advance for an eleven years old Mr. Potter" Madame Hooch took Harry's wand and perform the spell.

Harry didn't take notice of the spells that came out of the wand when the teacher performed the spell, but rather to the wand itself.

It was darker than he remember, it was almost black and longer.

He estimated maybe one and a half or two inches longer than what he knew his holly wand was.

"Mr. Potter the last spell in your wand is the Hurling Hex Mr. Potter" Madame Hooch said a little surprised.

"The what?" Harry asked taken aback.

"I've never heard of that spell" Pansy said hoping to get an explanation from the flying instructor, she didn't like not knowing something that obviously someone she thought was less than her knew.

"It is a spell use to cause brooms to vibrate violently, usually to get the brooms to throw their rider off, it is an advance spell for a first year, if Mr. Weasley hadn't been mere inches from the ground he could have been seriously hurt" Madame Hooch said in a controlled voice.

"I didn't do the spell, I don't know how to do the spell" Harry said trying to comprehend what was going on "that is not my wand" Harry pointed at the wand Madame Hooch was holding.

"You just handed it to me Mr. Potter" the instructor told him.

"But it's not my wand" Harry said

"Then where is your wand?" Madame Hooch asked.

"I don't know, I always have it with me" Harry answered.

"Whose wand is this Mr. Potter?" Madame Hooch asked showing the wand.

"I've never seen it before" Harry told her.

"What is your wand made of Mr. Potter?" Madame Hooch asked.

"11 inches long, made of holly, with a phoenix feather as its core" Harry stated.

"It sounds like a powerful combination" Madame Hooch said.

"Is it possible for different wizards to have the same type of wand?" someone asked.

Madame Hooch looked behind her before answering "There can be wands that are made of the same type of wood, even core, but they are never exactly the same, maybe the wood was given by different trees and so on"

"I have a wand that is 11 inches long, with holly wood and the core is a phoenix feather" the same voice as before said "I just never knew wizards could describe their wands the same way, I thought they were all unique"

Harry hadn't known that was possible either, who had a wand just like his? Harry thought, but couldn't see who it was, though he was sure that somehow he already knew.

"Your wand is 11 inches long, made of holly wood and has a phoenix feather as a core?" Dumbledore asked the day after the

incident in the flying lesson, which everyone still thought Harry had caused.

"Yes" Harry answered getting frustrated after being asked for the fifth time the same question and giving the same answer.

"I took the liberty of writing to Ollivander. He said he only had one wand with that description. He sold it to Mr. Longbottom almost a month ago. Did you buy your wand somewhere else Mr. Potter?" Dumbledore asked with a hint of curiosity.

"No. I don't think so. I must have bought it at Ollivander's" Harry answered being confused.

"You are not sure?" Dumbledore asked while using Legimancy.

"I am sure that is illegal, or at least a breach of privacy" Harry stated looking right into the Headmasters eyes, taking Dumbledore by surprise which he hadn't been able to hide.

"I am sorry Harry" Dumbledore said without sounding sincere.

"Is Mr. Potter" Harry answered a little hurt.

He stood up and walked out of the Headmaster's office.

Random Facts:

I know Harry is out of character, it is part of the story, it is supposed to be like that.

This Snape hates even more James and Sirius, so he hates even more Harry, so if the Slytherin house already hates Harry, taking points away would make them hate Harry even more doesn't it?

Harry has been alone for years, his only goal in life had been to kill, even if the one supposed to be killed was Voldemort, no, I don't think Harry should know exactly what to do every time or how to act, quite the opposite, I think he wouldn't know what to do in common daily problems.

Date: 10th September 1991 and 11th September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 13

Detention

"Is Mr. Potter" Harry answered a little hurt.

He stood up and walked out of the Headmaster's office.

Right after Harry got out of the Headmaster's office he thought it would be prudent to write to his parents and asked them about his wand. There was something he didn't understand.

Still having time before curfew, he walked straight to the owlery looking for Hedwig but when he got there, he couldn't find her anywhere.

Thinking she must have gone out hunting even though the moon hadn't even risen yet, he went towards a brown school owl.

Harry took out a piece of parchment, ink and a quill from his bag that he still had over his shoulders.

He just stared at the parchment intensely for several minutes, he didn't know how to ask for the information he needed to know without sounding like he was going crazy and consequently get him entered into the permanent ward of St. Mungos.

Thinking it would be better if he didn't get into too much detail, he made a quick small note with a short excuse and wrote the questions he wanted answered.

Mom and Dad,

Something strange happened yesterday during flying lessons, I lost my wand and I can't seem to find it.

Where my wand should have been there was a completely different one that I am sure was put there to incriminate me on something that happened during the lesson.

Don't worry, nothing life and death threatening.

This is going to sound strange, but because of all the stress I've been into, I am experiencing temporary memory loss.

Could you please answer some questions for me?

Where did I buy my wand?

When did I buy it?

What was it made of?

It is really important, please answer me soon.

Harry

Just as he finished the note he tied it to the owl's leg and told it to wait for an answer. Knowing full well the owl would do as it was told he put the remaining parchment, ink and the quill back into his bag, threw it over his shoulder and walked towards the school.

He wanted to get to his room before curfew so he could get some minutes alone before the other first year slytherins got there.

It was almost a week since his detention with Snape had started and he already wished he hadn't made Snape make it into three weeks. He really wanted it to be over.

He was outside Snape's office, ready to knock at the door and start this day's detention, curious as to how much he could delay going in.

"Come in" Snape said after Harry knock three times.

Harry walked in, opening the door slowly and closing it behind him, just like everyday.

"I hear you got away with trying to hurt a Gryffindor. Very Slytherin of you" Snape said without looking away from the papers in his desk.

"I didn't hurt Ron" Harry stated standing in front of the potion's master desk without moving a muscle.

"Very good liar. I think the rest of the Slytherins might have underestimated you" Snape continued obviously not believing Harry "How have you managed without a wand this past days?"

"I've managed" Harry answered.

Harry had been forced to use every secret passage he knew in school, just to be able to get from one place to another without getting accidentally hurt when just by coincidence a Slytherin was near by. Draco had made sure of passing the word out about Harry not having a wand.

Harry had been wishing ever since to have the Marauders' map with him, but as far as he knew, the Weasley twins had it, and he was sure they would hand it to a slytherin even if said Slytherin claimed to be a marauders son.

"How are you planning on getting it back from the Headmaster?" Snape asked.

"That is not my wand" Harry answered.

"Sticking to your story" Snape, for the first time since Harry had walked into his office, looked at him "You know what to do" Snape said referring to his detention and went back to what he was doing before Harry walked in, treating Harry as if he wasn't there, just like every detention he'd had until now.

The question had been confusing, usually Snape didn't care about anything that had to do with him. In this world, he was hated by Snape even more than in his world. It must have been the fact that James was still alive and still married to Lily, or the fact that Sirius had yet to be punished for what he had done to him so many years ago, both of them knew he would never be punished, whatever the reason was, Snape didn't hate him like before. He loathed him.

Harry went straight to the corner of the room where several old cauldrons were, which Harry had to clean without using magic. If he hadn't know that using magic could have dire consequences when you were dealing with potions' ingredients, he would have been angry at having to do it by hand.

After two hours of complete silence, Snape was the one that broke it.

"What was that Mr. Potter?" Snape asked with an angry expression making Harry look at him startled by the sudden noise.

"Excuse me?" Harry asked.

"What did you just say?" Snape asked again.

"I haven't said a word" Harry answered.

"I heard you Mr. Potter" Snape stood up from his chair losing control of his temper.

"I haven't said a word" Harry tried again.

"You just recited the ingredients and procedure of making a very dark potion" Snape said.

"But I haven't said anything" Harry tried one more time.

"I heard you Mr. Potter. You recited it looking straight into my eyes" Snape yelled.

"But I..." Harry was trying to defend himself when Snape interrupted and ordered him to get out of his office.

Harry let the caldrons exactly where they were, got up quickly and got out without looking back.

"What was that?" Harry asked himself "Was Snape going mad?"

Harry.

Temporary memory loss because of stress?

That is not normal! I want you to go straight to Madame Pomfrey and explain exactly what is going on, it could be very dangerous.

Maybe it would be better if we take you to St. Mungos.

Did you hit your head?

Did you eat something weird?

Have you felt nauseous?

Are you prompt on getting dizzy?

Maybe you hit your head and lost your wand and can't remember.

Maybe a pensieve would help?

They are hard to obtain, but maybe Professor Dumbledore knows who has one.

I should go see you.

We are going to go see you and ask Madame Pomfrey exactly what is going on.

Don't worry Harry, everything will be all right.

What was the incident that happened in flying lessons?

What are being accused of?

We bought your wand one week before you went to Hogwarts at Ollivanders just like your father and I did when we were your age.

It took you almost 10 minutes, but you finally found the perfect wand, though Ollivander would say the wand found you.

It was 13 inches long, willow wood with fairy dust as core.

I hope this helps you find it.

We will see you soon.

Please take care of yourself.

Mom

He didn't have his Holly wand. Neville had it.

His wand was the one that he had given to Madame Hooch.

He needs to ask for it back, which would surely bring a lot of questions, to which he had no answers.

How did that spell come after *priori incantatem* without him ever performing it? Who had used his wand without him noticing?

And now, he had his mother thinking he had a very serious illness.

How was he supposed to explain his memory loss without having any physical or emotional sign of being ill, or having a health problem.

"You forgot this was your wand?" Dumbledore asked holding the wand Harry had said wasn't his.

Sticking with the story he had given to his mother he said "I think I'm suffering memory loss, there are several things I can't seem to remember"

"That could be serious Mr. Potter" Dumbledore looked concerned "You even imagined you had a different wand, Neville's wand to be exact"

"I must be going crazy" Harry smiled hoping that would be the only explanation Dumbledore would need.

"You should go to Madame Pomfrey" Dumbledore made it sound like a suggestion but they both knew, was more of an order.

"I think I will. Mom wants me to do just that anyway" Harry promised.

"We would have to talk about you performing a spell that could have harm one of your students" Dumbledore changed his expression into one that looked disappointed.

"I didn't hurt Ron" Harry stated.

"Your wand says otherwise" Dumbledore said.

"I didn't know wands could talk" Harry looked surprised at which Dumbledore chuckle lightly.

"It would be awesome wouldn't it? But no, wands unfortunately can't talk" Dumbledore said.

"I know it looks bad. But I really didn't do the spell that hurt Ron" Harry defended himself.

"It is always better to tell the truth" Dumbledore took the disappointed look again "I am sorry to say Mr. Potter that what you did is very serious, and the fact that you won't accept it makes it sad. You are going to be on probation for the rest of your first year"

"What does that mean?" Harry asked, knowing full well that he had no way of proving it hadn't been him.

"If in this time, you do anything to put you or any other student or faculty in harm. You are going to be suspended depending on what you do maybe even expelled" Dumbledore said seriously with no twinkle in his eyes.

Random Facts:

Date: 11th September and 12th September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 14

Fluffy

"If in this time, you do anything to put you or any other student or faculty in harm. You are going to be suspended depending on what you do maybe even expelled" Dumbledore said seriously with no twinkle in his eyes.

The day had started just like every other day. He woke up early morning, yet all of the other first year boys weren't in the dorm anymore.

He took a bath and went straight to breakfast where everyone acted as if he was something that smelled awful they just couldn't get rid off.

"Perfect, double Potions" Harry said not sounding at all excited not that anyone was paying attention to him anyway.

Harry walked by himself towards the dungeons, where the potions class was always held and walked into it 2 minutes before the bell rang.

Even if things hadn't change between him and the rest of his house, things weren't as bad as when they had first started.

He didn't really were friends with any of them, but at least they had stopped acting as if he didn't exist.

"Hi Ron" Harry greeted the Gryffindor once he entered the room with Neville and the rest of the first year lions. He didn't want to give up on his red-haired friend anymore than on his bushy-haired friend, they had helped him so much, he had missed them for years.

He wanted to work through the fact that Ron still thought Harry had cursed him.

The story that was going around the school was that Ron had been showing off his wonderful flying skills and Harry had been jealous, saying he should be the one that should have been able to fly like that since his father had been the best chaser Gryffindor had ever

had and his godfather had been the best beater until the Weasley twins.

Being so blinded by jealousy, Harry had cast a curse at Ron.

Ron had fell from very high in the sky and by some divine intervention hadn't gotten even a scratch.

Harry not thinking straight had said his wand wasn't his and now he had no wand.

Something Harry thought was very stupid, but for some reason every believed to be the truth.

"Aaaah!" Harry screamed missing the confused look on Ron's face

"Who pinched me?" Harry asked angrily.

"You have to be the worst Slytherin ever" Daphne stated, walking pass him and not giving him a second glance.

"Who pinched me?" Harry asked again acting as if he hadn't heard Daphne.

"Mr. Potter is there something wrong?" Snape asked, not really wanting to know the answer, once he had entered the room, with obvious animosity towards him.

"Someone pinched me" Harry told his head of house.

"Everyone take a place in front of a cauldron" Snape told the class not really listening or caring about whatever had happened to Harry.

Knowing full well Snape would do nothing to find out who had pinched him, he took a place next to Blaise, who moved as far as he could from Harry while still staying in the same desk.

Not really in the mood about anything, he didn't put any attention in the class, something Snape didn't miss and wouldn't let pass.

"Am I boring you Mr. Potter?" Snape asked standing just mere inches away from him.

"Personal space" Harry stated not feeling at all comfortable with Snape so close to him.

"What was that Mr. Potter?" Snape asked, a vein popping out from his forehead.

"Potions it's an art, every single ingredient has to be perfect, there is nothing boring about the subject, sir." Harry answered seriously, not really meaning it, he had never liked potions.

"Cheekiness is not permitted in my class Mr. Potter. One point from Slytherin." Snape said for the class to hear and walked to his desk, making sure of not looking at Harry for the rest of the lesson.

Silence as always was prominent in the room. Not soon enough the class was over and it was time for them to go back to the Great Hall to have lunch.

"First class of the day and you've already cost us a point Potter" Pansy protested while they walked towards lunch.

"Imagine how many I will lose by the end of the day" Harry answered acting scared.

Pansy humphed and walked faster, the rest of the slytherin first years behind her.

Harry walked in into the Great Hall and a horrible sight met him.

"No one asked you mudblood! Why don't you go and bury your nose in a book or something" Draco told her with a venomous tone of voice.

Feeling hurt Hermione ran out of the Great Hall, trying to hide the tears that were coming fast from her eyes, from everyone.

"Hermione wait!" Harry called after her.

Hermione didn't stop or looked behind. She kept running forward until she found a door, opened it and walked inside.

Harry followed her trying to calm her down.

"Hermione don't listen to a word he said" Harry started to try to comfort her when he saw her shocked face.

Then he heard it, several things taken a full breath behind him, and low growls.

Slowly he turned around and saw something he had forgotten he had once seen.

"Hermione get out slowly" Harry told her while staying in front of her as to protect her as much as he could.

Once he knew Hermione had gotten out, he slowly walked out just in time as the huge three-headed dog pounce to where they had just been standing.

They ran as fast as they could from the third floor and were out of breath for several minutes before they could even think about what had just happened.

"I forgot about Fluffy" Harry said to himself between breaths.

"About who?" Hermione asked.

"No one" Harry answered.

"Who is Fluffy?" Hermione asked not giving up.

"The dog that almost killed us" Harry answered in hushed voice.

"I would call it anything but Fluffy" Hermione exclaimed.

"It's its' name" Harry told her.

"How do you know that?" Hermione asked.

"It is Hagrid's" Harry told her

"Hagrid told you its' name?" Hermione asked him.

"Yes" Technically Hagrid had told him, just not the same Hagrid Hermione thought.

"Why did Draco call you that awful name?" Harry tried to change the subject. It worked.

"Like he needs a reason" Hermione huffed "Why is it so bad to not have parents who are wizards?" Hermione asked teary eyed.

"It is not bad. You are going to be the best witch in our generation. My mother was the best witch of hers, and she was muggleborn too. Wizards are just too scared of what they don't understand" Harry explained trying to comfort her.

"I thought I was, at last, someplace where I belonged" Hermione said in a whisper.

"You belong. Don't let anyone tell you, you don't" Harry told her looking straight into her eyes, hoping she would believe it, because he knew it was true.

"Why are you being so nice?" Hermione asked.

"Why I shouldn't be?" Harry asked back.

"You are a slytherin and I am a mud.. muggleborn" Hermione told him.

"A house doesn't make you prejudice. You decide to be prejudice. I told you, my mother is muggleborn" Harry explained.

"Thank you" Hermione told him sincerely.

Harry just smiled.

"I shouldn't have reacted like that, but it wasn't the first time someone has called me.. that" Hermione looked down, looking sad again.

"And unfortunately he won't be the last" Harry told her with a sad gaze.

"I am going to show them I belong here" Hermione stated.

"It doesn't matter what they think, it matters what you think. If you want to show anyone anything, show yourself" Harry told her.

"I am sorry" Hermione pleaded.

"Sorry for what?" Harry asked surprised.

"For being so mean to you. I thought you would be like everyone else with the green scarves. You were nice to me before we got sorted, I shouldn't have thought you wouldn't be exactly like that after being sorted. It was prejudice of me" Hermione explained.

"It was. You shouldn't do what you don't want others to do to you" Harry told her.

"Mom always says that" Hermione said.

"Your mom is very smart" Harry smiled.

"Friends?" Hermione asked holding out her hand for him to shake.

"Friends" Harry took her hand "Happy belated birthday"

"How did you know?" Hermione asked and Harry just shrugged.

In a way, his best friend was back.

"Did you see the trapdoor?" Hermione asked while they were walking back towards the Great Hall.

"The one the dog was standing on?" Harry asked.

"You did notice it! Fluffy must be a guard dog!" Hermione started getting excited.

"Why else would they have that in a school?" Harry asked never letting his smile waver.

"Well obviously. It is too dangerous. It has to be something important" Hermione said.

"What does?" Harry asked.

"Whatever the dog is guarding" Hermione stated.

"Why not investigate? It could be fun!" Harry exclaimed. He already knew what the dog was guarding, why it was guarding, who wanted to steal it and how to get to it. He just wanted more excuses to spend time with Hermione.

What better way than doing what she loved the most? Researching.

"We should ask Hagrid" Hermione said.

"Why?" Harry asked bewildered.

"Fluffy is his, he must know what his dog is guarding don't you think?" Hermione asked.

"True we should visit Hagrid. I am sure he will love that" Harry said, now knowing how much he misses his giant first friend.

"You should ask him if we can go for tea someday this week" Hermione told him.

"I will do that right now" Harry told her and ran towards the owlry to find Hedwig.

Once he got there he couldn't find Hedwig.

Hedwig like to hunt in the night and the sun was still up.

Promising himself he would investigate it, he reached for a school owl and attached a note he had written before he started looking for Hedwig asking Hagrid if Hermione and him could visit during the week.

He was sure Hagrid would say yes.

Random Facts: Hermione's birthday is on September 19

Date: 19th September and 28th September 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 15

Boo

Promising himself he would investigate it, he reached for a school owl and attached a note he had written before he started looking for Hedwig asking Hagrid if Hermione and him could visit during the week.

He was sure Hagrid would say yes.

On October 31st, tragedy hadn't happened here. His parents were still alive. Neville's hadn't died. In this place, Halloween was truly a day to be celebrated, Voldemort had been vanquished 10 years ago. No more deaths, no more suffering, no more fear, at least not more than normal, there was no war. At least not so openly fought. Children could play by themselves, and parents could go take a walk in a park. This was the first time Harry was truly happy it was Halloween, he was going to celebrate just like everyone else. Of course he was forgetting that this day was and forever will be cursed for him, the only reason nothing bad had ever happened before on this date was because he hadn't been here, but now he was.

Life at Hogwarts had been much better since Hermione and had made a symbolic promise to be friends the day Hermione had met Fluffy.

The other Slytherins had stopped trying to make his life impossible, they weren't nice or anything, they just had stopped making their purpose in life to torment his.

Only the first year Slytherin boys would be known to do what they called an innocent prank how and then, but it was bearable.

Classes that day had been more symbolic than anything.

In History of Magic they had manipulated Professor Binns into telling them famous legends.

In Herbology they had tended to gigantic pumpkins, which they later carved.

In Transfiguration they had made Halloween decorations.

Classes had been fun and now it was time for the feast and Harry was starving.

"I made a flying witch out of wood" Hermione showed him a small wood figurine "I am going to research how to put color in it and to animate it. What did you do?" She asked Harry.

"I made a vampire out of my piece of wood" Harry showed her his figurine having been careful at not putting in extra things he wasn't supposed to know yet.

"It looks like Professor Snape" Hermione looked carefully at the figurine.

"Well, he is the only vampire I know" Harry told her in a serious tone.

"Harry! You shouldn't be so disrespectful, he is a Professor!" Hermione exclaimed.

"That doesn't mean he isn't a vampire" Harry smiled to let her know he was joking.

Hermione now knowing he wasn't serious smiled and changed the topic.

Sitting in the Ravenclaw table had been a welcomed change.

He didn't feel like he had to be careful of what he ate or drink.

Here he could be carefree, he could feel free for the first time in a long time.

Scary small spiders ran through the table at one point in the night. Ron screamed as if he was dying and ran out of the Great Hall.

The Hogwarts ghosts made a frightening show that got everyone into the perfect Halloween mood.

Harry should have known it wouldn't last, he should have known Quirrel was going to ruin it.

The doors to the Great Hall slammed open and Quirrel came in between jogging and running.

"There is a troll in the dungeons. Thought you should know" Quirrel yelled for everyone to hear and then fainted.

Harry knew he was faking. That only reminded him of the threat Voldemort was at the present.

Hell broke loose.

Everyone started to panic.

"Silence!" Dumbledore said a magic enhanced voice.

It worked. Everyone momentarily calmed down to pay attention.

"Prefects please take the students to their common rooms and don't leave until someone from the faculty says otherwise" Dumbledore gave instructions.

"Slytherin common rooms are at the dungeons" Harry stated.

"Dumbledore must have forgotten. Come to our common room I'm sure no one will mind" Hermione told him while dragging him with her after the Ravenclaw prefects.

"Ron" Harry told her with a scared expression.

"Run where? Why?" Hermione stopped dragging him, looking confused.

"Ron doesn't know about the troll" Harry dragged Hermione towards the dungeons where he knew they would find the troll.

"Destiny must be laughing at me. First you, now Ron?" Harry started talking to himself not noticing Hermione was listening "Ron better be safe just like Hermione was. This time I'm killing Quirrel and the troll before they hurt anyone".

Hermione gasped at what she heard but Harry didn't noticed, still dragging Hermione with him.

After a few minutes, which felt like hours to Hermione, of running, Harry suddenly stopped, making Hermione slam into him and fall to the ground backwards.

The noise of Hermione falling caught the troll's attention.

It was just like Harry remembered, a height of twelve feet and just as dumb and dangerous looking as he knew the troll would be.

"Don't move" Harry ordered in a voice that frankly scared Hermione.

Harry moved his wand without saying a word and before the troll could take a step towards them, it fell to the ground dead, blood getting out from everywhere in its body.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Granger. Why aren't you in your common rooms?" a voice asked them from behind, Hermione still on the floor. It was Professor McGonagall.

"The troll is dead" Hermione said not believing what she was saying.

The teachers looked behind the two students, they couldn't believe what they were seeing. How did this happen?

"It was the weirdest thing. It just fell dead and blood was everywhere" Harry explained in a calm tone.

Hermione was shocked at the blatant lie, but didn't say a word.

"You didn't see who did it?" Professor Dumbledore asked them both.

"There was no one here but us" Harry told him.

"Professor Dumbledore kept looking at Hermione.

Harry knew he must have been performing legimancy on his friend.

"I see" the Headmaster said looking at Harry, he thought he was going to try legimancy on him as well, but the Headmaster didn't.

"I am going to have to deduct 10 points from Ravenclaw and Slytherin for not being in your common rooms. You should go there now" Professor McGonagall said in a stern obvious, still shocked.

Not wasting a second both Hermione and Harry left, each one to their respective common rooms.

"Mr. Potter. Why is it that you are always in the middle of everything?" Professor Snape said in what anyone could mistake as a soothing voice, but which Harry knew was full of sarcasm.

"Bad luck?" Harry tried.

Snape left his mentor mask aside and now Harry could see the Snape he'd always known, bitter and ready to kill.

"How did a couple of first years manage to survive and kill a full grown mountain troll?" Snape asked, but before Harry could even think of something to say Snape added, "Where did you learn such a dark spell? I wouldn't imagine Potter or Black teaching you something like that. I am sure even as stupid as Granger is, she wouldn't have learned that spell" Snape stated.

"She is smarter than you. I don't know what you are talking about" Harry said with a voice full of malice.

"I have ways of confirming it" Snape threatened.

"Legimancy will not help you" Harry stated, savoring the shock expression on the potions master.

Getting riled up, Snape stunned Harry before he saw it coming and entered his mind in full force.

Harry wasn't able to put his defends up on his mind the first couple of seconds since he was caught in surprise, expecting Snape not to try it after revealing he knew about it, but was able to expel him off and get out of the spell Snape had put him on.

"Don't ever try that again" Harry threatened in a frightening voice that even made Snape visibly shiver and got out of his Head of House office, slamming the door behind him with his magic.

Snape's POV

How was an arrogant, weak first year like Potter able to repel him? An expert Legimance. Snape thought.

Just after Harry had stormed out of his office, he went straight to Dumbledore's.

The Headmaster had told him to question Potter about the troll incident, insisting the brat had killed the troll with a dark curse.

Snape had told him that was impossible, but was asked, more like ordered, to investigate anyway.

He had been right.

Even if he was only a couple of seconds in his mind before he was forcefully expelled, it had been enough.

Harry's memory showed everything just as he had said happened.

The first years saw the troll and when it turned towards them, the troll fell to the ground dead with blood all over its body. That was when the teachers and him walked in.

"Lemon Drop" Snape said out loud once he reached the gargoyle that guarded the entrance of the Headmaster's office, and it stepped aside letting him walk through.

"Come in"

When the Headmaster invited him in, he opened the door and stood in front of Dumbledore's desk, waiting for him to be acknowledged.

"Sit my boy. Did you have an interesting talk with Mr. Potter?" the Headmaster asked him.

"Mr. Potter's memory showed me what I already knew how the troll died" Snape stated in an emotionless voice.

"That is not what Miss Granger remembers" Albus said it in a casual manner, as if it weren't impossible for two people that lived through the same thing to remember two very different things.

Tampering with memories was impossible without leaving a trace behind, and he was sure Harry's memory was genuine.

"Maybe we can both see Mr. Potter's memory" Dumbledore suggested in a way he only could.

The old man got up from his chair and went to retrieve his pensieve, where Snape was supposed to put the memory of Harry in.

Reaching into it, both men felt as if they were falling through a cold mist until they were standing in one of the dungeon's halls just behind Harry and Hermione.

They kept silence just watching the memory unfold.

"Don't move" Harry ordered in a very scary voice for an eleven year old, which made Snape remember the frightening voice the boy had used back at his office to threaten him.

Hermione stood still in shock not being able to keep her eyes off the troll.

Just like Snape had previously seen, the troll fell to the ground dead and with blood all over, no one else was in sight.

Potter had his wand out, but was pointing it at the floor, and hadn't used it.

Next thing they knew the faculty members arrived and started asking questions.

"I think that is enough" Dumbledore stated and the memory dissolved.

"Interesting" Albus said making Snape irritable at not knowing what was so interesting about the memory, aside from the obvious mysterious way a troll just fell dead.

"That is not what Miss Granger remembers" that got Snape's attention "It is late, you should rest my boy, it has been a tired some evening" Albus dismissed him, leaving Snape with the curiosity of

what had been so different between Harry's and Hermione's memory for Dumbledore to deem interesting.

Random Facts:

Date: 31st October 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 16

True Slytherin

"That is not what Miss Granger remembers" that got Snape's attention "It is late, you should rest my boy, it has been a tired some evening" Albus dismissed him, leaving Snape with the curiosity of what had been so different between Harry's and Hermione's memory for Dumbledore to deem interesting.

Hermione's POV

Hermione had been very curious about the spell Harry had used to kill the troll.

She was very grateful. Harry had saved their lives, so Hermione hadn't asked him about it scared of maybe being heard, since Harry had lied to the professors and she didn't want him to get in trouble.

He was her first real friend. Maybe this was what friends were supposed to do.

She had dedicated her free time in the library but hadn't been able to find anything.

She hadn't heard and incantation and she hadn't been able to see the wand movements from where she had been standing.

She was beginning to think it was a dead end.

She would wait until she was certain no one could eavesdrop and ask Harry.

She had more things to investigate anyway.

Who would name a huge deathly looking three-headed dog Fluffy?

They should go see Hagrid. Hermione thought.

She put the books she had been reading back in its place and went to look for Harry, maybe Hagrid had already responded to their note. She hoped.

Harry and Hermione,

I was very happy when I received your note.

Of course I would love to have you over for tea.

How does Sunday at 4pm sound?

Hagrid

Harry had showed her the note as soon as she had asked about it.

"It's almost 4, we should get going" Hermione gave the note back to Harry and started walking towards the grounds, where Hagrid's hut was.

They didn't say a word and Hermione was dying to ask him a million questions but held back when she noticed how pensive he looked.

He looked as if he was trying to decide something, but what?

Loud barks brought her back. She noticed they were already in front of Hagrid's door.

"That is Fang. He is harmless" Harry told her with a smile and knocked twice on the door.

"Coming" was heard from inside.

A large man, Hermione had only seen once before, opened the door with a beaming smile.

"You must be Harry and Hermione? Come on in" Hagrid beamed and moved aside to let them pass.

You must be Harry? Hermione thought they already knew each other.

"I'll make you some tea" Hagrid said and put some cakes that looked less than edible on the table where she thought they must supposed sit.

"I thought you already knew Hagrid" Hermione whispered to Harry didn't answer her.

"I haven't seen you since you were a baby!" Hagrid exclaimed towards Harry "You look just like your father but you have your mother's eyes"

"I've been told" Harry said with a smile.

"I am sorry for inviting ourselves. It's just that Harry told me about Fluffy and I was very curious about it" Hermione couldn't contain her curiosity, but she did notice both Hagrid and Harry's shocked and maybe frightened expressions.

"How do you know about Fluffy?" Hagrid asked them both with narrow eyes, making Hermione feel as if she was being reprimanded.

"We happened to get ourselves in the third floor and we saw it" Harry quickly stepped in, lying again.

"Dumbledore cautioned everyone not to go into the third floor. What were you doing there?" Hagrid asked a little more calmly.

"We got lost. We didn't know it was the third floor until we saw the huge dog" Harry answered.

If Hermione hadn't known he was lying, she would have believed him.

Hagrid calmed down completely after that.

"You were very lucky. Don't ever go there, though he really is harmless. He is just a puppy" Hagrid said.

"A puppy?" Hermione exclaimed.

"He is only a couple of years old, I bought him from a greek chappie at a pub. Orphaned. He needed love and care, so I took him. Good thing I did, since he has been a big help for Professor Dumbledore and Nicholas Flamel" Hagrid abruptly stopped speaking looking shocked "I said too much"

"Who is Nicholas Flamel?" Hermione asked, curiosity spiked.

"I said too much" Hagrid repeated.

"Has he has anything to do with what Fluffy is guarding?" Hermione kept pressing.

Hagrid narrowed his eyes "How do you know his name?"

Before Hermione could answer Harry stood up quickly.

"Thank you for the tea, but we have to go. It's getting late" Harry quickly said taking Hermione's hand and rushing her outside.

"Wait!" Hagrid called from his hut when Harry and Hermione were already on their way towards the school, but he didn't go after them.

"Hagrid didn't tell you about Fluffy, did he?" Hermione asked Harry.

"He did" Harry stated.

"Don't lie to me" Hermione pleaded.

"I am not lying" Harry told her looking at her in the eyes.

"You are a very good liar. I would have preferred for you to tell me you couldn't say or you didn't trust me" Hermione said hurt with watering eyes.

"I am not lying, I wouldn't lie to you. I just can't explain" Harry told her.

Hermione decided to let it go for now.

Since she was more interested in who Nicholas Flamel was, but she wouldn't give up.

Harry was trying to hide something and she was going to find out exactly, what it was.

The rest of the way until they reached the main entrance was walked in silence.

"We should go to the library and research who Nicholas Flamel is" Hermione told Harry the hurt still evident in her voice, though it was mixed with a hint of excitement about having a mystery to be solved.

"We should start with that. We know he must be the owner of something important if it need something to guard it, and we know he must be Dumbledore's friend" Harry was trying to make discovering the philosopher stone faster pointing out obvious stuff they had overlooked the first time around. Harry was happy Hermione was talking again. It had been an awkward walk towards the library.

"Why do you say that?" Hermione asked him.

"Nicholas Flamel must be very close to Dumbledore to trust him with something valuable" Harry stated

"True, but why does whatever Fluffy is guarding has to be Nicholas Flamel's?" Hermione asked.

"It has to be something of his or Dumbledore's and his" Harry stated.

"Professor Dumbledore" Hermione corrected him, seeing the point in what he said "We have to look in a book where they list the greatest witches and wizards in the recent years, and then see who is close to Professor Dumbledore"

Hermione was getting more excited now having a start point.

"We should look farther back, Dumbledore is not exactly young" Harry stated.

"Professor Dumbledore. You have to be more respectful" Hermione reprimanded "Maybe, but we should start with recent years"

Knowing she wouldn't find anything about Nicholas Flamel in recent years, he gave up.

He didn't know how to tell her that, without sounding mysterious.

It was going to take her a while to find out about the philosopher stone, but if she took too long he would have to find a way to tell her.

Maybe he could give her the book where his Hermione found it as a present.

They had been at the library for over 4 hours now, and as Harry already had known, they hadn't found anything yet.

"I didn't know there were so many Great wizards and witches" Hermione exclaimed "Look at this. Jessica Berry. She modified the lumos spell to use it as an x-ray" Hermione exclaimed excited.

This was going to take too long if it continued like this. Hermione wanted to learn everything about everyone she encountered in the book –Greatest Witches and Wizards of the last century-.

"We should continue another day, we have classes early morning" Harry stated starting to close every book Hermione had been using.

"You may be right. It is almost curfew" Hermione said helping Harry put back all the books to their rightful place.

They took their bags and started walking out the library.

"So Fluffy..." Hermione started asking.

"I'm sorry 'Mione, I really can't tell you" Harry interrupted.

"'Mione?" Hermione asked him, obviously not liking the idea of being called that.

"Your new nickname" Harry told her.

"I don't think so. I don't like nicknames" Hermione stated.

"Fine, no nicknames" Harry said with a huge smile on his face, happy that Hermione seemed to let go of the Fluffy questions for the second time. He just didn't think he would be so lucky a third time.

He had to think about what he would do when that happened.

"I will walk you to your common room" Harry told her.

"Don't worry. You should go to yours, otherwise you won't get there before curfew" Hermione told him and walked away, Harry walking back to Slytherin's common room as well.

Hermione was too curious, she didn't like not knowing about anything. Harry knew she wasn't going to forget about it, sooner or later he was going to have to tell her who he was before she figured it all by herself and didn't forgive him for not trusting her.

The question he had to answer to himself as soon as possible was when he was going to tell her.

Could he trust her?

How and what exactly was he going to tell her?

Could he trust her completely?

Harry was asking himself all these questions.

Of course he can. It is 'Mione!

He reached his bed before curfew. The other Slytherin boys were already fast asleep, for which he was thankful. He fell asleep almost as soon as his head hit the bed.

Random Facts:

Date: 3rd November 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 17

New Life

Could he trust her?

How and what exactly was he going to tell her?

Could he trust her completely?

Harry was asking himself all these questions.

Of course he can. It is 'Mione!

"Still nothing" Hermione said clearly exasperated at the lack of advancement hitting the book she had been reading onto the table. That earned a glare from Madame Pince. Hermione looked guiltily towards the librarian, which made her stop glaring.

Hermione was obviously Madame Pince's favorite student, just like his Hermione had been.

"Why don't you try going farther back?" Harry asked her.

"I think you are right. I will start looking into it" Hermione answered.

"Not today" Harry told her, closing the book Hermione had just opened "You look tired. You have to take a break. We should have fun"

"Fun?" Hermione asked taken aback about Harry not letting her continue reading.

"You know what fun is, right?" Harry teased her.

"Of course I do!" Hermione huffed, feeling insulted, forgetting about the book she had been trying to get from Harry,

"Prove it" Harry kept teasing.

Hermione took it as a dare and walked out of the library, leaving Harry back to put the books away.

He put them away quickly and ran to catch on with her.

"So what are we doing?" Harry asked her once he had found her, which surprisingly had taken him a while.

He had found her waiting for him at the entrance of the castle.

"I can be fun" Hermione stated still angry.

"Really?" Harry kept teasing.

It had been a fun day after all, Hermione had let herself loose.

They had played cops and robbers for a while, even hide and seek. All games Hermione had played with her cousins before, Harry only for his first time, but had had fun.

They had gone swimming at the lake until it had gotten dark.

They were now laying on their backs, watching the stars, besides the beginning of the lake.

"Are you an only child?" Hermione asked him.

"No, I have a younger sister. Her name is Danielle" Harry answered.

"How is she like?" Hermione asked.

Harry couldn't answer that question. He had no memories of her but for the night he had arrived and the letter she had sent him some time ago.

"Are you an only child?" Harry asked. He already knew she was, but he still asked.

"I had a little sister once. She died when she was 4. We were two years apart, but we still were very close" Hermione answered a tear falling from her eye.

Harry hadn't known that, was it the same for his Hermione and he hadn't known?

"How did she die?" Harry asked genuinely interested.

"No one really knows. She just stopped breathing. She just never woke up" Hermione told him.

"I am so sorry" Harry said.

"Don't be. She didn't suffer" Hermione told him with a sad smile.

"She would be very proud of you" Harry told her.

"I like to think she would" Hermione said, "What do your parents do? You've never told me about them" Hermione was clearly trying to change the subject.

"Well, my dad is an auror. His name is James Potter. Everyone says I look just like him, except I have my mother's eyes. Her name is Lily Potter and she stays home with my little sister Danielle. She is nine" Harry guessed Danielle's age, since he didn't really know "And there is my godfather. His name is Sirius Black"

Everything he knew about his family were things he had heard, mostly from Snape and Draco, at some point.

"Is your godfather married?" Hermione asked.

Harry honestly didn't know. Was he?

Where Remus and Pettigrew part of his life?

Were they married?

"What are your parents like?" Harry asked avoiding her question.

"My father is a dentist. He had me on braces for years and he'd never let me have any candy, unless they were sugarless. When I came here I wrote him asking for permission to take care of my teeth with magic. He said it would be better if magic wasn't involved. I love him. My mother is a teacher at Cambridge. Have you heard of it?" at Harry's nod, she continued "She went back to work recently. When my sister died, my mom dedicated her life completely to me. She was what you would call overprotective, though I didn't mind. She and my dad were all I had"

"How about friends?" Harry asked. His Hermione hadn't had any before Hogwarts, but things seem to have been different for this Hermione.

"I didn't have any. I was homeschooled. My mom didn't really let me go anywhere without her" Hermione said with a thoughtful expression and a smile.

Flashback

Harry had written his mom asking her not to come to Hogwarts.

He was fine.

He really didn't want to go see Madame Pomfrey.

He knew she wouldn't find anything wrong with him.

He didn't have memory loss.

He just hadn't had the life the memories were from.

Not being able to find anything, he just knew Madame Pomfrey would not let him go until she knew what was going on and she was sure her patient was fine.

He hadn't gotten a reply yet, but it was fine, he had just sent the letter the night before, when Dumbledore had given his wand back.

He should have known better, after spending all those summers at the Weasley's.

"Mr. Potter. Come with me" Snape came to get him early morning, just when he was about to start breakfast.

Snape's expression was something he'd never seen on the man, but he thought he could see him fidgeting, anxious and maybe even excited.

He wasn't sure those emotions were capable on Snape though.

Curious, he stood up and followed his Head of House.

He noticed it too late.

They were walking towards the Hospital wing.

He tried to turn around, but Snape pushed all the way until they were inside.

"Harry James Potter! Why haven't you seen Madame Pomfrey yet?" a voice that made him feel very small, reprimanded. She looked very angry, her face matching her fiery red hair.

"I was going to come after breakfast" Harry tried.

"I know when you are lying. I am your mother. Sit down in a bed while Severus gets Madame Pomfrey and I make sure you don't move" Lily said.

Snape quickly left to go find the school's healer.

"How is everyone? Where is Danielle?" Harry asked innocently to his mother, trying to calm her down.

"You are so much like your father, it scares me. He never takes anything seriously" Lily said frustrated, but not seeing anything wrong at going along with Harry while they waited for Severus and Poppy she answered him "Your father must be with Sirius at the ministry, trying to find a way not to work and only have fun, just like everyday. I really don't know why Madame Bones keeps them. I left Danielle with Laura. I left her there while I am here making sure you are alright"

Harry had no idea who Laura is, but he didn't react accordingly, he was sure Lily would find it strange, if she knew that.

Poppy walked in from where Harry knew her office was, with Snape a couple of steps behind.

"Mrs. Potter, Mr. Potter" the healer greeted with a nod "Professor Snape tells me you are looking for me, Mrs. Potter. How can I help you?"

Lily now showed her concern on her face and look towards Madame Pomfrey.

"Harry wrote to me recently about him having memory loss. He claims is because of stress, but I've never heard of that before. I would prefer if you check him" Lily said holding Harry's hand the whole time.

"Mr. Potter, you should have come see me as soon as you noticed the memory loss. Anything that concerns the head can be dangerous" Madame Pomfrey told him, clearly disapproving of his decision to stall coming here, at which he tried smiling, but erased the smile from his face almost immediately.

"Lay down while I do a diagnostic spell" the healer ordered.

She moved her wand towards him and different colors came from it.

Harry could see the colors red, green and blue, then a black smoke came as well, though it quickly disappeared, making the healer frown and start again. The same colors came out from her wand, even the black smoke though it disappeared quicker than before.

"Is there something wrong?" Lily asked the mediwitch concerned.

Instead of answering her, Madame Pomfrey did the diagnostic spell one more time. This time, the black smoke disappeared almost as soon as it appeared.

"What does the black smoke mean?" Lily asked.

"The green means there had been injuries that had already healed throughout his life, which is perfectly normal. We've all had. The blue shows us his magic, the brighter the more powerful the witch or wizard is. Harry's is perfectly normal for his age. The red means torture. It can mean physically or mentally, but when it's this red means it hasn't healed. That alone makes me concern" at this point the healer paused for a second "I've never seen black smoke before. I have no idea of what it means, but I don't think it means anything good. I'm going to do more tests and get them to St. Mungo's research department for help" seeing the mother's scared expression she added " Don't worry Lily, I'm sure it is nothing life threatening"

Harry was kept at the Hospital wing for the rest of the day.

He had been poked and had to drink several potions the whole day.

He had been asked continuously about the torture. He couldn't really say he had been tortured for over 20 years. Could he?

The first 10 years of his life by the Dursleys and the rest by Voldemort and company, both physically and mentally.

He had shrugged and said he had no idea what they were talking about.

Snape had been serious but observant throughout the day.

Not really finding a reason to keep him there, Madame Pomfrey let him go with a warning to take better care of himself, and promising to get back to them about the results on the black smoke, as soon as she got them.

Feeling a little better at having seen Harry looking healthy, Lily said goodbye to him and Snape, making Harry promise to go see Madame Pomfrey if he didn't feel well, and making Snape promise to keep an eye on her son.

End of Flashback

He was actually anxious about knowing the results of the test that had been performed at him that day, but Madame Pomfrey didn't have them yet.

"Mother's can be a little overprotective at times" Harry told Hermione.

"It just means they care" Hermione told him.

"Yes, it does" Harry said with a smile.

"We should go back to the school now" Hermione said, standing up slowly and waiting for Harry to do the same.

They walked back to the castle, Harry feeling better about where he was, yet concerned and apprehensive, though he didn't know why.

Random Facts:

Laura is Sirius wife.

My muse loves me right now, I'm currently writing the last chapters of first year and I'm loving it, hope you will too. If everything stays like this (my muse doesn't abandon me), expect a new chapter constantly, maybe even one everyday ;).

Date: 3rd November 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 18

One step closer

They walked back to the castle, Harry feeling better about where he was, yet concerned and apprehensive, though he didn't know why.

"There is no record of Nicholas Flamel anywhere in the library" Hermione said feeling as if the books had, for the first time in her life, let her down "Maybe I should order some books from Flourish and Blotts"

"Or maybe you are not looking in the right books" Harry said getting frustrated at the fact that she couldn't find anything after the hints he kept trying to give her.

"You are not exactly helping" Hermione glared at him.

He felt he had helped, and a lot. He just didn't want to research books about something he already knew, though maybe he could act as if he mysteriously found all the answers.

"Fine I'll help" Harry said standing up, to look for the book where Hermione had found the answer before.

It took him a while, but he did find it and brought it to the table where Hermione was.

"Alchemy?" Hermione asked confused "What does that have to do with anything?"

"I just thought it would be interesting to read" Harry said putting the book in front of him and opening it to the first page.

"Well, if you are not going to help, at least you could read and be quiet" Hermione said disappointed.

"How do you know the answer won't be in this book?" Harry asked getting frustrated at her.

"Why do you think you are going to find anything on Nicholas Flamel there? At least you could research about Fluffy if you are so bored" Hermione stated.

"How do you know Nicholas Flamel is in that book?" Hermione relented, noticing Harry's frustration.

"I don't, but I'm going to find out" Harry answered showing her the book.

Hermione huffed dramatically and opened her mouth to say something but someone beat her to it.

"Who are Nicholas Flamel and Fluffy?" someone from behind asked.

Harry turned around "Why do you want to know?" he asked.

"You come here with the mudblood almost everyday and stay in this table for hours, reading. Today you mention Nicholas Flamel and Fluffy. Are you sure you aren't a Ravenclaw?" the boy asked.

"Unfortunately not. The stupid hat put me in slytherin" Harry answered "Don't call Hermione that"

"It must be stupid alright, to think you are worthy of being in the house of Salazar Slytherin"

"Why are you here Malfoy?" Harry asked getting bored of this word game already.

"I was just curious, Potter" Draco told him with a smirk "If you are so curious about who these people are, maybe you should ask better people for help"

"Who would be better than a Ravenclaw?" Harry asked him.

"A Ravenclaw that is not a mudblood" Draco answered still smirking.

Harry got furious, stood up and pointed his wand to Draco's throat.

"Take that back!" Harry said menacingly.

"Or what?" Draco tried to sound composed, but failed.

"You don't want to find out. Apologize to Hermione" Harry threatened.

"A fight in my library! I don't think so. Get out!" Madame Pince shrieked and practically pushed them outside.

"I can't believe you got me thrown out!" Hermione yelled at Harry and shoved him lightly.

"He called you that awful name!" Harry defended himself.

"He always calls me that. You got me thrown out of the library!" Hermione yelled at Harry and walked away, fuming and muttering to herself.

"The mudblood has a temper" Draco stated amazed.

Harry pointed his wand and Draco's throat again "You are never going to call her that again" Harry threatened.

Draco put his hands up as if he was surrendering "Fine, Potter. I don't care about her anyway"

Harry slowly put his wand down, but still didn't trust the blonde Slytherin.

"So who are this Nicholas Flamel and Fluffy?" Draco asked curiously.

"Why are you interested?" Harry asked back.

"I just am" Draco shrugged.

"Why are you being so nice to me?" Harry asked.

"Changing the subject, fine. I am not being nice. A Malfoy isn't nice. A Malfoy acts socially correct" Draco smirked and Harry couldn't help but laugh. Soon Draco joined him.

"You don't act as crazy and carefree as you did when we arrived at the school" Draco stated while they walked back to their common room.

"I don't?" Harry asked curious about Draco's sudden interest.

"No, now you are always quiet and boring" Draco stated.

"Boring? I think not! I am not boring!" Harry acted offended, which made Draco laugh.

"That sounds more like you" Draco said between laughs.

"Why are you being nice?" Harry asked for a second time.

"You are a Slytherin. Slytherins stay together" Draco answered seriously.

"Why am I a Slytherin again?" Harry asked.

"I know that everything you do and say is an act. You are ambitious and cunning. And you fool everyone. That is a true Slytherin" Draco stated, leaving Harry bewildered, but he didn't push it.

Draco's POV

"You are saying we should treat Potter as a friend?" Pansy asked.

Draco had asked Pansy, Daphne, Theo and Blaise to an unused classroom. They had been there for almost an hour, where they had heard in silence to what Draco had to say.

"Yes" Draco answered.

"Why?" Theo asked.

"You should trust me" Draco stated.

"We do" Pansy cooed.

"Not blindly, we don't" Theo stated.

"I can't say, not yet. But it is in our best interest to make Harry think of us as friends, maybe even his closest friends, if we can manage it" Draco said.

"Why would it be in our best interest to make Potter like us?" Blaise asked curiously.

"Because we are Slytherins and we think ahead and to our best interest. If you want to win, we need Potter" Draco stated with a vicious smirk.

"Win what?" Daphne asked not really interested.

"Everything" Draco answered.

"And how are we supposed to make Harry like us?" Theo asked.

"You've seen him. He is crazy. We just have to act nice towards him and his mudblood friend" Draco said.

"How do you say we start?" Pansy asked with a gleam on her eyes.

"I heard him and the thing wanting to know about Nicholas Flamel and Fluffy whatever that is" Draco said.

"The alchemist?" Daphne asked, "Why do they want to know about him?"

"He hasn't told me that yet. We should pretend to research with them until they trust us, and then we will tell them what we know" Draco said.

"Why should we pretend and not just tell them what we know?" Daphne asked.

"We need them both to trust us first" Draco answered.

"How are they going to trust us after they find out we knew the answer they were looking for the whole time?" Theo asked.

"If they find out, we will act as if we found it somewhere, or someone told us" Draco said "We will think of the details when we start planning"

"Planning what?" Blaise asked.

"You will know when the time comes" Draco stated.

"You are being very mysterious Malfoy" Daphne told him.

"Believe me, it is worth it" Draco told her, excited.

"So what about Fluffy?" Pansy asked.

"I don't know anything about Fluffy yet. It may be a code for something" Draco shrugged.

"It could be important" Daphne said.

"We will find out soon enough" Draco told her.

"He will find it weird if all became friendly suddenly" Blaise said.

"He wouldn't, but everyone else would" Draco stated "maybe I should be the only one that talks to him first, and you can find a way to get close without making it suspicious"

"Are you sure it is worth it?" Theo asked.

"Yes, I am sure" Draco answered.

"Then I am in" Theo said.

"I am in too" Pansy second Theo.

"How about you?" Draco asked Daphne and Blaise.

"I am sorry Malfoy, but I won't trust just your word. I will make a decision when I am sure of the possible gain" Daphne stated.

"Smart thinking, but not in this case" Draco threatened.

"That is my decision for now" Daphne glared.

"How about you Zabini?" Draco asked.

"I am sorry Malfoy but I am with Daphne on this one. I don't see why me being friends with Potter would make me gain anything" Blaise stated.

"You are doom" Draco said.

"Boom!" Zabini mocked, making a noise as if something exploded.

"Are you done now?" Daphne asked in a bored tone of voice "It is late"

Daphne didn't wait for an answer, and walked out of the classroom towards the Slytherin common room, side by side with Blaise.

"Don't worry about them Drake" Pansy cooed "Like you said, it is their doom"

"You better be right about this one Malfoy" Theo threatened and walked out of the room.

"They are just jealous" Pansy said.

Draco just stared at the door for a couple of minutes as if he was expecting someone to walk through it. Pansy just stared at him confused.

"I just hope I am right about this one" Draco finally said.

"You are not sure?" Pansy asked taken aback.

"I am sure of the possible gain. I am just not sure if it is something I want" Draco said "Maybe Greengrass and Zabini are the ones that are being smart about it"

"Draco but you said..." Pansy started saying.

"I know what I said, and I already made a decision. I just hope is the right one" Draco stated and walked back to his common room, reaching it a couple of minutes after curfew.

Random Facts:

Date: 23rd November 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 19

From Home to Home

"Draco but you said..." Pansy started saying.

"I know what I said, and I already made a decision. I just hope is the right one" Draco stated and walked back to his common room, reaching it a couple of minutes after curfew.

Harry didn't know if the Holidays had come at last or too early, but they were here. Draco had proven to be a good friend, and even as hard as it was to believe, he had even been nice to Hermione. Never calling her names, sometimes ignoring her, and sometimes exchanging a couple of words, it was still huge for Malfoy.

Everyone else in Slytherin had decided to leave him alone completely. Only Malfoy as far as to be called friend, but he could live with the other ones just not caring about him.

Every student was waiting for the Hogwarts Express to move, excited to see their families one more time. For Harry it would be his first time, the day he had arrived didn't count.

He was a little nervous about Sirius most of all, he hadn't had the courage to write to him after Danielle's letter. His mom had written regularly so he was sure she had no problems, or at least wouldn't show her problem with him being in Slytherin. His father didn't write as often, but he still wrote to him or made small notes on his mother's letters, so he wasn't too nervous at seeing him. Sirius was the one whom Harry had no idea what to say. He still didn't know why he was in Slytherin.

The first time he had been sorted the hat had said he would be great in Slytherin, but a lot had changed since then, he had even pulled Gryffindor's sword from the hat in his second year. Isn't the sword proof enough that he was a true Gryffindor?

Harry had tried reading the –Alchemy- book, to help Hermione, but it had been impossible with Draco now joining on their research team. They always ended playing wizards chess or exploding snap, making Madame Pince throw them out more often than Hermione would like.

The only people, who hadn't change towards him since the beginning of the school year, had been the Gryffindors first years. They had antagonize him since the first day. They reminded him of Draco and his cronies from his world.

"When we come back from the Holidays we have to try and look into the books in the Restricted Section" Hermione brought Harry back from his thoughts.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Maybe there is information about Nicholas Flamel" Hermione answered.

"You think Flamel is a dark wizard?" Draco mocked.

"I have no idea who Flamel is" Hermione stated frustrated.

They had told Draco all about Fluffy and the importance of finding out, who Nicholas Flamel is, the week before.

Flashback

"So what is so important about Flamel and Fluffy?" Draco asked bored at being in the library again.

"It is a long story" Harry told him.

"It has to be more entertaining than watching Granger read" Draco pleaded. He had to be careful to always call Hermione by her last name, at least.

"Well earlier in the year Hermione and I got ourselves into the third floor" Harry began.

"You saw the three-headed dog?" Draco asked.

"You know about Fluffy?" Hermione asked surprised.

"Fluffy? That thing's name is Fluffy?" Draco asked barely containing his laughter. "Who would call that monster Fluffy?"

"The owner obviously" Harry answered.

"Who is the owner?" Draco asked incredulous.

"Hagrid" Harry answered.

"The half-giant?" Draco asked back.

"Hagrid" Harry stated again.

"Fine, Hagrid" Draco relented.

"How do you know about Fluffy?" Hermione asked.

"Oh, come on Granger! If someone tells you, you are going to die if you go to the third floor, you have to go and see why. Otherwise how are you going to be prepared to survive?" Draco answered.

"That would be a trait of a Gryffindor" Harry teased.

"No. Gryffindors would try to find a way to go through the monster" Draco teased back "You haven't answer me why we need to know about Nicholas Flamel and the monster, though" Draco stated.

"There is obviously a reason Fluffy is there..." Hermione started to explain.

"He is guarding something" Draco interrupted.

"You noticed the trapdoor?" Hermione asked.

"What trapdoor?" Draco asked.

"How do you know he is guarding something if you didn't know about the trapdoor?" Hermione asked again.

"That is what those things are used for" Draco explained, "You aren't that good at researching are you?"

Hermione sighed insulted and went back to her book.

"So why do we care about Flamel?" Draco asked Harry for a third time.

"Hagrid said that whatever Fluffy is guarding is something of interest to Dumbledore and Nicholas Flamel" Harry told him.

"Oh, I see" Draco said amazed. He knew what had to be there, he couldn't believe they had brought it to a school.

"If you've never heard of the Flamels then he must be a muggleborn" Hermione told Draco.

"The Flamels don't go to any of the society parties. I honestly don't know if he is a muggleborn" Draco said, it was true, they were so old, he didn't know if they were pureblood or not, they were powerful wizards.

End of Flashback

"What are your plans for the holidays?" Draco asked Harry.

"I'm going to France with my family" Hermione answered excited
"We are going on a skiing trip"

"I'm going back home. I don't think we have something planned. Just Christmas at home" Harry answered "How about you?"

"Christmas with my family as always. New Year's at the ministry" Draco answered.

"Sounds like fun" Hermione said, not believing her words.

"It is not supposed to be fun. It is important to know everyone from the right families" Draco said.

"Hello Mr. Important, I am Harry James Potter" Harry curtsied at Draco, making Hermione try to contain her laughter.

"You are a Potter" Draco pointed out "like it or not, you are going to have to do that too"

"Why?" Harry asked.

"You are from an important family. You have to make connections" Draco stated.

"That doesn't sound like fun" Harry said making a face.

"It is not supposed to be fun" Draco told him.

"I can see the station" Hermione exclaimed, "We are almost there"

"Excuse me" Draco excused himself to go to where the other Slytherins were sitting, and where his things were.

"There he is!" Someone yelled from the crowd.

Before Harry could begin searching for his family, he found himself being squeezed.

"I can't breathe" Harry barely got out.

Danielle reluctantly let go of her brother, their parents smiling behind her.

"How are you Prongslet?" James asked him.

"Great!" Harry said meaning it.

"You had anymore memory loss? Any more problems?" Lily asked trying to hide her concern.

"No, mom. Everything is perfect" Harry told her, effectively calming her.

Both James and Lily hugged their son hello, and apparated both their children back to Godrics Hollow.

"So Sirius is still mad?" Harry asked once they got home and he saw his godfather was nowhere in sight.

James and Lily had confused looks on their faces. Before they could ask Harry what he was talking about Danielle started laughing uncontrollably.

"I can't believe you bought it" Danielle said between laughs.

"Calm yourself down and explain young lady" Lily ordered.

"It was a harmless prank" Daniele quickly said.

"Explain yourself!" Lily ordered again.

"I wrote to Harry at the beginning of the year saying you two were disappointed about Harry being on Slytherin and that uncle Sirius had said he wanted nothing to do with the Potters" Danielle explained quickly.

"You did what?" Lily asked surprised.

James started laughing loudly gaining a glare from his wife.

"That is not funny!" James reprimanded Danielle still between laughs. Lily sighed dramatically.

"Why would you believe your sister after reading our letter?" Lily asked Harry.

"You sent your letter after Danielle" Harry said.

"We sent you our letter the same day we got yours" Lily said looking at her daughter.

"Maybe I did something?" Danielle asked in a whisper.

"What did you do?" Lily asked.

"I kept your letter and sent it a week after" Danielle said with a huge smile.

"Danielle Kelly Potter!" Lily started yelling but got interrupted by James' laughter.

"You have to admit it's an awesome prank!" James defended his daughter "I can't wait to tell Padfoot"

At that moment several people came from the fireplace.

"It was a prank?" Harry exclaimed incredulous.

"It was funny" Danielle exclaimed back.

"What was funny?" One of the people that came through the fireplace asked.

"Danielle pranked Harry. It was hilarious" James said still laughing.

"You have to tell me about the prank!" the same person told Danielle.

Danielle started explaining everything again to her Uncle Sirius and his family, while Harry observed the new arrivals, whom Harry had never seen before.

Sirius and James started laughing, or more like howling, together after Danielle's explanation.

"I actually thought you all hated me" Harry acted offended.

"Oh Prongslet! I could never hate you" Sirius ruffled Harry's hair
"You know that. Besides, I am practically a Potter, I would never walk away from family... twice"

"How can you think we would hate you just because you are in Slytherin?" Lily asked him with a smile.

"It is the snakes house, and awful wizards go there..." James started saying before Lily hit him in the head "As I was saying before I got rudely interrupted..." Lily hit him again "We would love you no matter what" James finished while putting his hands on his head.

"Can we eat now?" a small boy with blonde hair whined.

"We are just waiting for you Uncle Remus" Lily told the boy. At that time the fireplace flared again and a man who Harry hadn't seen in a long time came through.

"Remus!" Harry exclaimed happily.

"Hello Harry" Remus greeted first and then to the other people in the room.

"Can we eat now?" the same small boy as before demanded.

"Kyle!" A beautiful blonde woman said, making the small boy cross his arms and pout.

"Don't worry Laura, the food should be ready by now and Remus is already here so we should go to the dining room" Lily told the blonde woman.

Kyle smiled again and run towards the huge table with another blonde boy about the same age behind.

At the middle of supper, Danielle told the story about her pranking Harry again, for Remus to hear. James and Sirius started laughing again at the end of the story, hitting the table with their fists and holding each other to not fall.

"It was not funny" Lily said trying to hide a smile.

"Actually it is" Remus stated "Good prank" Remus congratulated Danielle.

"Remus!" Harry exclaimed offended.

"You have to admit it was a good prank" Remus told Harry "You shouldn't have believe a word she wrote"

"I don't think it was funny either" the girl seated at his right whispered at him. She was about 8 years old, and had long, dark black, wavy hair.

"Thanks" Harry told her, trying to decipher, who the girl was.

"You are no fun Holly!" Danielle threw a piece of lettuce towards the dark haired girl.

"Food fight!" Sirius yelled.

Random Facts:

There was an A/N instead of this chapter, if you didn't read it, i put it on my profile.

Black Family:

Laura Black is Sirius wife

Holly Marie Black is the eldest daughter, currently 8 years old.

Kyle Black and Joseph Black are twins, and they are 5 years old.

Date: 13th December 1991

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 20

Stone

"Food fight!" Sirius yelled.

Christmas had been fun, even with Pettigrew there.

Flashback

"Wake up!" Someone yelled running and knocking on every door.

Harry thinking something was wrong quickly grabbed his wand and bolted out of his room looking for the danger.

"Why does she always wake us up like this?" Lily asked sleepily still wearing her pajamas.

"It's Christmas!" James exclaimed excitedly, carrying his wife downstairs.

"James Potter put me down!" Lily said laughing.

"Harry hurry up!" Danielle yelled from downstairs.

"Come on Harry! Your sister is going to die if you keep her waiting any longer" James yelled.

Confused, Harry walked down the stairs slowly, not putting his wand away.

Once he reached the downstairs' floor he saw his family sitting around a huge beautiful Christmas tree.

Danielle got up quickly and ran towards him, grabbing his hand and dragging him towards the tree.

"Can you be any slower?" Danielle whined, "I want to open presents!"

"We still have to wait for your uncles to get here" Lily said.

"But mom..." Danielle kept whining.

At that moment the bell rang and the fireplace flared.

"Merry Christmas family!" Sirius yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Sirius it is still too early" Lily reprimanded not meaning it.

"It is time for presents!" Sirius kept yelling. Danielle, Kyle and Joseph, Kyle's twin brother, started yelling excitedly.

"Presents! Presents" The kids, minus Harry and Holly, started chanting with Sirius.

"Sorry about that, but he gets even more excited about presents than the kids" Laura tried to apologize for Sirius.

"Well, there are presents" James told her and started chanting with Sirius and the kids.

"They act even worse than the kids" Lily laughed and opened the door.

"Hey Remus, Peter" Lily greeted.

"What is all that yelling about?" Peter asked.

"It's Sirius and James isn't it?" Remus asked and took his cloak off.

"They are by the tree" Laura pointed to where the tree was while Lily closed the door behind Remus and Peter.

"Moony! Wormtail!" James exclaimed, "You are finally here!"

"What took you so long?" Sirius asked with an angry expression.

"It is only 7am Padfoot" Remus showed him the time with a spell
"You are usually not up until at least 10am"

"Well, it is Christmas" Sirius said between his teeth.

"Can we open our presents now?" Danielle asked for the third time.

"Yes you can" Lily and Laura said at the same time.

It was chaos, everyone started ripping the paper and screaming at everyone.

Harry couldn't keep his eyes off Pettigrew.

"Are you alright Harry?" Lily asked him when she noticed he hadn't opened any presents, like everyone else "Is there something wrong?"

He didn't betray your parents. Harry started telling himself over and over again.

"Everything is fine" Harry said not being very convincing.

"Why don't you open your presents?" Lily asked.

"May I be excused?" Harry asked.

"No, it is a family time" Lily said.

"Harry here is a present for you!" Sirius said in a singsong voice "Who is Hermione?" Sirius wiggled his eyebrows at him.

Harry took the box from his uncle and ripped the paper. There was a book inside about Alchemy.

"That is what I get for trying to help" Harry said to himself.

"I didn't know you were interested in Alchemy" Lily told him.

"I'm not, but Hermione thinks I am" Harry told his mom.

"Lying to a girl to get her to like you Harry?" Sirius teased.

"My baby is growing up" James removed a fake tear from his eye.

"She is just a friend" Harry told them.

"We know she is just a friend, and a girl. A girlfriend" Sirius kept teasing.

Holly got up and ran off.

Laura hit his husband in the head and went to look for her daughter.

"What was that for?" Sirius asked his wife, but Laura wasn't there anymore.

"Holly likes Harry" Danielle told everyone.

"She does?" Harry and Sirius asked at the same time. Danielle nodded to both of them.

"Prongs! Now we are really going to be a family!" Sirius started celebrating, James soon joined.

"They are planning my marriage at eleven?" Harry asked scared.

"They've been planning it since before Sirius got married" Lily told him.

"Forget it" Harry stated.

"Holly Potter. It sounds perfect doesn't it Prongs?" Sirius asked.

"It does Padfoot, come on, lets go plan the Potter-Black wedding" James and Sirius left the living room.

Danielle couldn't control herself anymore and started laughing.

"This is your fault" Harry accused Danielle.

"Oh, I take full credit!" Danielle laughed harder Remus, Peter and Lily joining.

"Why are they all laughing?" Kyle asked Harry.

"Are they crazy" Joseph asked Harry.

"Yes they are" Harry answered.

Even after that it had been a fun day. Harry had received a present from his parents, his sister, the Black family and one from Holly, from Remus, even one from Peter, one from Hermione and one from

Draco which had raised several eyebrows from the people present but no one had said a thing.

They had played pranks all day, laughed and had a great time. He really loved his family, even if Peter had to be part of it.

End of Flashback

The rest of the week had flown by. It was true what they said, time flies when you are having fun.

He was looking for something to wear since apparently they had to go to the Ministry for New Years'.

"Harry are you ready yet?" James called from downstairs "Lily, Danielle!"

"5 more minutes!" Lily yelled back.

"Make that 10!" Danielle yelled.

"Harry, aren't you going to ask for 15?" James teased.

"Make that 30!" Harry yelled back still looking for some dress robes.

"I was joking!" James yelled.

"I wasn't!" Harry yelled back.

"I am going without you!" James yelled.

"No, you are not. Sit down and wait for us" Lily yelled.

"Why do we have to come?" Sirius whined, "It is the same every year. Dull."

"Sirius control yourself. You are the Head of a powerful family, act like it" Laura reprimanded.

Sirius pouted and looked away from his wife.

"Really?" Laura dared.

Sirius, knowing he would be in a lot of trouble, looked back at his wife and smiled.

"Sirius will never behave" James told Laura.

"I was hoping he would be the father" Laura said looking at how well her daughter and sons were behaving.

"They are not my kids" Sirius accused Laura.

"I would have loved for that to be true" Laura told him, and Sirius looked offended.

"You asked for it" Lily told Sirius smirking.

"Can you teach me?" Harry asked Lily.

"Teach you what?" Lily asked.

"How to smirk" Harry answered.

"Smiling is always better, you don't need to know how to smirk" Lily told him.

"Come on Harry, lets go find other people our age" Danielle started dragging him and Holly away from the their parents.

"Hey, Harry!" Draco was standing a couple of feet away with Daphne and Pansy.

"Hey Draco, Pansy, Daphne" Harry greeted "This is my sister Danielle and my cousin Holly"

Both Pansy and Daphne nodded reluctantly.

"Are you Harry's friends?" Danielle asked them.

"You are Holly Black aren't you?" Draco asked the shy dark-haired witch.

"Yes" Holly said in a hushed voice.

"You got her to talk" Danielle said amazed.

"She couldn't talk?" Pansy asked.

"I actually don't know if she couldn't or wouldn't" Danielle answered.

Draco looked pointedly at both Pansy and Daphne, only Danielle noticing.

"So, did you find anything about Flamel?" Draco asked Harry.

"Who is Flamel?" Danielle asked curious.

"Why do you care about Nicholas Flamel?" Pansy asked.

"We don't" Harry lied.

"Harry found out, the three-headed dog is guarding something of Nicholas Flamel's" Draco told Pansy.

"You went to the third floor" Daphne stated, "You are more of a Slytherin than you let know"

"I am not" Harry said in a defensive manner.

"I actually don't know what he is doing in Slytherin" Danielle acted disappointed "It must be humiliating to have him in your house" Danielle told the Slytherins.

"Hey!" Harry acted offended.

"Hey Draco, Pansy, Daphne... Potter" Blaise and Theo greeted.

"Come on! Grow up already!" Harry exclaimed annoyed.

"Like you?" Daphne asked.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Remember Minnie?" Daphne asked back.

"I thought it was a kitty, how was I supposed to know it was Professor McGonagall?" Harry defended himself.

"Something tells me you are not being completely truthful" Daphne answered.

Everyone started laughing.

"What are you laughing about?" Danielle asked.

"Your brother thought Professor McGonagall was a cute kitty" Pansy told Danielle.

"I still don't get it" Danielle said, but everyone was too occupied laughing.

"Come on Holly, we are not wanted here" Danielle dragged Holly away.

"I'm sorry, Potter" Theo said extending his hand for Harry to shake.

"Harry" Harry shook Theo's hand.

"So, what was this about Flamel?" Pansy asked.

"Harry thinks there is something of Flamel's in the third floor" Draco told Pansy.

"Why would the philosopher stone be in Hogwarts?" Theo asked.

"The philosopher stone?" Harry asked Theo.

"Flamel is famous, for being the only to have ever been able to create a philosopher stone" Pansy explained.

"I forgot about that!" Draco fakely exclaimed.

"And you call yourself a Slytherin?" Daphne teased, which got her a glare from Draco.

"You do know what a philosopher stone is, right?" Theo asked Harry.

"Yes" Harry answered, not really wanting them to give him an explanation" I just didn't know about Flamel"

"We should get the stone" Blaise said, earning him confused gazes from everyone in the group.

"A stone that can make you immortal and turn everything to gold?" Daphne continued, "Why wouldn't we get it?"

"What are you doing?" Draco asked whispering for only Blaise to hear.

"We told you we would be in, only if we knew what we could possibly gain, we want the stone" Blaise whispered back.

Working with people who already wanted to go through the faculty's traps to get the stone would be more helpful. Harry thought. Even, if he had to find a way to not let them near the stone.

"We should try getting the stone" Harry stated.

"What?" Draco asked confused.

"We should tell Hermione about Flamel, and start planning on how to get to the stone" Harry stated.

"The mud.." Pansy started saying but got interrupted by a light pinch from Draco "Why should we tell Granger?" Pansy asked.

"She is not a Slytherin" Theo stated.

"She is my friend" Harry said.

"Whatever, I don't care about Granger knowing" Blaise said.

"So it is settled then?" Daphne asked.

The rest of the night had been interesting.

Polite and dull conversations, to which if you put attention, had a lot of useful information.

Random Facts:

About Danielle's prank on chapter 19:

She didn't do the prank to really hurt Harry, she didn't think Harry would actually believe it. she thinks Harry has been her brother for eleven years, and have lived with this parents all that time, therefore, for her, it was an impossible thing for him to actually believe they wouldn't love him just because he was in Slytherin. She was just teasing Harry when she did the prank. Since Harry never brought it up in any letters, she found out he had believed everything she said the day he arrived back home.

Date: 25th, 31st of December 1991 1st of January 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 21

Light Reading

"So it is settled then?" Daphne asked.

"Come on Sirius, are you going to act like this every time he has to go?" Lily asked the overly grown, child of a man.

"He could, not go, and we would save us this dramatic show" Sirius told Lily.

It had been almost 30 minutes, of Sirius and Danielle, making a melodramatic show of saying goodbye to Harry. Everyone had at first been looking towards them, the loud family, but got bored after a couple of minutes.

"I will be back before you know it" Harry tried to calm them both down.

"You better not!" Danielle exclaimed, shocking everyone present "If you keep doing this to me, you are going to kill me!" Danielle fakely cried out.

"You will be getting on this train with me before you know it" Harry told his sister.

"I still have to wait another year!" Danielle exclaimed angrily.

"You won't even notice it" Harry told her.

"Can we go with Harry?" Kyle asked excited.

"Not yet" Laura told him, which made him pout.

"He acts too much like you" Laura told Sirius.

"That one is mine!" Sirius exclaimed pointing at Kyle, making the small boy giggle. Kyle ran towards Sirius. Sirius picked him up, making the boy laugh.

"Was it like this on September?" Remus asked amused.

"Worst" Lily and Harry said at the same time.

"Hey!" Sirius and Danielle both looked offended.

"I can't imagine how this could be worse" Remus said.

"Well imagine them both making the same dramatic show, with mom crying and dad joining everyone" Harry told Remus.

"What do you mean, your father joining everyone?" Remus asked.

"He was making a dramatic show and crying" Harry explained.

"Your father doesn't cry! He is a man!" James defended himself.

"Well, my father, the man, cried" Harry said, trying and failing to smirk.

"Don't try it honey" Lily told him.

"I have to be able to smirk" Harry whined.

"It is just not for you" Lily told him.

Knowing Lily was telling the truth, at least for now, he thought it would be wise to start saying goodbye before the train left him.

Thankfully his father was very strict about being on time, and they had arrived at the station an hour early.

He turned first towards his sister.

"Please this time don't prank me" Harry pleaded to his sister, when he hugged her goodbye.

"Sure" Danielle said innocently, too innocently for Harry to believe her.

"Promise you will prank your dad everyday" Harry asked the twins when he hugged them goodbye.

"We promise!" both of them exclaimed excited.

"Not fair" Sirius pouted.

"A prank war? Really, Harry?" Laura asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Sorry?" Harry tried, not feeling sorry at all.

"Bye Aunt Laura" Harry hugged Laura goodbye, the witch still narrowing her eyes at her nephew.

Harry hugged goodbye to both Remus and Peter, wishing happy birthday to Moony and being a little stiff when he had to hug Peter.

"Promise you will take better care of yourself" Lily ordered Harry.

"I promise" Harry told her.

"Ask Poppy if she has the results from your tests back, and write, ok?" Lily told her son hugging him goodbye.

"I will" Harry told her.

"It doesn't matter if you are wearing green colors, be a true Gryffindor and prank everyone" James told his son earning a slap on his head from his wife.

"Study everyday!" James winked at Harry, and hugged him goodbye.

Sirius started crying out loud, before Harry had even looked towards him.

"Take me with you!" Sirius begged Harry.

"I don't think neither Snape nor McGonagall would like that" Harry told him.

"Snape? Why would Snivellus have an opinion?" Sirius asked confused.

James, Laura and Lily started trying to get Harry's attention, to make him not say anything more.

"He is my Head of House" Harry told him confused, not noticing Laura or his parents.

"Snivellus is teaching? He is near children?" Sirius started yelling angrily.

While everyone tried to calm Sirius down, Harry turned towards Holly to say goodbye.

"You are not my Harry" Holly whispered, for only Harry to hear, and walked away, leaving Harry confused and scared behind.

"Mr. and Mrs. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Black" Theo greeted ignoring everyone else "We should go" he told Harry, and walked towards the Hogwarts express, expecting Harry to follow him.

"I should go" Harry said to his family, waving goodbye still feeling confused.

Holly kept staring at him with mistrust.

"I found it!" Hermione entered the compartment where the first year Slytherins were.

"What did you find?" Harry asked.

"Well, I wanted to know why you were so interested in Alchemy, so I took the book for light reading, for the Holidays" Hermione started explaining.

"That is light reading?" Draco mocked. Hermione ignored him

"I found out who Nicholas Flamel is!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Actually Hermione..." Harry started saying.

"We already know who Flamel is" Pansy rudely interrupted.

"You do?" Hermione blushed.

"They found out about Fluffy" Harry explained "And they knew who Nicholas Flamel was"

"We are getting the stone" Daphne stated.

"We are doing what?" Hermione asked, "that is stealing"

"There has to be a reason why the stone is at a school, were hundreds of children are" Blaise said.

"Because Hogwarts is the most secure place in the wizardry world" Hermione explained annoyed.

"Gringotts is the most secure place. The only reason why it would be in a school, is because they are expecting a student to get it" Daphne said.

Harry was impressed at how they had deduced that. In his world it had been intended for him to get it, in this one he was betting Neville was the one supposed to get it.

"Why can't one of us be that student?" Blaise asked.

"I don't think that is why the stone is there" Hermione stated.

"Thankfully, we don't care, we are still getting it" Daphne said.

"Well I think a Professor is trying to steal it" Hermione said mysteriously.

"Really?" Pansy mocked "who?"

"Professor Snape" Hermione answered

Everyone except for Harry and Hermione started laughing, making Hermione blush.

"I heard him talking to Quirrell" Hermione said in a hushed voice.

"If a professor is trying to steal it, our best bet would be Quirrell" Draco stated "Haven't you notice, how every time Harry speaks out loud in class, Quirrell forgets to stutter?"

Harry was amazed at how quickly they were deciphering everything.

"He does?" Hermione asked.

"And you call yourself a Ravenclaw?" Pansy asked the girl.

"You have to pay more attention to your surroundings, not just to books" Daphne told Hermione.

"Stop attacking Hermione" Harry ordered, making everyone quiet.

"Sorry" Pansy and Daphne told Hermione, without meaning it.

"We can assume Fluffy isn't the only thing between us and the stone" Harry said.

"But is the only thing we are sure of" Draco stated.

"We have to find out how to get pass the monster" Pansy said.

"We could ask Hagrid" Hermione said.

"I don't get near creatures" Pansy said, with a disgusted expression directed at Hermione. Harry didn't noticed.

"Hagrid is not a creature" Harry told her.

"Half creature then" Pansy corrected.

"Leave it" Draco told Harry, making him stop the growing argument
"Maybe you and Granger can ask your friend"

"We could write to Hagrid" Hermione said.

"Do that, as soon as we arrive at the school" Daphne said.

"I know you don't like me..." Hermione started saying.

"No, we don't. But Harry does" Pansy told her.

"Maybe we can try..." Hermione started saying.

"No, we can't" Daphne told her, knowing Hermione had been trying to extend her hand on friendship.

"Why not?" Harry asked annoyed.

"You are from a light family Potter, so you wouldn't care. We can't be seen with someone like her" Theo told him.

"Someone like her?" Harry asked getting riled up.

"Calm down Potter" Daphne told him in a bored tone of voice "We won't insult her, nor will we do anything to her"

"It's fine Harry" Hermione put her hand on his arm to calm him down.

"No it's not" Harry stated, "You have no right to treat her like that"

"Actually they do" Draco said, making Harry glare at him "Calm down Potter, I am not saying is right, but it is legal"

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked.

"Purebloods have more rights than... muggleborns. We are considered more important, by wizardry law" Draco explained.

"You are joking" Harry asked disbelievingly.

"I am not" Draco stated.

Harry hadn't heard about that before.

"There are laws that say that?" Hermione asked slowly.

"Yes, there are" Pansy answered slowly, mocking her.

"You should try and get Quirrell to make a mistake" Draco told Harry, changing the subject.

"Why?" Hermione asked.

"Honestly Granger! You should have been a Hufflepuff" Pansy exclaimed.

"If Quirrell makes a mistake, we will know for sure, he is a fake" Daphne explained.

"That wouldn't prove anything!" Hermione stated angrily.

"It will prove he is hiding something" Blaise said.

"It can be anything" Hermione said.

"Everyone that is hiding something, does it for a reason. If you know that reason you can control the person" Theo said.

"That is awful" Hermione exclaimed alarmed.

"That is life" Draco stated.

"I will try to get Quirrell to make a mistake next class" Harry said.

"If you could do it in the Great Hall it would be better. The bigger the audience, the better" Daphne told him.

Random Facts:

Remus birthday is on the 4th of January.

Date: 5th January 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 22

Eyes are the window to the soul

"I will try to get Quirrell to make a mistake next class" Harry said.

"If you could do it in the Great Hall it would be better. The bigger the audience, the better" Daphne told him.

Quirrell hadn't been seen outside the classroom since they had come back from the Holidays. Harry was beginning to think he should expose him there instead of the Great Hall where Daphne had suggested. Of course Harry hadn't stop making Quirrell's class a joke. Though at first Quirrell had reacted with shock and nervousness, now he reacted annoyed and angrily. Harry knew that could be dangerous.

A frustrated and annoyed Voldemort was a very dangerous thing to have, especially in a school.

He was beginning to miss the visions. It would be helpful to at least know his emotions, though Harry was very grateful not to have the headaches.

He had to stop stalling and get to the stone. He couldn't wait until Voldemort decided to go for it. Harry had to get it first.

He was grateful for the slytherins help, but they confused him.

Why did they change their minds about him?

Flashback

"When are you seeing... your big friend?" Daphne asked Harry.

"Hagrid" Harry stated "We are seeing him today"

"Be subtle about it. If you demand answers you will just get him suspicious" Blaise told him.

"I'll let Hermione handle it then" Harry told them.

"No offense. She can be a big brainiac, but she knows nothing about how to act. A book can't teach her that" Daphne told him.

"Meaning?" Harry narrowed his eyes.

"Don't take her with you" Daphne told him, clearly not afraid of him.

"I get to decide that" Harry told her and walked towards Hermione.

"Ready?" Harry asked Hermione.

"Ready for what?" Hermione asked confused.

"We are supposed to meet Hagrid, remember?" Harry asked her smiling.

"Oh, I forgot! I'm sorry Harry, I have to finish this" Hermione showed her the books and parchment she was holding.

"Oh, don't worry about it. I'll go" Harry told her a little disappointed.

"I really am sorry" Hermione whispered and walked away.

Not wanting to keep Hagrid waiting, he went by himself.

"I'm coming" Hagrid called from inside, Fang barking in the background, after Harry had knocked on his door.

"Oh, hey Harry, I was expecting you. Where is Hermione?" Hagrid greeted moving aside to let him pass.

"She had homework" Harry told her.

"Tea?" Hagrid asked.

"Please" Harry answered and sat down on Hagrid's table "How was your holiday"

"It was wonderful" Hagrid told him beaming "Spent it with some really good friends"

"I am glad" Harry meant it.

"How about yours?" Hagrid asked.

"Great" Harry smiled.

Hagrid put a cup in front of Harry and filled it with steaming tea.

"Thank you" Harry said, sipping from his cup "I would like to have a pet" Harry said in what he hoped was an innocent topic for a child.

"Anything in mind?" Hagrid asked, obviously liking the topic.

"A dog" Harry said excitedly.

"Good choice" Hagrid told him.

"I am just scared I will do a poor job" Harry acted sad.

"You won't" Hagrid try to console him "You just have to know what your dog will like and not"

"How would I know that?" Harry asked widening his eyes as if he was very interested in the answer.

"You just know. For example, Fluffy, you play a little music and he falls asleep" Hagrid said, not noticing he had given confidential information.

Harry already knew the answer Hagrid had given him, but he didn't want to make the same mistake he had made about Fluffy with Hermione.

Especially since the slytherins had proven to be very observant.

End of Flashback

He hadn't notice where he was going until he saw it.

He wondered what he would see this time?

In front of him, the door to an unused classroom was open, just enough for him to see the mirror of erised. The mirror that shows you your true desire. What your heart wants the most.

Curiosity getting a hold of him, lately he could control less and less, strong emotions, like curiosity, he walked towards the door and opened it.

The room wasn't empty.

Neville Longbottom was there.

Sitting in front of the mirror with his legs cross. Wearing pajamas and a light blanket around. Harry was sure it wasn't the first time Neville has been here.

What could have him so entrance?

For Harry it had been the desire to have a family, but Neville had one, Voldemort hadn't robbed him of that opportunity. What could he desire so much to get him to have that longing in his face.

Harry walked in and Neville finally noticed he wasn't alone anymore.

Shocked as if being caught doing something he shouldn't have been doing, he quickly looked in Harry's direction.

"Is after curfew" Neville said as if his throat was dry.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked concerned.

"You shouldn't be here" Neville narrowed his eyes.

"You shouldn't either" Harry pointed out "Are you alright?" he asked again.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Neville asked him "You don't have your friends with you, are you sure you can take the boy-who-lived by yourself?" he taunted.

"When have I ever tried to pick up a fight with you?" Harry asked annoyed.

"You are a Slytherin" Neville stated.

"And you are a Gryffindor" Harry stated back "If we are going by that, then I should be the one that should not want to be near you"

"Huh?" Neville was confused.

"Gryffindors are the ones that act first and ask questions later. Slytherins think ahead" Harry explained with a smile.

"Slytherins only care about anything if they have something to gain" Neville told him.

"I consider that smart" Harry said in a very low voice for an eleven year old.

"How can being selfish be smart?" Neville asked narrowing his eyes.

"Being selfish isn't smart" Harry said, in his usual, eleven year old, voice.

"But you just said it was" Neville told him.

"I would never say that" Harry said.

"You just did" Neville accused.

"You shouldn't be here Longbottom" Harry changed the subject and his tone.

"You shouldn't be here either" Neville stated.

"You can go crazy by looking at the mirror for so long" Harry stated.

"How would you know?" Neville asked in a defensive manner.

"What do you see when you look into it?" Harry asked, walking closer to the mirror, not taking his eyes off it.

"That is none of your business" Neville acted childish.

"You see something you truly want" Harry didn't ask, but stated.

"Why do you say that?" Neville asked.

"It is what the mirror does" Harry looked at how confused Neville was "Someone once told me, the mirror of erised" Harry pointed at

the mirror "it shows you your deepest and most desperate desire, from your heart"

Harry walked closer to the mirror not looking into it and read the inscription from left to right "I show not your face but your heart's desire"

"What do you see when you look into it?" Harry asked again, looking him straight in the eye.

"Why would I tell you my deepest desire?" Neville mocked.

"I could help" Harry told him.

"Why do you think I need help?" Neville asked in disbelief.

"I understand what you are living through more than anyone else. I can help you" Harry told him.

"Have you ever been attacked by Him?" Neville said.

"The Dark Lord, and yes, I have" Harry said.

"You have a huge imagination Potter. You-know-who has been dead for 10 years, you couldn't have faced him, let alone live to tell the story. Maybe you are as crazy as everyone thinks you are" Neville told him.

"You shouldn't say no to friends" Harry smirked "You never know when you are going to need them"

"I already have friends. True friends" Neville said a little scared.

"This mirror will be moved soon" Harry stated looking back at the mirror, careful not to look into it.

"Scared of what you would see?" Neville taunted.

"I am not scared of anything" Harry stated, moving his eyes towards him again.

"How do you know it will be moved?" Neville asked.

"It has a purpose" Harry stated.

"A mirror has a purpose?" Neville mocked.

"Everything has a purpose, or destiny, whatever you want to call it. You should know that, better than anyone" Harry told him.

"Leave me alone!" Neville ordered.

"I would like to be your friend" Harry said, back in his normal eleven years old voice.

"I think I am smart enough to decide who are my real friends" Neville told him.

"Why don't you trust me?" Harry asked hurt.

"Why should I?" Neville asked confused "One minute you are crazy, another you are a scared, clingy boy and another you are frightening" Neville told Harry "Pick a personality and stick with it"

"What are you talking about?" Harry was truly confused.

"That one doesn't go with you" Neville told him, if it was possible Harry got even more confused.

"I don't know what you are playing at Potter, but don't drag me into it" Neville threatened and walked out the room.

"What was that about?" Harry asked himself out loud "We barely exchanged a few words"

Harry looked straight into the mirror, which got completely black and didn't show anything to Harry.

"Do I already have everything I want?" Harry asked himself still confused.

Harry looked at the end of the room, where it was too dark to distinguish anything, before he left the room and closed the door behind him.

Dumbledore came out of the shadows, confused at what he had just witnessed.

"How does Harry know so much?" Dumbledore ask himself a little scared.

That boy reminded him of another eleven year old he had met a long time ago.

"He can't ever be close to Neville" Dumbledore promised himself.

Not much scared Dumbledore.

It would be difficult to forget those eyes.

Random Facts:

Date: 11th January 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 23

Full trust

Not much scared Dumbledore. It would be difficult to forget those eyes.

Daphne's POV

"Do you hate me just because I am muggleborn?" Hermione asked shyly.

"I dislike you because you are muggleborn, I hate you because you are Hermione" Daphne told her without a hint of sympathy on her voice.

For some unknown reason to Daphne, she was spending some quality time with Granger, in the library at 8am on a Sunday.

Well, there was her answer.

Obviously no one else but Granger would be here at this ungodly hour; Daphne was only here for extraordinary reasons.

There was something wrong with Potter, which every one of her friends loved, but Zabini and her. There was a true Slytherin in him; she knew that. She couldn't really explain it, but Harry wasn't a true Slytherin, he had a true Slytherin in him.

She didn't understand it herself.

She wasn't as daft as a Ravenclaw, she knew books wouldn't give her the answer she was looking for, but silence and solitude could.

Thinking was the best way to understand something. What better place than the library for that?

Granger had ruin it for her, now the only thing Daphne could think about was getting rid of the annoying girl, why Potter liked her was beyond her understanding.

Daphne wasn't dark, she would never even think of hurting someone just because of their blood or where they come from, she was raised to appreciate people for who they were.

Hermione was just an overachiever, bossy and annoying girl.

"You don't like me because of my name?" Hermione said a little hurt, but not buying it.

Daphne laughed.

"I know that is not the reason" Hermione said clearly.

"I don't care about your name Granger, or your blood. You are just not likeable" Daphne told her.

"Harry likes me" Hermione said, trying to sound confident.

"Yes, but Harry isn't the normal kind, is he?" Daphne made a rhetorical question "I have nothing against you Granger. It looks like we have to tolerate each other for now, but not all the time"

With that Daphne stood up and walked out the library, and to annoy her even more, Hermione ran after her.

"Fine, but I still need your help" Hermione stopped her.

"Why my help?" Daphne asked her, letting no emotion out.

"Parkinson likes me even less than you, Zabini tries to never look at me, Malfoy only is civil when Harry is around, and Nott acts as if I don't exist" Hermione explained, rushing her words.

"You haven't explained why me?" Daphne got frustrated.

"I already said..." Hermione started explaining.

"You told me why every other of MY friends wouldn't help you, you haven't told me why do you think I would" Daphne patronized her.

"Because you pay as much attention as myself" Hermione stated.

"Paying attention is not the same thing as reading books Granger" Daphne said getting bored.

"I read books, get over it" Hermione began "But I do pay attention to what goes on around me. And I've seen how you look at Harry"

"So now I have a crush on Potter?" Daphne mocked.

"No, I think you've noticed something is not right" Hermione said in a calmer voice. It got Daphne's attention, though she tried not to show it.

"With Potter, nothing is right" Daphne mocked, not really feeling it.

"You never know which Harry you are going to get, the sarcastic one, the playful one or the immature one..." Hermione began.

"Which means you are not really that observant Granger" Daphne interrupted. It confused Hermione.

"If you have seen a sarcastic, playful and an immature Potter then you don't pay attention" Daphne said and Hermione tried to interrupt. Daphne didn't let her. "You haven't figure out what sarcastic, playful and immature means or hides, and I'm not holding your hand through it" Daphne told her seriously and walked away.

"I would have never thought of Granger noticing anything" Draco said surprised.

"You called her Granger" Daphne singsong, which annoyed Draco.

"She can't investigate further" Draco said, trying to ignore Daphne's smirk.

"Why not?" Blaise asked curious.

"She may actually find something" Draco said.

"What could she find?" Daphne asked, wanting to know the answer to that question more than anything.

"It is not time for you to find out" Draco told her.

"Why can you know and we can't?" Daphne asked annoyed.

"We should trust Drake" Pansy stated.

"Why should we?" Blaise asked, actually curious.

"He obviously knows something we don't" Pansy said.

"Which is exactly why we shouldn't trust him" Blaise said.

"They do have a point" Nott pointed out.

"You are having doubts?" Draco asked Nott.

"No, I know I should trust your word" Nott said "This time" Nott emphasized "Because I know, that even if I don't have the full story, it will benefit me. Why should they be so sure as I am?"

"Why are you so sure it will benefit you?" Blaise asked before Draco could say anything.

Nott just smirked.

"Why are you so sure it will benefit you?" Draco asked Nott, receiving a smirk for an answer just like Blaise.

"My father knew exactly what he needed to do to become the wizard he is now, since he was 11" Daphne started saying "He didn't know because of hunches or because he trusted other 11 year olds"

"Putting full trust into someone else, is nothing but foolish. It will only put you in the backseat for life" Blaise said.

"I am not prepared to follow you or Potter. You either see us as equals or not see us at all" Daphne told Draco.

"If you want our full support, you are going to confide in us" Blaise stated.

"I can't" Draco told them.

"You can't or you won't?" Daphne asked.

"I can't" Draco told her again.

"That is interesting" Nott said, "You can't"

"So there is something that doesn't allow you to say anything" Blaise started musing.

"Now you have our attention" Daphne smirked.

"What exactly does Potter wants us to do?" Blaise asked Draco.

"I don't know yet" Draco said.

"So what are we doing now?" Daphne asked.

"We are waiting" Nott answered.

"Waiting for what?" Pansy asked confused.

"Just waiting" Nott smirked.

"You know something I don't" Draco told Nott.

"I am just better at finding out what I need to know" Nott stated.

Nott's POV

"Where were you?"

Nott knew he was late for this meeting.

He was supposed to be in this room an hour ago.

"I had a meeting with the other Slytherins" Nott answered.

Nott came from a very respectful pureblood family. Being in a place so filthy and being treated as if he wasn't worth much, wasn't something he liked.

"What was it about?"

"Potter" Nott answered.

He was feeling like a filthy common half-blood or worst, mudblood, for doing these menial tasks.

"Why would you have a meeting about Potter?"

"Some of them had issues" Nott said.

Nott knew how to think in the future, if he had to do this to ensure his position in the future, he would have to keep his thoughts to himself.

"Don't be so cryptic Nott"

"Daphne wanted to voice out some of her thoughts" Nott said.

"Slytherins trusting other Slytherins with their thoughts? That is new"

"They all did" Nott explained.

"What did you find out?"

"Granger doesn't trust Potter and neither does Daphne nor Zabini" Nott said.

Nott didn't know why Granger was as important as Daphne or Zabini, but he wasn't about to question it.

"Why is that?"

"They think something is off with him" Nott explained.

"They are observant"

"Is there something really off?" Nott asked.

"You don't get to ask questions"

He knew not to ask questions, Why did he just do exactly that?

"They don't trust Potter" Nott went back to the original theme of the conversation.

"But you have a plan to change that don't you?"

"At least they are now interested in going through with it" Nott said with a smirk.

"Don't be so arrogant. Take pride about something until you achieve your goal, not when you are in the process of it. I don't like mistakes"

He knew he had to find a way to make them all trust him completely, by trusting Nott, they would trust him to follow Potter.

"I am sorry my Lord" Nott bowed.

Random Facts:

No Harry this chapter.

Date: 12th January 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 24

Light

"I am sorry my Lord" Nott bowed.

Potter's House

"Albus. What a surprise" Lily exclaimed, once she had seen who was on the other side of the door "Please, come in"

Albus, with a twinkle in his eye as always, smiled and nodded. He walked inside the Potter's house when Lily offered.

He loved the Potters, they were a respectful light family, and they were once members of the Order of the Phoenix.

A group, Dumbledore himself had organized, to fight against Voldemort.

"Thank you Lily" he said after coming in "Is James here?"

"He is, and so are Sirius and Remus" Lily answered "I'll let them know you are here"

Dumbledore made himself comfortable in one of the sofas in the living room, while he waited for Lily and the boys to come meet him.

He didn't have to wait long.

"Albus what a surprise" James exclaimed when he saw him.

"Professor it is great to see you again" Remus greeted.

"Old man! It has been too long" Sirius greeted.

"Please call me Albus, or old man" Dumbledore chuckled.

Lily glared at Sirius.

"Please sit down Albus. Would you like some tea?" Lily offered.

"Tea would be lovely. Thank you" Albus said.

"How about some firewhiskey?" Sirius wiggled his eyebrows.

"I am making tea for everyone" Lily stated and left the room.

"To what do we owe this honor?" James asked curious.

"Just wanting to see old friends" Dumbledore smiled.

"Thank you, for seeing us as friends" James said.

"Of course my boy, you, your lovely family, which includes Mr. Lupin, Mr Black and Mr. Pettigrew" Albus said sincerely.

"How is Harry?" Remus asked the Headmaster.

At that moment, Lily came back with several cups of coffee, which she gave to each of them, receiving a thank you from everyone.

"Lily, this is simply delicious" Dumbledore praised her.

"Thank you, Albus" Lily blushed.

"Mum! Dad!" Danielle yelled from upstairs.

"Danielle don't yell!" Sirius yelled back.

The nine year old slid down the stairs with an excited yell.

"Danielle, you could get hurt" Lily reprimanded, "Say hello to Professor Dumbledore"

Danielle blushed at seeing the Headmaster in her living room, and quickly composed herself, walking towards the living room.

"Such a lovely lady" Dumbledore greeted "It has been a long time since I've seen you last, you were maybe one or two years old"

"It is a pleasure to meet you, sir" Danielle greeted politely.

"Are you looking forward to Hogwarts?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes, I am, only one more year" Danielle couldn't contain her excitement.

"Maybe be sorted into Gryffindor just like your family?" Dumbledore asked.

"Or Slytherin, like my brother" Danielle smirked, for a second the twinkle in the Headmaster's eyes vanished, only Danielle noticed.

"Oh no! What have you done?" asked Sirius dramatically "I blame you!" he pointed at James.

"Such a lovely girl" Dumbledore forced a chuckle out.

"Why don't you live the grown ups to talk?" Lily asked Danielle

"Sure" Danielle said unsure, and left the room.

"Slytherin?" Dumbledore asked to no one in particular, with a forced smile.

"They were such cute babies" Sirius said with a fake cry.

"I wouldn't have thought of Harry ever being in Slytherin, but Danielle..." James said.

"Why not Harry?" Dumbledore asked curious.

"He has always been a prankster, loud and gets into more trouble than he can get out of" Remus said proudly.

"True Gryffindor" Sirius said with a wide smile "Or at least, he was" the smile vanished.

"Stop being so dramatic Sirius" Lily reprimanded, "He has traits that can be known for a Slytherin"

"Like what?" Dumbledore asked.

"He can be subtle in his pranks, he can lie his way out of anything..." Lily started to say, and Dumbledore chuckled.

"We could always do that and we were Gryffindors" James pointed out.

"That is not something to be proud of" Lily stated.

"And yet, you fell madly in love with me" James put an arm around his wife.

"It only took you seven years" Lily said smiling.

"That was Snivellus fault" Sirius pointed out.

"His name is Severus" Lily narrowed her eyes, "And it was your fault" talking about the marauders.

"How is Harry?" Remus asked again, noticing Dumbledore had effectively ignored his question the first time.

"How is my baby?" Lily asked "We miss him already"

"You had a good Holiday then?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes, we did" Sirius beamed.

"Large family gathering on Christmas and boring New Year's at the ministry" James said.

"It wasn't boring" Lily said.

"Yes, it was" Sirius stated.

"We get to see several of our old classmates, every year, in those balls" Lily said.

"Only the ones from pureblood families. The majority of them, I can't swallow" Sirius said.

"That is actually a good thing, how would you explain swallowing, Lucius Malfoy for example?" James teased.

"Someone put him on my food. I could even sue" Sirius played along.

"And you didn't noticed the awful taste?" James wrinkled his nose.

"I just thought something was rotten" Sirius said.

"And you ate everything, even if it was rotten?" James asked in disbelief.

"It was food" Sirius pointed out.

Dumbledore started chuckling at James and Sirius antics.

"I must get going" Albus said, standing up.

"You really must?" Lily asked.

"I am sorry to say, I do. I would have loved to spend more time with you, but I do have a school to get to" Dumbledore smiled.

"How awful!" Sirius exclaimed.

"Thank you for visiting us" James told Dumbledore.

"Of course my boy" Albus answered.

Everyone said their goodbyes and Dumbledore left.

Remus noticed Dumbledore had ignored his question two times effectively.

Gryffindor's Common Room

"What is so interesting about a mirror?" Ron asked bewildered.

"It wasn't just a mirror. It showed you what you want in life" Neville said excited.

"Can we go see it?" Dean asked excited.

"I tried going back, but the mirror wasn't there anymore" Neville said.

"Who could have moved it?" Seamus asked.

"The only other person who knew about it was Potter" Neville said fiercely.

"Why would Potter move it?" Ron asked.

"I don't know, but he didn't want me to go near it" Neville said.

"Potter has something against you" Seamus stated.

"He hates the boy that vanquished his master" Ron said.

"His parents weren't You-know-who's supporters" Neville pointed out
"The Potters are, a well known, light family"

"He obviously doesn't share his family point of view" Dean pointed out.

"That is true" Neville said.

"Why do we care so much about the mirror?" Ron asked, "Why don't we talk about the three-headed-dog?"

"Dumbledore said the dog was here to guard something, he just didn't say what" Neville said.

"It must be important" Dean said.

"It must be valuable" Ron said.

"Whatever it is, Dumbledore said not to go near it" Neville stated, making the other boys pout.

"Why is it in Hogwarts whatever it is?" Seamus asked.

"Someone might be trying to steal it" Ron answered.

"Wouldn't Gringotts be safer?" Dean asked. Ron just shrugged.

"We shouldn't concern ourselves with it" Neville stated.

"But, what could it be?" Ron asked curious.

"It is not for us to know" Neville said again.

"Aren't you curious?" Ron asked.

"I don't want to get involved in something that could kill me" Neville said.

"How do you know it could kill you?" Ron asked.

"It has a giant three-headed-dog guarding it" Neville stated.

"You did vanquish You-know-who" Ron pointed out.

"I was one" Neville pointed out.

"Which means you are much more powerful now" Ron said.

"No, it means I can't remember what happened" Neville said.

"Why do you act as if everyone ought to kiss your feet if you don't believe it?" Dean asked.

"Dumbledore says, it gives people spirit" Neville shrugged.

"You survived the killing curse" Ron pointed out, not giving up.

"I don't know how" Neville defended.

"You still did" Ron said.

"How can you be so sure?" Neville asked.

"What do you mean?" Ron asked back.

"How are you so sure I survived the killing curse and not any other curse?" Neville asked.

"You have the scar" Ron pointed at his forehead.

"How do you know it is not just a scar?" Neville asked.

"Everyone says..." Ron started saying.

"Exactly, everyone says, but no one really knows" Neville pointed out, interrupting Ron.

"You are the boy-who-lived" Ron pointed out.

"But who lived after what?" Neville asked. Ron didn't answer

"We should get the mirror back from Potter" Neville changed the subject.

"How?" Seamus asked.

"I don't know yet, but it is not for him to keep" Neville stated.

Random Facts:

Date: 24th January 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 25

Leader

"We should get the mirror back from Potter" Neville changed the subject.

"How?" Seamus asked.

"I don't know yet, but it is not for him to keep" Neville stated.

"We figured that since it is in the school, all the professors must have helped in the protection of the stone" Zabini said.

"So there must be something that has to do with potions, plants, transfiguration and charms at least" Daphne stated.

"Draco is the best at potions, Nott is great in Transfiguration, Zabini is great in charms and Granger is acceptable at Herbology" Pansy said "If there is anything else, I have an extended knowledge in spells"

"So we will go get it now then?" Harry asked.

"Of course not, we are only first years, even if we are the best in our year, we need to know more to be able to get pass the professors protections" Draco said.

"Shouldn't Hermione be here?" Harry asked.

"Why?" Pansy asked.

"You did say she was great in Herbology" Harry stated.

"I said acceptable" Pansy told Harry, "You can brief her later"

"Draco can maybe get something out of Snape" Daphne looked at Draco, he nodded.

"Snape is going to help us?" Harry asked.

"He just won't know it" Draco stated.

"You are planning on outsmarting the Head of Slytherin?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I am" Draco stated confident.

Harry didn't believe Draco would be able to pull that off, but he was curious to see it happen.

"Then you are saying we should all study in the field we are supposed to be best, to be able to get through what we think the protections could be?" Harry asked.

"Of course not" Pansy snapped.

"Why do you keep thinking like a Ravenclaw?" Zabini asked him.

"How are we supposed to learn if we are not going to study?" Harry asked incredulous.

"Why are you in Slytherin?" Pansy asked annoyed.

"I honestly don't know" Harry said.

"We are going to get the information we need from the professors" Draco stated.

"Why do you think a professor is going to tell us what they did to protect the stone?" Harry asked, "We are not even supposed to know about the stone"

Daphne, exasperated, slapped Harry in the back of his head.

"Honestly Potter, the only reason you are coming is because you already know about it, otherwise we wouldn't include you" Pansy snapped, getting a glare from the Malfoy heir.

"Why don't you go find Granger while we get the information from each professor?" Daphne advised, not letting room for argument.

"So my input in this will only be, getting Hermione know what you just told me, which is basically nothing?" Harry asked.

"You are smarter than you look Potter" Pansy smirked.

"Stop it!" Draco ordered before a fight could break.

"I'm sorry Potter, but you aren't really the best in any subject nor you are that good in logic or anything really, you are just average" Zabini stated, leaving Harry shocked, he had never been called average in his life. He thought he had always wanted to be average, but now knew he hadn't really liked being called just that.

"I figured out how to get pass Fluffy" Harry defended himself.

"Congratulations Potter! You are smarter than the half-breed" Pansy exclaimed, still a smirk firmly on her face.

"That is enough!" Draco was getting frustrated with Pansy.

"We are supposed to be eleven, not five" Daphne snapped and glared at Pansy.

"This is enough!" Harry snapped venomously, making everyone to look at him, with shock on their faces.

"I don't really need your help for this, so either you do it my way or don't interfere" Harry threatened.

"Who made you our leader?" Pansy glared, not appreciating being threatened by someone she considered to be worthless, compared to her.

"Either do as he says , or leave" Draco told her in an emotionless voice.

"But Drake..." Pansy started whining.

"Don't call me that!" Draco snapped.

Pansy not wanting to be on Draco's bad side, shut up and sat down, keeping her glare directed at Harry.

"Anyone else has problems with the new arrangement?" Harry asked, not expecting anyone to answer.

He was right. At least no one voiced any problems.

Nott had a blank mask, Draco's eyes held some glee, Daphne and Zabini's eyes held curiosity and Pansy kept glaring, if anything, it only intensified.

"So what is the plan?" Daphne asked curiously to Harry, showing a little more respect towards him than before.

"I am getting that stone" Harry stated "If you come, you are to follow everything I say, never questioning me. Understood?" Harry's eyes changed color for less than a second. No one was able to distinguish to what color, yet it had given all of them chills.

"Hermione wait!"

Harry had been trying to catch her for some time now, yelling after her, but she didn't seem to hear him.

Finally after a while, he reached her, and touched her in the shoulder to let her know he was behind her. Hermione turned towards him and quickly turned back, not stopping.

"I'm sorry Harry, I don't have time right now" Hermione accelerated her pace.

"We need to talk about Fluffy" Harry whispered for only her to hear.

"I don't have time for that, sorry" Hermione said not sounding sorry at all.

"What is wrong?" Harry asked confused, blocking her was to make her stop walking, almost jogging.

"There is a reason why Professor Dumbledore asked us not to go to the third floor, we are not supposed to be there, we are not supposed to know anything about what is in there" Hermione explained, as if Harry was a two year old "it is against the rules"

"The rules are more guidelines, you can't go through life only doing what other people tell you what you can and cant do" Harry tried to reason with her.

"Rules make society work" Hermione tried to go around Harry, but he kept blocking her.

"What is really wrong Hermione?" Harry asked, knowing there was something else she didn't want to talk about.

"You have been a good friend" She started saying.

"Have been?" Harry asked, not liking where this was going.

"I don't belong with your friends, they don't like me" Hermione could look him in the eye, and he knew she must have been very close to tears, only her pride keeping her from crying.

"You are more my friend than they'll ever be" Harry made her look him in the eye, lifting her face gently, "If they don't like it, I don't really care"

"How can you exchange their friendship for mine?" Hermione asked.

"What I have with them is not exactly friendship, they want something, I just haven't figured out what" Harry explained.

"That sound awful" Hermione exclaimed.

"It really isn't, it's just what slytherins are known for" Harry stated, "They have connections, not friends" Harry shrugged.

"That is sad" Hermione said almost in a whisper, but Harry heard her.

"It is" He told her "But it is important for politics, it's what purebloods are raised to be"

"They don't get to choose?" Hermione asked, scandalized.

"It is the only thing they know" Harry explained.

"I would like to work in the ministry some day" Hermione looked as if she was daydreaming.

"Maybe you could be the first" Harry stated, believing Hermione capable of anything she set her mind to do.

"The first?" She asked.

"Ministry jobs are inherited more than anything, you would have to fight for it with a pureblood, it will be hard, but not impossible" He explained.

"That doesn't sound fair" Hermione pouted, reminding Harry she was only eleven years old.

"Life isn't fair kid" Harry laughed and Hermione pouted harder.

"Are you feeling better?" Harry asked her after calming down.

"I guess" Hermione shrugged, looking a little insecure.

"What is it?" Harry asked again.

"Why is it being muggleborn so bad?" Hermione asked, with hurt evident on her eyes.

"It is not bad" Harry explained, "It is just different, people don't like what they don't understand"

Harry could see Hermione was feeling a little better.

"What was it you wanted to talk about Fluffy?" Hermione asked him, with a small smile.

"We figured that since they are using the school to protect the stone, the professors must have something to do with it" Harry stated.

"You mean that the professors must have put their own protections around it?" Hermione asked.

"Yes" he answered.

"That would mean that no professor would be wanting to steal it" Hermione stated.

"Why so sure?" Harry asked.

"They all must know what the protections are, it would be fairly easy for any of them to do it" Hermione explained.

"Not unless they didn't tell each other what they were doing" Harry stated.

"You could be right" Hermione said "I still don't think Quirrel capable of doing it"

"I think he is the most obvious one" Harry tried to reason with her.

"He is frightened of his own shadow" Hermione said exasperated.

"Or he is a really good actor" Harry said.

"Snape is a more suitable candidate" Hermione said.

"I don't think he would want the philosopher stone" Harry said.

"Why not?" Hermione asked.

"Gold is really not his color, he loves black to much. And, why would he want to be a teacher forever? He hates us" Harry smirked and Hermione chuckled.

"Fine, Quirrel then" Hermione relented.

"We should study spells most of all, to be able to get through the professors protections" Hermione exclaimed dragging Harry towards the library.

"Come in"

"Good afternoon Professor Snape" Draco greeted his head of house after being let in into his office.

"Mr. Malfoy, why are you here?" Snape asked.

"I've read a couple of books on potions, and I feel I am a little advance than the rest of the class" Draco explained.

"To the point Mr. Malfoy" Snape said.

"I hoped I could have some extra classes with you, so I could learn more from you" Draco said.

"What exactly do you want to learn?" Snape asked.

"Are potions used for protection?" Draco asked curiously.

"Sometimes, but is not common. Wards are better for that" Snape explained.

"But no one would suspect potions, so wouldn't they be better?" Draco asked and Snape smirked.

"And what do you want to protect, and from whom?" Snape asked not really expecting Draco to give him an honest answer.

"It is just curiosity professor, you never know when it can be useful" Draco said innocently.

"Come tomorrow evening, we can continue this discussion then" Snape dismissed him.

Random Facts:

Date: 30th January 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 26

Be my valentine

"Come tomorrow evening, we can continue this discussion then" Snape dismissed him.

"I've been having extra potions class and I have learned nothing useful" Draco whined.

"Slytherins don't whine" Harry reprimanded.

"Shut up, Potter" Draco threw a piece of bread at him.

"Haven't you asked about potions used for protections?" Pansy asked sweetly.

"Who do you think I am? A Hufflepuff?" Draco looked offended, "Of course I have! But he said it was too advance, and not something I really need to know" He grumbled.

"I told you so" Harry sing-song.

"What?" Draco glared at him.

"How can you really expect to outsmart the Head of Slytherin?" Harry chuckled, and Draco threw another piece of bread at him.

"What are we doing today?" Pansy grabbed Draco's hand, everyone else tried to hide their smiles.

"As in you and me?" Draco asked shocked.

"Of course silly. It is Valentines' day after all" Pansy said sweetly.

"So?" Draco looked confused.

"Well, we are supposed to spend the day together" Pansy explained.

"Why?" Draco looked scared.

"Don't be silly Drake" Pansy rested her head on his shoulder.

"Draco and Pansy sitting on a tree k i s s i n g" Harry started to sing before Draco threw his pumpkin juice at him.

"Don't be like that" Harry laughed.

"It is Valentines" Daphne pointed out.

"I've been told" Draco looked disgusted at the girl who still had her head on his shoulder.

Daphne got rid of the pumpkin juice that was on Harry, at the exact time that the morning delivery post arrived.

A black little owl landed in front of Harry and put his leg up for him to take the letter.

Harry recognized it as the Potter's owl, it was the one that had given him Danielle's and his parent's letters before.

"A Valentine Harry?" Zabini teased.

"Who is it from?" Daphne teased too.

Harry ignoring them and opened the letter.

Hey little brother,

It has been more than a month since I've heard from you!

Are you still alive?

Hope not! Otherwise I would have to go and kill you for forgetting about me!

What happened to the promise you made to me about writing everyday?

Harry certainly didn't remember promising that, but he knew he should have at least written once.

Well, anyway... Happy Valentines Day!

I hope you get lots of kisses and chocolates from your girlfriends.

At least that is what I told dad and uncle Sirius and uncle Remus.

Mom didn't really like my innocent joke.

Honestly!

I tried to get Holly to write you a letter, but you will be happy to know that I think she got over her crush on you.

Oh well, I can think of some other way to make your life miserable, I'm sure.

MUAHAHAHA (it's supposed to be an evil laugh)

Love,

Danielle.

"It is from my sister" Harry answered after reading it.

"How old is she?" Nott asked.

"She will be 10 years old soon" Harry answered

"She will be at Hogwarts next year then?" Nott asked.

"No, still another year before she comes to school" Harry answered.

"What is her name?" Nott asked.

"Danielle" Harry answered.

"How is she like?" Nott asked.

"Oh come on Theo! You haven't even met her and you already have a crush on her?" Daphne asked, and Nott blushed.

"He likes Harry, so he is imagining a female version of him" Draco wiggled his eyebrows, still not being successful at getting Pansy off him.

"Don't you dare get near my little sister!" Harry threatened Nott, and then started laughing with the rest of the first years.

"Come on, we have double potions first" Zabini said getting up from the table.

"Oh fun!" Harry exclaimed.

"No, we won't be learning how to make love potions" Snape said for the third time getting frustrated "20 points from Gryffindor for not listening" Snape glared at Lavender, who had asked twice now, how to make one.

"As I was saying before I got rudely interrupted" Snape started saying in a deep voice "We will be learning how to make a Pepper up potion"

"Does Poppy need it?" Ron asked

"20 points from Gryffindor for speaking out of turn and 20 more points for being disrespectful, is Madame Pomfrey" Snape glared at the red-head boy.

"Follow the instructions on the board" Snape ordered, but no one moved.

"Now" he said in a threatening whisper, that everyone in the room heard.

"It doesn't look complicated" Harry said reading the instructions.

"It isn't" Draco told him.

This class Draco had taken a chair next to Harry in an effort to avoid Pansy, who had decided to cling to him for the rest of the day.

He had been partially successful. Pansy had taken a sit in the desk behind him with Daphne, who just kept smirking at him.

"Just get the ingredients ready, I will start the potion" Draco told Harry.

Since he had never really liked potions, he had no problem with letting Draco do everything.

"He is in a good mood isn't he?" Pansy whispered to Harry and Draco, in a sarcastic manner.

Harry snorted and Draco glared at her.

"Lighten up" Harry patted Draco's back, but Draco only glared.

"Is there a problem?" Professor Snape asked Draco, once he had come near their desk.

"Potter thinks he is funny" Draco told the professor innocently, shocking Harry.

"Potter, you are going to have a T for today's assignment, since you prefer being funny than doing what you are supposed to do" Snape told him "Just like your father" he muttered, but Harry heard him.

"Who married Lily Evans" Harry muttered, knowing Snape would hear him.

Snape glared at him and strutted to the front of the class. At least that is what it looked like to Harry.

"It is not our fault he doesn't have a girlfriend" Lavender whined after class was over, and Snape was nowhere in their hearing range.

"Should we get him one?" Harry asked the other slytherins.

"And you wonder why he doesn't like you?" Draco asked.

"I've never wondered" Harry answered.

"Where are you going?" Pansy yelled after Harry, when they all noticed he wasn't walking with them towards lunch anymore.

"I ordered a gift for my favorite Professor for Valentines. I'm going to make sure everything is perfect" Harry yelled back and ran away from them.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Faces sticking out of your head

Makes you look cute

Would you be my Valentine?

Harry Potter

A dwarf dressed as cupid chanted.

Right at the middle of the DADA class, a dwarf with a diaper holding a red arrow, walked into the room and stood in front of the defense Professor.

"Do yo-ou ne-eed som-mething?" The professor asked the dwarf.

At that instant the little guy cleared his throat and started chanting the poem, Harry had written, at him.

Everyone in the room started laughing hysterically and the dwarf disappeared.

"Potter" the Professor glared at Harry.

"Happy Valentines Day!" Harry exclaimed with fake enthusiasm.

"Faces sticking out of your head? What was that about?" Daphne asked Harry, still laughing, walking towards their next class.

"Wasn't it romantic?" Harry asked sweetly.

"What is so romantic about it?" Zabini snorted.

"You wouldn't understand" Harry huffed dramatically walking into their next class.

"He is just lucky Professor Quirrel never gives him detention" Draco said.

"Maybe they really like each other" Pansy shrugged.

They all walked into the room just as the class was about to begin.

"Did you have transfiguration today?" Hermione asked excited.

"Yes, two hours" Harry answered feeling a little tired.

"Wasn't it fun?" Hermione asked.

"Transfiguring pieces of wood into pink and red hearts isn't really what I would call fun" Harry laughed.

"Oh come on Harry, they are cute" Hermione expressed.

"Roses are red, Violets are blue, Faces sticking out of your head,
Makes you look cute, Would you be my Valentine?"

Ron was on his knee in front of Lavender Brown. Lavender was covering her mouth with her hand to keep herself from laughing too hard.

"I've heard that poem at least ten times today. It doesn't even make sense" Hermione said, looking confused at Ron's display.

"They are just having fun" Harry stated.

"Faces sticking out of your head? It doesn't make sense" Hermione said.

"Don't think about it, it is not important" Harry said.

"I know, it is just... weird" Hermione said.

"It is part of the fun of the day" Harry stated.

"Fun of the day?" Hermione asked.

Harry got back to reading the book on his lap, enjoying the last rays of sun before it got dark.

Hermione went back to her book again; understanding the conversation was over.

"Roses are red, Violets are blue, Faces sticking out of your head,
Makes you look cute, Would you be my Valentine?"

Harry looked up and laughed.

"Awesome Harry" Draco patted his back and sat down beside him.

"You started that?" Hermione asked surprised.

"It was just a joke" Harry shrugged.

"Who was the poem for?" Hermione asked.

"Quirrel" Draco laughed out loud.

"Why are we laughing?" Pansy asked, followed by Daphne and Zabini. All of them sat down making a circle.

"A professor?" Hermione looked disappointed.

"He is not really a professor" Daphne stated.

"Yes he is, he is the defense professor" Hermione stated back.

"A professor is someone that teaches for a living. Have you learned anything from him?" Daphne asked her.

Hermione wasn't able to answer her question, making the other girl look smug.

"How did you come out with it?" Daphne asked Harry.

"I just got inspired" Harry smiled.

Everyone except for Hermione laughed, who still thought it had been disrespectful of Harry to have done what he did.

"Oh come on Pansy, sit over there" Draco pointed to another tree, quite far from where they were. She had rested her head on his shoulder again.

"You want us to go over there?" Pansy asked happily, pointing to the tree.

"Not we, you" Draco stated still pointing at the tree.

"Don't be like that Drake, it is Valentines" Daphne mocked.

"Everyone keeps pointing that out" Draco muttered.

"Maybe you should write Pansy a poem" Zabini advised.

Pansy got excited "Oh! Will you write me a letter?"

"No I won't!" Draco said quickly "I don't write poems, ask Harry for one"

Everyone started laughing, this time Hermione as well.

The slytherins first years, had learned that Harry wasn't going to prefer them than Hermione, so they had decided to just ignore the Ravenclaw girl.

Pansy being the only one that for some reason, was incapable of ignoring Hermione all the time.

"So Harry" Daphne started saying, letting a couple of second of silence "Are you going to write Pansy a poem?"

"Only if she asks me to" Harry answered "I won't do it just to humiliate her"

"Thank you Potter" Pansy said honestly.

"Not a problem Parkinson" Harry answered.

"Humiliate?" Blaise asked curiously.

"Dwarfs in diapers, with arrows, singing poems to everyone they can. Can get a little embarrassing, don't you think?" Harry asked.

"The twins surely know how to embarrass people" Harry said in a whisper not expecting anyone to hear him, remembering when they

had send him a letter supposedly from Ginny on his second year. Hermione heard him.

"Poor Ginny, it must have been humiliating for her" Harry whispered and chuckled to himself still on memory land; again Hermione was the only one that noticed.

"Who is Ginny" Hermione asked Draco, since he was the most civilized one towards her, not letting anyone else hear her question.

"The only Ginevra I've heard of, is a Weasley" Draco answered back.

"I've never seen her before" Hermione stated.

"She is the youngest" Draco answered and went back to talk with Zabini and Nott.

Random Facts:

Date: 14th February 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 27

I have a secret. Can you keep it?

"The only Ginevra I know of, is a Weasley" Draco answered back.

"I've never seen her before" Hermione stated.

"She is the youngest" Draco answered and went back to talk with Zabini and Nott.

Neville's POV

"Where would a Slytherin hide a mirror?" Ron asked "We've been looking everywhere for it, for over a month, and we have found nothing"

"We have to find it" Neville stated.

"Why is it so important?" Dean asked.

"We've talked about this" Neville answered annoyed.

"And it still doesn't make sense" Seamus said.

"Why should he have it?" Neville acted childish.

"He shouldn't have it" Ron defended Neville.

"We need to find that mirror" Neville stated.

"We will make him tell us where it is if we have to" Ron tried to sound menacing, but it made Dean and Seamus chuckle.

"We are out" Seamus stated.

"Yeah, I don't care enough about a mirror" Dean said.

Both Seamus and Dean walked towards the first year Gryffindor's room, leaving Ron and Neville in the common room.

"I'm going for a walk" Neville told Ron, getting up from the chair he had been sitting on.

"I'm coming with you" Ron said.

"I want to be alone" Neville told him and walked out of the common room, leaving Ron hurt.

"Wha-at is wro-ong?" Quirrel saw Neville sitting on the stairs, with a pensive look.

"Someone stole something from me" Neville answered.

"Wha-at did the-ey steal?" Quirrel asked.

"A mirror" Neville stated.

"Yo-ou kno-ow who-o did it?" Quirrel asked.

"Potter" Neville said angrily.

"Ho-ow did he ma-ana-age to ste-eal a mirro-or from yo-ou?" Quirrel asked.

"It wasn't exactly mine. I found it, and now it's gone. Potter is the only one that knew about it" Neville stated.

"Wha-at is so impo-orta-ant abo-out the mirro-or?" Quirrel was now interested.

"It is special. Potter said it show us our heart desired" Neville answered.

"The mirror of erised" Quirrel whispered.

"Yes, that one!" Neville exclaimed.

"I saw some-meone carr-rryi-ing it to-owa-ards the third flo-or" Quirrel stuttered.

"We are not allowed to go into the third floor" Neville stated.

"No, yo-ou are no-ot" Quirrel stuttered, and walked away from him. Neville didn't notice it was pass curfew and hadn't got a detention from the professor.

Quirrel's POV

"Clever using the mirror of erised Dumbledore" Quirrel said to himself, walking towards his office. "Now I know everything I need to get to the stone"

"The monster from Hagrid, the devil's snare from Sprout, the flying keys from Flitwik, the chess board from McGonagall, the riddle from Snape, the troll from me, and finally the mirror of erised, from Dumbledore" Quirrel said happily to himself.

"It took you long enough" A deep voice said, once he reached his office.

"I'm sorry master" Quirrel bowed to a mirror "it took longer than I thought to make everyone talk"

"There is no excuse" The deep voice said menacingly.

"It was my incompetence" Quirrell said.

"Yes it was. I don't like incompetence" The deep voice stated "Get me that stone. Kill the Potter heir"

"Kill Potter?" Quirrel asked confused "I thought we were interested in him"

"He would be more trouble than what he is worth" The deep voice stated "Kill him" the voice ordered.

"As you wish master" Quirrel bowed to the mirror again.

Ron's POV

"And Neville?" Dean asked, once Ron entered their room and sat on his bed.

"He went for a walk" Ron answered.

"By himself?" Seamus asked.

"Is after curfew" Dean stated.

"He won't get in trouble. He is the boy-who-lived" Ron said icily. Dean and Seamus looked at each other raising their eyebrows.

"I am going to find that mirror" Ron stated.

"Not you too" Dean whined falling back into his bed.

"Why do you want the mirror?" Seamus asked annoyed.

"It must be important" Ron stated.

"It is a mirror" Dean stated.

"Both Potter and Neville want it" Ron pointed out.

"So?" Dean asked.

"It must be important" Ron said as if it was the most logical thing.

"Because they want it you want it?" Seamus asked.

"I will get it!" Ron promised, and closed the curtains around his bed. Promising himself he would outsmart both Potter and Longbottom.

Dumbledore's POV

"This will be a good test for Neville" Dumbledore petted his phoenix, and the phoenix looked at him in disbelief.

"I know you don't approve, but it needs to be done" Dumbledore stated "He has to know the danger that comes with his title, he needs to be able to get out of trouble, to fight for the greater good"

The phoenix moved a little farther away from the Headmaster.

"He is going to have to face him sometime, I want him to survive"

Fawkes looked disapprovingly at him.

"I will look for everyway possible for him to survive. If it's not possible he will be the savior of all of us. He will be a hero" Dumbledore explained.

Fawkes flew away through the window.

"It has to be done. It is for the greater good" Dumbledore sighed exhausted, and went to sleep.

Hermione's POV

"Why does Harry know Ginny Weasley? He doesn't get along with Ron. They met at the Hogwarts express, I was there" Hermione told herself.

She had been trying to decipher the riddle of Harry Potter for quite sometime, she just didn't understand. She had hints, but they didn't go with each other.

"Why does he hate Quirrel so much? What does –face sticking from his head- mean? Why always ask about possessions?" Hermione kept pondering.

"How did he know Fluffy's name before Hagrid told him?" Hermione asked herself "Why is he sometimes loud, sometimes depressed, and sometimes scary?"

"Why does he always seem to know more than us, but yet he never tries to do anything in class, as if he didn't think he could do it? Or maybe he already knows, so he is bored" Hermione shook her head "Impossible, why would he already know? I'm getting tired"

She heard her roommates just outside the door, so she closed her notebook, where she was keeping all her ideas, and hid it in her trunk.

"Goodnight" she told the girls once they entered, and lay on her bed, sleep claiming her quickly.

Nott's POV

"Anything new?" Quirrel asked.

"Nothing, they are still trying to figure out how to get to the stone" Nott answered respectfully with a bow.

"Convince them to go get it as soon as possible, but tell me beforehand" a deep voice ordered.

"I will master" Nott answered, not getting up from the bow yet.

"It is important for Potter to be the only one to get to the stone. Understood?" The deep voice stated.

"I will make sure he is the only one to get there" Nott promised.

"Make sure of that" The voice threatened, making Nott shiver.

"I will master" Nott promised again.

Draco's POV

"We need to get to the stone" Draco told Zabini and Daphne.

"We know why we want it, why do you?" Zabini asked Draco.

"We need to prove ourselves" Draco stated.

"To Potter?" Daphne asked incredulous.

"To someone more powerful than us" Draco answered.

"You think Potter is more powerful than us?" Daphne snorted.

"I know he is" Draco flinched.

"What happened?" Blaise demanded to know.

"I can't tell you yet" Draco answered.

"When will you?" Blaise asked.

"Soon" Draco answered.

"We could try and get it with the knowledge we already have" Daphne relented.

"If it is in the school the protections must be designed with children in mind" Blaise stated "We can take them"

"So it is decided then?" Draco asked, and his friends nodded. "We are getting that stone"

Harry's POV

"This is getting too annoying" Harry told himself "At this rate, we will get the stone once Voldemort decides to get it"

"Potter can I talk to you?" Pansy had been looking for Harry since an hour ago, finally finding him in an unused classroom arguing with him self.

"What do you need Pansy?" Harry asked, hoping Pansy hadn't heard him.

"Talking to yourself?" Pansy teased with a smirk.

"Arguing with myself" Harry corrected her.

"That makes you sound even crazier" Pansy stated.

"Did you come to tell me that?" Harry asked.

"No" Pansy walked towards him, and Harry could see she was nervous.

"Why is Draco scared of you?" Pansy blurted out.

"He isn't scared of me" Harry answered.

"Then why is he making us follow you?" Pansy asked.

"He is making you follow me? I don't understand" Harry said taken aback "What are you talking about"

"Maybe he just, really thinks you are a good friend" Pansy shrugged.

"Maybe" Harry said, not buying it.

Pansy's POV

"Is almost as if he really didn't know what I was talking about. Acting like a Gryffindor didn't work. How am I going to figure out the secret about Potter?" Pansy asked herself.

Random Facts:

Next chapter, the philosopher stone

Date: 30th March 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 28

The mirror of erised Part I

"Is almost as if he really didn't know what I was talking about. Acting like a Gryffindor didn't work. How am I going to figure out the secret about Potter?" Pansy asked herself.

"Where are you going?" Ron yelled after Neville.

Neville stopped and turn to look at his friend. "I'm going to get the mirror back from Potter"

"So, you know where it is?" Ron asked, stopping to stand beside Neville.

"Yes" was the only answer he got from the boy-who-lived.

"I'm going with you" Ron dared Neville to tell him he couldn't.

"I have to do this by myself" Neville told him.

"Scared of someone else getting the spotlight?" Ron asked.

"What are you talking about?" Neville asked confused.

"I'm getting that mirror" Ron stated, and started walking towards the third floor leaving Neville confused behind.

"If Potter came here and is still alive, then there can't be anything here I can't handle" Ron stated once he reached the third floor, Neville beside him.

"Do you want the mirror or are you trying to prove something?" Neville asked.

"I want the mirror" Ron lied.

"Why?" Neville asked not believing Ron.

"Why what?" Ron asked back.

"Why do you want the mirror? You've never even seen it. You don't really know what it does" Neville told Ron.

"It is a powerful object. I would be a fool if I didn't want it" Ron said.

"Don't let greed consume you" Neville told him looking at him in the eyes "I'm getting the mirror, get back to the common room"

Ron shoved Neville and opened the door to the third floor Neville going in seconds after him.

"Don't move" Ron said in a whisper, after Neville slammed the door shut after him.

Three gigantic dog heads were looking straight at them, growling, saliva was dripping out of their mouths. Every single tooth could be seen by both, Ron and Neville.

"This wasn't a good idea" Neville whispered terrified.

"If Potter did it..." Ron started to whisper back.

"I don't care what Potter did!" Neville shouted irritated.

At that moment the three heads started barking loudly trying to bite them, both Ron and Neville started screaming terrified, thinking they could die in that room and no one would find them. They could become that three-headed dog's meal.

"Open the door!" Neville howled at Ron trying to dodge the dog's teeth.

"I can't. It's stuck" Ron shrieked trying to both, pull and push, the door open.

"Run!" Neville shrieked.

Neville and Ron tried to run from the heads, at least the fact that it was a very small room for a very large dog was an advantage to them. They could move between the dog's legs and the dog could barely move one head without slamming into something.

"In here!" Neville yelled after opening a trap door he had found and jumping into it.

Seconds later Ron jumped as well.

"At least we landed on something soft" Ron said, aching after the long fall.

"It moves!" Ron shrieked when he felt something wrapped around his legs.

"It's devil's snare" Neville explained calmly "Don't move, it will only kill you faster"

"Kill me faster?" Ron cried, "Of course I wouldn't want it to kill me faster, slow and painful is way better" He said in sarcasm.

"Shut up!" Neville ordered, "I'm trying to think"

"Think faster!" Ron shouted, trying to get the plant off his legs, but it only wrapped tighter around his arms.

"The harder a person struggles against Devil's Snare, the faster and more tightly it binds them; if they relax, it will not kill them as quickly. Devil's Snare prefers a dark, damp environment" Neville started reciting "That is it!" He exclaimed triumphantly.

"What?" Ron asked getting impatient.

"It hates light" Neville explained quickly.

Lumos Maxima.

Light surrounded them getting the plant to let them go.

They fell and landed hard on their backs.

"Couldn't you have made it possible for us to land in something soft?" Ron scolded.

"I am sorry for not guessing we would fall and hit the ground" Neville said sarcastically.

"At least that stupid plant is gone" Ron gritted.

"Well we can't go back now" Neville said, standing up slowly, his back still in pain "We should move forward"

"Of course. After almost becoming dog's food and being chocked by a plant, I want to go and see what other ways I can be killed" Ron mocked.

"Feel yourself free to go back" Neville called back, walking forward.

Grumbling, Ron stood up and followed reluctantly after Neville.

"What is that?" Ron yelped.

A noise could be heard, with every step getting stronger, a flipping sound.

"It looks like bright small birds" Neville expressed, looking up.

"What are those?" Ron asked amazed.

"No idea" Neville answered, trying to get a better look, but the birds were too far up.

One of the small birds came in a close range to Ron after several minutes, getting Ron confused.

"I don't think they are birds" Ron said.

"What do you mean?" Neville asked.

"They are keys" Ron answered.

"Keys don't fly" Neville explained exasperated.

"I know that!" Ron said annoyed "But they are keys" Ron pointed them out.

Neville looked closer and could see the outline of every key flying above, now knowing what he was looking for.

"You are right!" Neville exclaimed surprised "They are keys"

Ron looked smug at being right.

"Why flying keys?" Ron asked.

Neville started looking around him and found a door. He walked towards it and try to open it, without luck.

"I think one of them opens this door" Neville pointed at the door.

Ron walked towards it and tried to open it as well.

"How are we supposed to get them and know which one it is?" Ron asked.

Neville scrutinized the lock on the door.

"It looks old and silver" Neville stated.

"There!" Ron pointed up, making Neville look at where he was pointing.

"There is an old silver looking key flying there, the rest of them look gold. It must be it" Ron said.

"I think you are right" Neville said, "Now, how do we get it?"

"There" Ron pointed at the other side of the room, where an old looking broom was "I can fly to get it"

"Why you?" Neville asked.

"I'm a better flier" Ron said obviously.

"You fell off your broom on our flying lessons" Neville pointed out.

"Because Potter cursed me" Ron defended himself.

"Whatever, I'm still getting the key" Neville started walking towards the broom.

"No, you aren't" Ron pushed Neville to the floor and started going towards the broom.

Neville grabbed Ron's foot and made him fall face forward.

Once both were in the ground they started throwing punches at each other, fighting to see who would get to fly and get the key.

"I'm getting that key" Ron said between punches.

"Stop being a jealous prat" Neville spat back.

Ron stopped shocked "Why would I be jealous?" Ron asked angrily.

"Because you have nothing" Neville shoved him away, and grabbed the broom before Ron could even figure out what was happening.

Neville wasn't really good on a broom, but he was acceptable. The broom was too old, making the ride a little jumpy.

"Don't fall" Ron shouted at him.

"I won't" Neville shouted back, both being sarcastic.

Once Neville got near the keys, they all flew rapidly away from him, making Neville frustrated.

"Stupid key!" Neville grumbled, changing the course of the broom to go after the silver key.

"Give me the broom!" Ron shouted at Neville.

"I almost got it!" Neville shouted back before the keys changed course again, getting farther away from Neville.

"If I tried to get it by jumping I would get it faster than you!" Ron shouted.

"Start jumping" Neville yelled back, making Ron mad.

Ron took his wand out and started throwing every spell he knew at Neville.

"Stop that!" Neville tried to dodge every spell, while still keeping an eye on the key.

"Give me that broom" Ron kept throwing spells.

"You are going to make me fall" Neville was getting madder.

"Give me that broom" Ron repeated, not stopping the spells.

One stinging hex got Neville, making him lose his grip and fall. Fortunately he wasn't too far from the ground so he didn't get hurt.

Ron ran towards Neville and got on the broom before he could get up.

"Don't worry. I'll get the key" Ron shouted back to Neville.

After, almost half an hour of Ron trying to catch the key and Neville laughing at every attempt, he finally caught it.

Once Ron got the key in his hand, all golden keys stopped flying away from him, and instead flew towards him at high speed.

Ron tried dodging the keys but they just flew faster after him.

"Catch it!" Ron threw the silver key at Neville who caught it.

"Open the door" Ron yelled, still trying to avoid the rest of the keys.

"Not yet" Neville answered sitting back down.

"Open the door!" Ron yelled louder.

"I don't think I will, not yet anyway. This is fun" Neville smiled, making Ron fly for a couple of more minutes before he decided to unlock the door and walk into the next room, closing it behind him and keeping the key.

The next room was completely dark.

"Now what?" Neville asked himself.

The lights turned on and he could see he was standing on a life size chessboard.

"Bloody hell"

Knowing he had no chance, since he was awful at chess he turned around and opened the door to let Ron through. Ron flew rapidly through the opened door, and Neville shut it quickly afterwards, keeping the murderous golden keys out.

"What were you thinking?" Ron shouted at Neville once he got off the broom.

"I would have left you there, but I know nothing about chess" Neville said pointing out to the life size figurines.

"Bloody hell" Ron exclaimed.

"My feelings exactly" Neville stated.

"I think we have to take their places" Ron said pointing towards the chessboard "You can be the Queen"

"I don't think so" Neville said.

"The queen is the most powerful piece on chess" Ron stated.

"Then you be the Queen" Neville told him.

"Just do as I say" Ron got frustrated.

"I won't be the Queen" Neville put his foot down.

"Fine!" Ron got irritated "You can be the king, I will be a knight"

They both got into their places.

"Lets begin" Ron said.

The game was brutal and went on for almost two hours finally Ron calling checkmate and getting to the next room, where a huge Troll was waiting for them.

"All this for a mirror?" Ron yelled trying to run from the Troll.

"Potter couldn't have made all this" Neville said, referring to every protection they had faced.

"Someone must be helping him" Ron yelled back.

"Why protect a mirror so much?" Neville asked.

"It must be more important than you thought" Ron answered, getting tired of running.

"There is a door on the other side, we have to get there quickly" Neville shouted.

"Yes, because the Troll will let us get there" Ron said in a cynical manner.

"Just run!" Neville shouted.

They both ran in different directions, hoping to baffle the Troll.

The Troll deciding to go after Neville, giving Ron the opportunity to get to the door and go into the next room, leaving Neville alone with the Troll.

Random Facts:

I know nothing about chess, which is why I skipped that part.

I loved writing this chapter, hoped you liked it =)

Date: 25th April 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 29

The mirror of erised Part II

The Troll deciding to go after Neville, giving Ron the opportunity to get to the door and go into the next room, leaving Neville alone with the Troll.

Ron looked around the new room.

It was empty except for a rectangular table at the far end of the room with several vials on top of it.

Before he started walking towards it, the door behind him opened and Neville came in out of breath, closing it quickly after him.

"Thank you for that" Neville accused.

"No problem" Ron smiled.

Neville started walking towards Ron in a menacing way, before he could reach him flames appeared blocking the door he had just come in from.

"What did you do?" Ron accused.

Before Neville could answer, flames flared up behind the table that Ron had noticed earlier.

"We are trapped" Neville pointed out.

"We are going to burn to death" Ron was frightened.

"There has to be a way out" Neville said, "We've survived the other rooms"

"Only to keep getting into worst ones" Ron said.

"Would you have preferred to go back to the dog?" Neville asked. Ron shivered.

"Whatever" Ron said, "What do we have to do then?"

"I have no idea, this room is empty" Neville answered.

"Not quite" Ron said "There is a table with vials on top of it"

"Where?" Neville asked looking around.

"There" Ron pointed at the table.

"Those are potions" Neville stated.

"How can you know that?" Ron asked.

"What else would vials be used for?" Neville asked.

"I don't know. Maybe blood, or poison?" Ron said irritated.

"I'll stay with my theory" Neville said, and walked towards the table, with no other choice Ron followed.

At the center of the table there was a piece of paper folded in half.

Neville was about to grab it, before Ron beat him to it.

Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,

Two of us will help you, which ever you would find,

One among us seven will let you move ahead,

Another will transport the drinker back instead,

Two among our number hold only nettle wine,

Three of us are killers, waiting bidden in line.

Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore,

To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tries to hide

You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;

Second, different are those who stand at either end,
But if you would move onward, neither is your friend;
Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,
Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;
Fourth, the second left and the second on the right
Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.

(Taken from Harry Potter and the Philosopher stone)

"What does it say?" Neville asked curiously, trying to read over Ron's shoulder.

"It's a riddle" Ron whined.

"What does it say?" Neville asked again. Ron gave him the paper and sat down on the floor.

"We are going to burn to death" Ron whined.

"Stop whining. All we have to do is solve this riddle" Neville said.

"We are doom!" Ron creaked.

"You are annoying" Neville grumbled.

He read the riddle several times trying to understand it.

"This part is easy. Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind" Neville said. Ron just raised his eyebrows.

"It obviously means that if we go back we will be safe, if we go forward there will be danger" Neville said clearly.

"It is obvious then. We will go back" Ron said standing up, and remembering the flames between him and the door he wanted to go through.

"You want to go back to the troll, the murderous keys, the devils snare and the three-headed dog?" Neville asked mockingly.

"Imagine what we'll face if we go forward, if the riddle says the other things are safe" Ron pointed out.

"Maybe its just trying to make us afraid" Neville said.

"Well its working" Ron stated throwing his arms up.

"How about I read the next part?" Neville asked, showing Ron the piece of paper still on his hand.

"Whatever" Ron grumbled.

"Two of us will help you, which ever you would find" Neville read "It's obviously talking about the vials"

"Obviously" Ron mocked, Neville just adopted an annoy look.

"Two of this vials will help us with something" Neville said.

"With what?" Ron asked.

"Lets read the next line" Neville said.

"This is fun" Ron clapped his hands, faking enthusiasm.

"One among us seven will let you move ahead, another will transport the drinker back instead" Neville read.

"Find the one that will let us go back" Ron said.

"Two among our number hold only nettle wine, three of us are killers, waiting bidden in line" Neville kept reading.

"So, three of those are poisons" Ron looked at the vials "You try them first" he smirked.

"Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore" Neville read.

"So we have to play this game, we have no choice" Ron interrupted, earning a glare from Neville.

"It gives us clues" Neville said "First, however slyly the poison tries to hide, you will always find some on nettle wine's left side; second, different are those who stand at either end, but if you would move onward, neither is your friend; third, as you see clearly, all are different size, neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides; fourth, the second left and the second on the right are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight" He finished it.

"We are doom" Ron whined and sat down on the floor.

"One of the poisons have a wine on its left; the ones on each end may be opposite, but if we want to go forward neither of them will help us; all of them are different sizes" Neville started deciphering the riddle.

"I didn't notice" Ron interrupted, looking closely at the vials.

"Neither the smaller one nor the bigger one are poisons" Neville kept talking, ignoring the interruption "the second one, either way you look are the same, so they are either poisons or wine"

He pondered the answer for a couple of minutes, Ron getting impatient.

"I think it's the smaller one" Neville pointed at the vial he thought was the answer.

"That is the one that will take us back?" Ron asked.

"No. The bigger one is the one that will take you back" Neville answered.

"You are going forward?" Ron asked.

"Yes" Neville answered. "And you are going back" giving him the bigger vial.

"If you are going forward, so am I" Ron said, putting the vial Neville had just handed him back in the table.

"Drink it" Neville gave him the small vial.

"I'm not that stupid. You go first" Ron handed the vial back.

Neville shrugged and drank from it, gave it to Ron and walked through the flames.

Not hearing Neville scream in agony by being burned from the flames, Ron drank the rest of the potion and followed him.

"Now what?" Ron asked, finding himself in yet another large room.

"There it is" Neville exclaimed, as if he was out of breath.

"There it is what?" Ron asked.

"The mirror" Neville whispered.

Ron looked at the same direction Neville was looking, and he saw it.

"I found it" Ron threw a fist in the air "Potter is more clever than I thought"

They both started walking towards it, until they reached it.

"Wow!" Ron exclaimed once he saw into the mirror "I'm Head boy"

Ron looked as if Christmas had come early.

"How do we take it?" Neville asked himself.

"We should shrink it" Ron said.

"I don't know how to do that yet. Do you?" Neville said. Ron shook his head.

"This may be a problem" Ron said.

"Mr. Longbottom, Mr. Weasley. What a surprise!"

Both Gryffindors turned around and saw their DADA professor.

"Professor Quirrel" Neville greeted in surprise "We found the mirror" he pointed at the mirror of erised.

"I see", Professor Quirrel started walking towards them.

"What happened to your stuttering?" Ron asked confused.

"What do you see when you look into the mirror?" The Professor asked Neville.

"That is personal" Neville said, feeling uncomfortable.

"Didn't you use to stutter?" Ron asked the Professor.

"What do you see?" The Professor demanded.

Neville feeling afraid looked into the mirror.

"What do you see?" The Professor got impatient.

"I see myself happy" Neville answered.

"I know that!" The Professor was getting irritated "Why are you happy?" he pressed.

"I don't have the scar" Neville blushed.

"Your heart's desire is to not be the boy-who-lived?" Quirrel mocked, laughing out loud. Neville blushed even more.

"Would you help us shrink the mirror?" Neville asked, still embarrassed.

"Why do you want to shrink it?" Quirrel asked confused.

"So we can take it" Neville answered looking at the mirror again.

"You really want to take the mirror" Quirrel stated.

"We have to take it before Potter finds out we found it" Neville urged.

"You really think Potter brought it here?" Quirrel asked.

"You said..." Neville started saying.

"You are not stuttering" Ron stated, looking at Quirrel without any trust.

"No, I'm not" Quirrel snapped at Ron.

"Get the stone" a voice said.

Ron and Neville flinched and started to look around, trying to decipher where the voice had come from.

Quirrel stood in front of the mirror and look intensely at it.

"I can see myself with the stone, but how do I get it?" Quirrel asked seemingly to himself.

"Make one of the boys get it" The voice ordered.

Ron and Neville wanted nothing else but to run away.

"You come" Quirrel ordered Neville.

Neville didn't move. Quirrel got frustrated and summoned him.

"When I tell you to come, you do as I say" Quirrel threatened.

Neville shivered and was trying very hard not to cry.

"Get me the stone" Quirrel ordered.

"What stone?" Neville asked scared.

"Leave him alone"

At the entrance, where all of them had come from, was Harry Potter.

Random Facts:

Date: 25th April 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 30

The philosopher stone Part I

"What stone?" Neville asked scared.

"Leave him alone"

At the entrance, where all of them had come from, was Harry Potter.

Nott slammed Professor Quirrel's office door open.

"Who do you think you are to barge in like this?" Quirrel asked furious.

"Longbottom went to the third floor" Nott said out of breath.

"You saw him?" Quirrel asked.

"No" Nott said, "I heard a Hufflepuff saying that Weasley and Longbottom got into a fight before running to the third floor"

"How long ago was this?" Quirrel asked.

"Almost 2 hours ago" Nott answered.

"Why didn't you come sooner?" Quirrel said irritated.

"I just found out" Nott defended himself.

"You did good" A voice said.

"Master" Nott bowed.

"Get Potter there" The voice ordered, "Go"

"Potter" Nott came running towards the rest of the Slytherin first years and Hermione.

"Stop acting like a Gryffindor" Pansy said with distaste once Nott reached them.

"Something happened" Nott said in a hurry.

"Many things happen everyday, that is not an excuse to act like a mudblood" Pansy said with a glare.

"What happened Theodore?" Harry asked him, trying hard not to sigh and start a fight with Pansy.

"Quirrel went to the third floor with Weasley and Longbottom" Nott said with a frightened tone.

"What?" Harry yelled.

"I just saw them" Nott said.

"We have to get there" Harry told his friends.

"We are not ready" Hermione said.

"No one is getting that stone but me" Daphne said with a determined tone.

"Us" Blaise corrected her.

"Us" Daphne obliged.

"Lets go" Draco said, starting to lead the way towards the third floor.

"We should get Dumbledore" Hermione said.

"And tell him what?" Draco asked.

"That a teacher took two students to the third floor" Hermione answered.

"Why would he believe us?" Draco asked.

"Why wouldn't he?" Hermione asked in disbelief, "He is the Headmaster"

"Which is exactly why he wouldn't believe six first years" Draco stated.

"He is the Headmaster" Hermione stated.

"You know what, you are right" Daphne told her seriously, making everyone stop, "Why don't you go find him, we will meet you at the entrance of the third floor, just to make sure Quirrel doesn't get away"

Hermione nodded and ran towards the Headmaster's office.

"Now we can go" Daphne said once Hermione was out of sight.

"That was uncalled for" Harry glared at Daphne.

"Se was slowing us down. You can go with her if you want" Daphne answered seriously, and resume the walk towards the third floor.

Knowing it was important to get the stone before Quirrel, he went with the Slytherins, hoping Hermione would forgive him later.

"Ready?" Blaise asked once they reached the door that had Fluffy behind.

"Ready" All chorused.

They all started humming the first melody they could think of, different one for each, Blaise opened the door and met Fluffy.

Fluffy started growling at first, but almost a second later it started getting drowsy.

"It is getting sleepy" Daphne said, "Keep humming"

Fluffy fell deeply asleep, loud snores making it obvious.

"Start going towards the trapdoor" Harry ordered, pointing out an open trapdoor in the middle of the floor.

They started falling into it, first Draco, then Daphne, then Pansy, then Nott, then Blaise, and Harry jumped in last.

Just as he landed in what he knew was the devils snare, loud barks were heard above, making them know that Fluffy had woken up.

"At least we are all out of their reach" Pansy shuddered, looking at where the barks were coming from, "What is this?" She asked trying to decipher what they were sitting on, with a disgusted face.

"Some type of plant" Nott said with a disgusted face.

"It moves" Daphne stated calmly, feeling the plant starting to wrap around her legs.

Pansy started to shriek and get the plant off her.

"Shut up Pansy!" both Draco and Theodore shouted.

"Then get it off me!" Pansy glared at them.

"What type of plant is it?" Draco asked.

Harry had decided to just observe instead of participating, to know what the five people that were with him, were capable of.

"It must like the dark, since I can barely see any of you" Blaise pointed out, taking his wand out and creating light with it.

The plant started to move away from the light, bringing a smirk into Blaise's face.

"Cast the lumos spell" Blaise told everyone, "It'll keep the plant away"

Everyone did as Blaise said, and were now free.

"There is nothing below this plant" Draco observed.

"What do you mean?" Daphne asked.

"There is nothing below the plant" Draco pointed down "When the plant gets away from us completely we will fall"

"We could levitate each other down" Daphne said thinking fast "Everyone levitate the one to your right, now!"

They all did just that, Harry with them.

When the plant, the one they hadn't identify yet, disappeared completely beneath them, they started to levitate each other to the ground slowly.

Almost a half a minute later they were all safely in the ground; Pansy and Daphne shaking off the invisible dirt from their robes.

"Should we move forward?" Blaise asked, showing the way.

After walking for a while, they started to hear an annoying noise.

"Make it stop!" Pansy covered her ears.

Harry knew he could get the key easily, once they reached where the broom was.

Destiny had other plans though. They seem to be very lucky; they wouldn't need to get the key. The door had been blasted open, so they just ignored the flying keys.

"This is easy" Draco observed walking over of what was left of the door, every one else behind him.

"What happened here?" Daphne asked surprised being careful of where she stepped.

The room was completely destroyed, what Harry knew was supposed to be a chessboard, was now pieces of rocks sprayed throughout the large dark room.

"There has to be a way out" Nott said, trying to find the exit.

"Maybe another door?" Blaise pointed to the other end of the room, where a door was.

"What a luck!" Daphne exclaimed, "It is open"

They all walked towards it, careful of where they stepped, not wanting to hurt themselves.

"Aghh! This is too hard" Pansy complained halfway through.

"We haven't done anything but walk yet" Daphne snorted.

"You can go back Pansy" Draco dismissed her, taking his wand out and levitating her where the flying keys were.

"Why didn't we think of that?" Blaise asked out loud, taking his wand out and levitating Daphne towards the door they were trying to reach.

"Hey! Levitate me back!" Pansy yelled.

"Go back!" Draco yelled back at Pansy, while Harry levitated him to where Daphne and Nott were waiting.

"Your turn Potter" Blaise pointed his wand at him.

Only ten minutes after they entered the room, they were all, except for Pansy, going through the door.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Pansy yelled angrily at them.

"Go back to the common room. We will meet you there!" Draco yelled back at her, closing the door behind him since he was the last to go through it.

"She was getting on my nerves" Draco stated.

"We noticed" Daphne smirked.

"This is too easy, don't you think?" Blaise asked.

"Someone obviously has already gone through it" Nott said, pointing at something laying to their left.

"What is that?" Daphne asked.

"A Troll" Harry answered.

"How do you know?" Blaise asked.

Harry pointed to something in front of them.

"Is that its head?" Daphne said disgusted, covering her face with her hands.

"Just walk around it" Nott said, doing exactly that.

Blaise got closer to the Troll.

"This is disgusting" Blaise said observing intensely at the Troll's head, "It is a clean cut"

A thump was heard, and the next thing they knew Daphne was on the floor. Harry lean beside, her trying to shake her up.

"It is no use" Blaise said "Even if we woke her up with magic, she would just faint again"

"She can't stand to see blood" Draco pointed at a pool of it two feet from where Daphne was.

"We can't jus leave her here" Harry pointed out.

"It is not like the Troll is going to wake up and eat her" Blaise pointed out, and started walking towards where he had seen another door.

"I'm not staying with her" Nott said, following Blaise.

"She will be fine" Draco followed the other boys.

Not wanting to leave her there, but knowing he had to continue, he followed.

"It is for the better" Blaise stated.

"What is?" Harry asked.

"That neither Daphne nor Pansy continued with us" Blaise answered.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Pansy was just slowing us down" Blaise answered.

"And Daphne?" Harry pressed.

"Now she has no rights on the stone" Blaise smirked.

Once they all crossed the door and Draco closed it behind him, flames flared up.

"Going back it's not an option" Draco shrugged.

"Then forward it is" Blaise said.

"Not an option either" Nott said, when he noticed the flames that had flared at the other end of the room as well.

"Neither back nor forward?" Blaise asked skeptically.

"There has to be a way" Draco said, "There is always a way"

Draco walked towards the other end "There are potions here" he called back.

"Well potion prodigy, why are they here?" Blaise asked Draco, once he saw the vials of potions as well.

"This might help" Nott picked up a crumpled piece of paper off the floor beside the table.

"Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind, Two of us will help you, which ever you would find, One among us seven will let you move ahead, Another will transport the drinker back instead, Two among our number hold only nettle wine, Three of us are killers, waiting bidden in line. Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore, To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four: First, however slyly the poison tries to hide, You will always find some on nettle wine's left side; Second, different are those who stand at either end, But if you would move onward, neither is your friend; Third, as you see clearly, all are different size, Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides; Fourth, the second left and the second on the right, Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight." Nott read out loud.

"That sounds like uncle Snape" Draco said.

"Uncle?" Blaise asked.

"Godfather actually" Draco answered, taking the paper from Nott, and reading it to himself.

"Quite obvious if you know what to look for" Draco said, taking the smallest vial from the table, which was full.

"There is only enough for one of us" Nott observed.

"It is obvious the vial replenishes itself Nott" Draco said "Otherwise we would have seen Quirrel, the Weasel and Longbottom by now"

"Potter should be the first to drink from it" Nott snatched the vial from Draco and gave it to Harry.

"Why?" Draco said.

"He is the least Slytherin of us. He is the one we can trust" Nott mocked.

"If I am wrong about the potion, better you die than us" Draco shrugged.

"You think you are wrong?" Blaise asked.

"No, but I still prefer him to die than me" Draco said.

Harry remembered this being the right potion from when he had passed through here with Hermione, so he gulped the potion down and passed through the flames.

He heard a loud crack behind, but couldn't see what had happened.

"Get me the stone" Quirrel ordered.

Harry could see Quirrel with Neville and Ron a little farther from them, both looked terrified.

"What stone?" Neville asked scared.

"Leave him alone" Harry ordered at Voldemort's vessel.

Random Facts:

The vial replenished it self once someone put it back.

The story reached 100 reviews last chapter. Thank you =)

Date: 25th April 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 31

The Philosopher stone part II

"Leave him alone" Harry ordered at Voldemort's vessel.

"Potter nice of you to join us" Quirrel greeted, grabbing Neville firmly by the neck.

"Let them go" Harry started walking slowly towards them.

"You want to exchange two first years for one?" Quirrel mocked, "True Gryffindor. Wait, aren't you a Slytherin?"

"Let me see him" a voice said.

"But master..." Quirrel started to say.

"Don't question me!" the voice hissed.

Quirrel threw Neville towards Ron and started to unwrap the turban around his head, carefully.

"Are you ok?" Ron asked in a whisper helping Neville up. Ron was keeping an eye on Quirrel trying to find a way to get out, without him noticing.

He couldn't leave Potter behind, could he?

Ron hated the fact that his mother had brought him up right at that moment.

Once Quirrel finished taking the turban off he threw it on the floor.

"I want to see him" the voice said.

Quirrel turned around.

Ron and Neville gasped at the sight.

Harry tried hard not to vomit. It was a sight he had seen once, and it wasn't one he had wanted to repeat.

Where a head was supposed to have been, a face was instead. The most horrible face he had seen; one that had plagued his nightmares for years, it was even worse than the one with the two red eyes he had gotten used to see.

"Potter" the face greeted, "You could have been on Longbottoms place"

"Yet, you chose him" Harry was trying to come up with a plan to get Ron and Neville out.

"You know" the face smirked, "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, I do" Harry answered, "Tom Riddle"

The face contorted to rage, "Don't say that name!"

"It is the one your mother gave you" Harry said "Tom Riddle"

Harry started to feel a splitting headache, and blood started to fall from where his scar had been in a different life. He couldn't endure the pain anymore and fell on his knees screaming as if he was under the cruciatus curse.

"What are you doing to him?" Ron demanded to know, showing his Gryffidor courage.

The face just smirked at him. "Come here"

"Leave him alone!" Ron demanded, feeling sick at seeing Harry in that pain.

"I ordered you to come here!" The voice hissed.

Ron walked towards Quirrel still feeling apprehensive, but wanting to do something.

"Look into the mirror" Voldemort ordered once Ron reached him.

Ron did just that and saw what he had seen before.

"What do you see?" Voldemort demanded to know.

"I'm Head boy" without the same enthusiasm he had shown to Neville when he asked.

Enraged, Voldemort, using Quirrel's body, threw Ron aside.

Ron hit his head and fell unconscious.

Harry had stopped screaming and was now slowly getting up, blood on his face.

"I didn't think you would be able to hurt me like that here" Harry whispered to himself.

"Potter, good for you to come back" Voldemort exclaimed, not having heard what Harry had said.

Harry looked up and saw Ron on the floor, without moving.

"What did you do to him?" Harry demanded to know with as much force as he could muster.

"He was useless" Voldemort stated, "Come here Potter" he ordered.

Harry knowing the only way to get the stone was through the mirror. He walked towards Voldemort, as quickly as he could, which wasn't much.

"Look into the mirror" Voldemort ordered once Harry reached him.

Harry knew that since he didn't want to use the stone but did want to get it, the mirror would give it to him.

Just as he already knew would happen, he looked into the mirror and the Harry staring back at him was holding a stone on his hand, which he then put on the side pocket of his pants.

"What do you see?" Voldemort asked.

"Myself" Harry said, "It is a mirror after all"

"Funny?" Voldemort smirked, "Where is it?"

"Where is what?" Harry asked.

"The stone. You have it" Voldemort accused.

"Why would I have it?" Harry asked.

"I know you have it" Voldemort accused again, "I can feel the darkness you have inside"

"The darkness I have inside?" Harry asked.

"Just like Longbottom" Voldemort smirked. Harry was confused.

"I don't know how it happened, but it works" Voldemort said.

"What?" Harry asked not following.

"Give me the stone Potter" Voldemort made Quirrel try to reach it.

Hoping it would work Harry put his hands on Quirrel's face, expecting him to shriek in pain.

He didn't.

It didn't work.

Quirrel grabbed Harry's hands tightly, almost breaking his fingers, and tossed him to the floor.

"Accio philosopher stone"

The stone ripped Harry's pocket and flew straight to Quirrel's hands.

Neville gathered his courage and pushed Quirrel away from Harry, touching his face as he did it.

Quirrel screamed in pain as part of his face, where Neville had touched him, started to burn away.

"Touch him again" Harry urged Neville.

"Kill them!" Voldemort ordered Quirrel.

Before Quirrel could point his wand at either boy, Neville pushed him to the ground and put his hands on his face once more, feeling the burning sensation coming from his hands as smoke came out of Quirrels face.

Quirrel screamed in pain for what felt like an eternity. Voldemort got away before anyone could do anything and Neville fell unconscious.

Harry slowly got up and kicked Quirrel to the side. He was dead.

He leaned closer to Neville and could see his chest moving, he was still alive.

Harry took the Philosopher stone from Quirrel and put it in his shoe with a notice me not charm, so no one could see it.

He walked towards Ron and saw his chest moving as well. He was breathing.

"Mr. Potter"

Harry turned quickly around with his wand ready. He put it down as soon as he saw it was Dumbledore.

"He is dead" Harry said looking at Quirrel.

"Did you kill him?" Dumbledore asked.

"No" Harry answered, "Voldemort did. He was possessing him"

"What happened to Mr. Weasley and Mr. Longbottom?" Dumbledore inquired.

"I think Ron hit his head" Harry said looking at a lump on the red-head's head, "Neville must be magically exhausted"

Harry started to sway, feeling the adrenaline leaving his body, and exhaustion taking its place.

"Sit down Mr. Potter" Dumbledore said, walking towards him, "We should go to the Hospital wing"

"I think you are right" Harry said, sitting down, blood still all over his face.

"Miss Granger came looking for me, and told me quite an interesting story" He said before pointing his wand at Harry.

Harry opened his eyes quickly and regretted it. The light gave him a headache making him shut his eyes again.

"Mr. Potter" a voice greeted "Good you are awake. Drink this"

Someone pushed something into his hands.

"What are these?" Harry asked, not taking whatever it was being pushed into his hands.

"Potions. You need to drink them" the voice urged him.

"Where am I?" Harry tried opening his eyes once more, this time slowly, so he could get accustomed to the intensity of the light.

"In the Hospital wing" Madame Pomfrey said "Professor Dumbledore brought you here"

"I need my glasses" Harry said looking for them.

"On you're right" Madame Pomfrey said, handing him the glasses and waiting for him to put them on, "Now drink this, all of them" she pushed the potions to him again.

Harry grabbed them. They smelled awful.

"All of them" Madame Pomfrey ordered, and that is what Harry did, trying not to choke on them.

"How long?" Harry wanted to know how long he had been unconscious.

"Last night" Madame Pomfrey said, vanishing the empty potion vials.

"What time is it?" Harry asked, still feeling the awful taste of the potions on his tongue.

"Five minutes until curfew" she answered, "You should rest"

"I've been sleeping all day" Harry said, his eyes betraying his act on trying to look awake.

"Go back to sleep" The mediwitch ordered.

"Can I leave tomorrow?" Harry asked.

"No, you may not. Your parents are coming back tomorrow" Madame Pomfrey said.

"My parents?" Harry now was awake.

"They came today, but you were still unconscious. They should be back tomorrow" Madame Pomfrey tucked him in "Now rest Mr. Potter"

"Is he asleep?"

"Let him rest"

"But Madame Pomfrey said he woke up last night"

"And she also said, he was exhausted"

"But its almost 3 o'clock. Harry wake up!"

"Danielle Potter!"

Harry slowly opened his eyes. A face, which he recognized as his sisters, was an inch from his.

"He is awake" Danielle said, taking her face further away from his.

"Harry are you ok?" Lily asked, taking his hand on hers.

"I'm fine" he answered.

"Fine?" Lily shrieked, "Harry, you were tortured, again!"

"Calm down Lily" James came into his sight, trying to calm his wife down.

"He was tortured" Lily glared at James.

"What happened Harry?" James asked concern.

Madame Pomfrey came right at that moment.

"It is time for you potions" She told Harry.

"What are they?" Harry asked after swallowing them.

"The first one was to reduce the fever you've had since you came here, the second one was the cruciatus curse" Lily gasped at hearing that "and the third one was a pepper up potion to help you get your energy back"

"Cruciatus curse?" Lily asked Poppy.

"I wasn't crucioed" Harry said confused.

"You have the syntoms" Madame Pomfrey said.

"But I wasn't crucioed" He said again.

"Don't lie to us Harry" Lily said in a stern voice.

"Really mom, I wasn't crucioed" Harry said.

"Then what happened?" Lily asked.

"I don't know. I got a horrible headache that lasted an eternity, that is it" Harry explained.

"You had blood all over your face, Mr. Potter" Madame Pomfrey said.

"He had what?" Lily shrieked.

James and Danielle were walking farther away from Lily and Harry, slowly.

"I don't know anything about that" Harry stated.

"You didn't know you had blood on your face?" Lily asked.

"Well... no" bad answer.

"How could you not know you were bleeding?" Lily asked getting riled up, "You promised you would take care of yourself, Harry James Potter"

"It wasn't my fault!" He tried to defend himself.

"Lily, he needs to rest" Madame Pomfrey tried to calm her down.

"Sleep!" Lily ordered Harry.

Harry didn't know what to say.

"Now young man!" Lily ordered, "We will talk when you are better, and I expect full answers"

"Poppy, are there any news about the research?" Lily asked more calmly turning away from Harry and shutting the curtains around the bed close.

"No Lily, the only thing we have gathered is that its hurting him, but we still haven't figure out what it is and how to help him" Madame Pomfrey answered before a door was closed, and nothing else could be heard.

Random Facts:

Date: 25th, 26th and 27th April 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 32

Two can keep a secret if one of them is Dead

"Sleep!" Lily ordered Harry.

Harry didn't know what to say.

"Now young man!" Lily ordered, "We will talk when you are better, and I expect full answers"

"I don't think Mr. Potter is strong enough yet"

"There are some things I need to ask him"

"They will have to wait"

"You said he was stable"

"He still needs to rest"

"Maybe we could wake him up for a couple of hours"

"I am against it"

Harry could hear someone walking out.

The curtains around his bed opened.

"Mr. Potter you are awake" Professor Dumbledore said.

"Professor Dumbledore" Harry greeted, still feeling drain.

"I need to ask you some questions" Professor Dumbledore closed the curtains behind him.

"I don't feel up to it yet" Harry said.

"I know Harry, but it is important" Dumbledore said, taking a grandfatherly role.

Harry knew Dumbledore wouldn't go until he felt Harry had told him everything, so he waited for it to begin.

"Why were you there Harry?" Dumbledore asked "Miss Granger said you and your friends were supposed to be waiting for us at the entrance of the third floor. Only Miss Parkinson was there"

"We went to look for Ron and Neville" Harry lied, hoping Dumbledore wouldn't know.

"Very brave of you" Dumbledore said, not betraying any emotion.

A couple of seconds of silence passed and Harry was starting to feel uncomfortable under the Headmaster's gaze.

"Why was Miss Parkinson the only one that didn't go with you?" Dumbledore asked.

"She was supposed to wait for you and Hermione, sir" Harry said.

"Why was Miss Greengrass passed out beside a dead Troll?" Dumbledore asked.

"The Troll was already dead when we got there. Daphne fainted" Harry answered.

"So you didn't kill that Troll?" Dumbledore asked.

"No" Harry answered quickly.

"But you could have, like the one you killed on Halloween?" Dumbledore pressed.

"I didn't kill that Troll either" Harry stated.

"Very well" Dumbledore said, "Why did you leave Daphne alone?"

"The Troll was dead, we figured nothing would happen" Harry shrugged, feeling guilty about it, but not wanting to show it.

"Why were Mr. Nott, Mr. Zabini and Mr. Malfoy trapped in a room surrounded by flames?" Dumbledore asked.

"They were supposed to come with me, but they never did" Harry said, wanting to know the answer himself. Why had they left him alone?

"What happened when you saw Professor Quirrel?" Dumbledore asked.

"He was holding Neville by his neck" Harry told him.

"And you tried to help him" Dumbledore said.

"He wanted a stone" Harry said.

"Professor Quirrel?" Dumbledore asked.

"Voldemort" Harry answered.

"You say his name" Dumbledore noticed.

"Fear of a name only increases fear on the man" Harry said.

"Wise words" Dumbledore said.

"Someone told me that" Harry said with longing.

"I'm sure he was a very intelligent person" Dumbledore said.

"He was like a mentor at some point" Harry said.

"A long time ago?" Dumbledore asked.

"Years ago" Harry answered.

"You said Voldemort wanted a stone?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes" Harry said, faking innocence "Why would he want a stone?"

"I don't know, Harry" Dumbledore lied.

So he is not going to tell me why I almost died. Harry thought.

"What happened to Mr. Weasley and Mr. Longbottom?" Dumbledore asked.

"I don't know what happened to Ron, he was already unconscious when I noticed" Harry started explaining.

"Why didn't you notice what happened to Mr. Weasley?" Dumbledore interrupted.

"I was preoccupied" Harry answered.

"I see" Dumbledore said, looking intensely at Harry.

"I had a headache" Harry said.

"I see" Dumbledore said.

"Neville was magically exhausted" Harry said, "Is he ok?"

"He is still unconscious" Dumbledore told him.

"How is Ron?" Harry asked, kicking himself for not asking earlier.

"He left the Hospital Wing two days ago" Dumbledore said.

"Why is Mr. Longbottom magically exhausted?" Dumbledore asked.

"I'm not sure" Harry lied "He just touched Professor Quirrel. Next thing I knew Professor Quirrel was dead and Neville was unconscious"

"What do you mean he touched Professor Quirrel?" Dumbledore pressed.

"He put his hands on his face" Harry explained.

"And what happened when he did that?" Dumbledore asked.

"Professor Quirrel was in pain" Harry answered

"In pain?" Dumbledore asked.

"He started screaming. His face looked as if he was burning" Harry explained.

"Burning?" Dumbledore asked.

"Smoke was coming off his face" Harry said.

"I see" Dumbledore said.

Harry was getting irritated.

"Why did his face burn when Neville touch him?" Harry asked.

"I don't know my boy" Dumbledore answered.

Harry was now irritated, and wanting nothing more than for the Headmaster to leave.

"I am tired" Harry whispered loud enough for the Headmaster to hear.

"Of course Harry. You should rest" Dumbledore stood up and left.

"Shh! He is sleeping"

"Well, with all that shh, you are going to wake him up"

"Shut up! Madame Pomfrey will kick us out"

"What happened to the stone?"

"I have no idea"

"Dumbledore got there soon after Nott broke the vial!"

"It was an accident"

"Really? And only the vial we needed broke?"

"He is waking up"

"I can't sleep with all this noise" Harry said not wanting to open his eyes yet.

"You have slept for days"

"And I want to keep sleeping" Harry said turning around, not opening his eyes.

"Wake up Potter"

The covers were thrown off Harry.

"Fine" Harry grumbled and opened his eyes.

Daphne, Draco, Theodore, Pansy and Blaise were around the bed.

"Why did you think of the bright idea of waking me up?" Harry asked annoyed.

"Where is the stone?" Daphne asked with narrow eyes.

"What stone?" Harry asked.

"Don't play dumb Potter. Where is the stone?" Blaise asked.

"I had no time to get it, since a crazy Porfessor was trying to kill me" Harry lied.

"You don't prioritize" Daphne said, and the left, Blaise soon after.

"What was that about?" Harry asked.

"The only reason they went along with everything about going after the stone, was because the wanted the stone. Remember?" Pansy said, "Or did you hit your head in there?"

"Not necessary" Draco told Pansy, she just shrugged.

"Oh right" Harry said.

"So what happened?" Draco asked.

"With Quirrel?" Harry asked back.

"Obviously Potter" Pansy snapped.

"Why don't you go with Daphne and Blaise?" Draco asked Pansy.

Pansy huffed and left.

"So... what happened?" Draco asked.

"Voldemort" Harry said.

"What does the Dark Lord have to do with it?" Draco asked.

"He was possessing Quirrel" Harry answered.

"Impossible, Lonbottom killed him" Draco said.

"He didn't" Harry said.

"He is more powerful than I thought then. Making everyone believe he is gone" Draco sounded impressed.

"I don't think he planned it" Harry said, not liking Draco's reaction.

"He is cunning. Must have been a Slytherin" Draco said.

"Must" Harry said.

"How are you still alive?" Draco asked.

"Well, thank you Malfoy. It is nice to see you too" Harry said in sarcasm.

"No one confronts the Dark Lord and lives" Draco stated.

"He fled" Harry said.

"You made the Dark Lord fled?" Draco asked.

"Neville did" Harry answered.

"An eleven year old made the most powerful wizard fled?" Draco asked.

"Neville killed Quirrel" Harry stated.

"Really?" Draco sounded impressed, "Didn't know he got it in him"

"Killing someone is not something to be impressed of" Harry said.

"Being able to do it might be" Draco answered.

"Planning on killing someone" Harry asked.

"Maybe the Weasel" Draco answered, shocking Harry.

"I'm joking!" Draco threw her hands up, "Seriously Harry, calm down"

Harry woke up for the third time that day.

"Harry?"

Harry turned to where the voice had come from.

"Hermione" Harry greeted surprised.

"How are you feeling?" She asked concern.

"I'm alright, don't worry" Harry said.

"I came back and you weren't there" Hermione accused softly.

"I'm sorry Hermione, we had to get to Quirrel" Harry explained.

"Was the stone so important you had to risk your life for it?" Hermione asked.

"Apparently it was" Harry answered, "Voldemort was trying to get it"

"Yet you didn't know that" Hermione said.

"I knew Quirrel was after it" Harry said.

"You suspected Quirrel was after it" Hermione corrected.

"And Nott confirmed it when he said Quirrel had gone to the third floor" Harry said.

"Why did you think you were able to confront a Professor by yourself?" Hermione asked.

"I wasn't alone" Harry said.

"You are more powerful than you let others know" Hermione stated.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Exactly. Why do you do it?" Hermione asked.

"No, I meant. Why do you think I am more powerful than what I let others know?" Harry asked.

"You killed a Troll" Hermione said.

"No, I didn't" Harry said.

"I was there. You don't have to lie, no one is here but us" Hermione said.

"Hermione, I didn't kill the Troll" Harry said.

"I saw you" Hermione said.

"We are talking about Halloween right?" Harry asked. She nodded.

"The Troll just fell dead" Harry said.

"No it didn't. I saw you kill it" Hermione said getting frustrated.

"I didn't even have time to point my wand at it" Harry said.

"Yes you did, I saw you cast the curse that kill it" Hermione said.

"I think you have no idea of what you saw" Harry said.

"Really?" Hermione asked, "So there is nothing weird about you?"

"No there isn't" Harry said.

"Why did you curse Ron off his broom?" Hermione asked.

"I didn't" Harry said

"You said Draco did" Hermione said, "Yet your wand was the one that was used"

"My wand wasn't used" Harry said.

"Everyone know it was, it was all over the school about the Priori Incantatem, just like the fact that you denied the wand was yours" Hermione said.

"It was a misunderstanding" Harry said.

"You didn't know your own wand?" Hermione asked.

"I didn't had much time with it" Harry said.

"How do you know Ginny Weasley?" Hermione asked. It startled Harry.

"Why do you ask that?" Harry asked surprised.

"So you do know her?" Hermione looked triumphant.

"Why do you think I know her?" Harry asked.

"You mentioned a Ginny. I just wasn't sure it was Ginny Weasley" Hermione said.

"Why is this important?" Harry asked.

"I don't know yet. You are going to answer that" Hermione said.

"I am sorry Hermione but we are all entitled to have our secrets" Harry said, with a finality to his tone.

Random Facts:

Date: 28th April 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Chapter 33

Red and Gold

"I am sorry Hermione but we are all entitled to have our secrets" Harry said, with a finality to his tone.

After five days in the Hospital Wing, Madame Pomfrey finally let him go. Neville hadn't woken up yet when he left.

Today was the last day of school, tomorrow they would go back home.

Hermione still didn't talk to him, Daphne and Blaise only glared when they saw him, Pansy ignored him, and Draco and Theo just shrugged it off.

Good first year ending.

"This has been a great year. New friends. We all have learned something new hopefully" Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye..

It was the last feast before they had to go home.

"I know you've all been waiting for this, but we should welcome young Mr. Longbottom back" Dumbledore started clapping, everyone soon followed.

There he was, sitting in the Gryffindor table a much healthier Neville Longbottom. He was sitting between Ron Weasley, who didn't even have a scratch on him to remind him of what had happened, and Dean Thomas who looked glad to see his friend.

"I know everyone has been waiting for this. I won't make you wait, so now to the House points" Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"With 246 points, in fourth place Hufflepuff" Dumbledore waited for the clapping to stop.

"With 311 points, in third place Slytherin" No one clapped, so Dumbledore continued.

"With 378 points, in second place Gryffindor" Dumbledore announced, by now Ravenclaw was already celebrating.

"And with 437 points, in first place Ravenclaw" Dumbledore said, "But... I do have some last minute points to give"

Everyone fell silent. Harry had known this was coming, maybe Slytherin could even get to first place.

"For the best chess game Hogwarts has ever seen, 30 points to Mr. Weasley" Dumbledore said. All the Weasleys currently in Hogwarts, especially the twins, made a racket.

"For bravery beyond anything Hogwarts has ever seen, 50 points to Mr. Longbottom" Everyone except for the Slytherins clapped.

"For thinking before acting, 20 points for Miss Granger" There was a polite applause, mostly from the Ravenclaws.

"So, if I am not mistaken, Ravenclaw now in second place has 457 points, and Gryffindor now with 458 points is in first place" Dumbledore announced merrily, and everything in the Great Hall changed into Red and Gold.

"He didn't give us any points" Harry said amazed.

"Of course not, we are Slytherins" Draco said.

"So?" Harry asked.

"We are evil" Draco mocked, everyone that heard started laughing.

"It isn't fair" Harry stated seriously.

Everyone just shrugged.

"That is why Professor Snape always gives us points in exaggerated manner, to make it more fair" an older Slytherin explained.

"So he isn't really being unjust?" Harry asked.

"He is actually trying to make it just" Draco said.

"We are hated by everyone, didn't you notice?" the same older Slytherin asked.

"Well, yes. But I thought only the students were part of that" Harry said.

"No. The staff does too" The older Slytherin said.

"And we sometimes even hate each other" Harry accused.

"Sorry about that" the boy shrugged, "But you have to admit, you had it coming"

"Why?" Harry asked.

"We have to stay united, and you refused to do that" the boy answered.

"I was standing for what is right" Harry defended himself.

"It doesn't matter if its right or not, we only have each other" the boy turned to his friends again.

"Come on Potter. The train will leave without you" Draco urged him to finish packing. They were supposed to be in the Great Hall with their trunks in fifteen minutes.

"I am almost done" Harry said closing his trunk "See"

"Lets go" Draco said

Harry carried his trunk, trying to get it to the Great Hall.

"Are you a wizard or not?" Draco asked.

"I am" Harry answered not knowing where this was going.

"We are going to ask someone to shrink our trunks, you don't really expect us to carry them there do you?" Draco mocked "At least ask a house elf to take it for you"

"Lets go find someone to shrink it" Harry said, preferring that option than making a house elf do it, remembering Dobby.

They did find someone to shrink it, a fourth year girl.

They were now waiting for the carriages that were going to take them to Hogsmade station, with their trunks safely in their pockets.

"Hey" Nott greeted.

"Hey" Draco and Harry greeted back.

"Where are Pansy, Daphne, and Blaise?" Nott asked.

"Not sure" Draco shrugged, "Crabbe, Goyle!" Draco called them.

"One on the front, one on the back" he told Crabbe and Goyle once they reached them, both of them carrying their heavy normal size trunks.

"Honestly!" Draco exclaimed, getting an older Slytherin to shrink their trunks.

"The carriages are here, we should get going" Nott pointed outside.

"Four to each carriage" Hagrid bellowed, waving at Harry once he saw him.

Draco, Harry, Theodore and Pansy got a carriage to themselves.

Daphne, Blaise, Crabbe and Goyle got the one behind.

"Are they still going to ignore me?" Harry asked.

"They think you made them lose their time" Pansy said.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"They got nothing after all the months we put into planning to get the stone" Pansy answered.

"We stopped Quirrel from getting it" Harry said.

"But we didn't get it either" Pansy said.

Harry had found the stone still in his shoe when Madame Pomfrey had given him his stuff back. That had made him sigh in relief, and thank himself for thinking about the charm he put on it before Dumbledore walked in.

It was now hidden in the bottom of his trunk.

They got into the Hogwarts Express. It was a very uncomfortable ride back. Daphne, Blaise, Crabbe, Goyle, Theo, Pansy, Draco and Harry in the same compartment.

"Crabbe, Goyle, why don't you sit somewhere else?" Draco asked.

The compartment was a little crowded.

"That is fine. We will leave" Daphne and Blaise left.

"Their loss" Harry shrugged.

"We should be almost there anyway" Nott said, "Any plans for the summer?"

"Not that I know of" Harry said.

"I'm going to France for a couple of weeks in July" Draco said.

"Maybe you can come over for a week or two" Nott shrugged.

"I will see with father" Draco promised.

"I can ask" Harry shrugged.

"Perfect" Nott smirked.

"There he is!"

Harry saw Danielle rocketing towards him a second before she slammed onto him.

"I missed you" Danielle said hugging him tightly.

"I missed you too" Harry said, barely being able to breath.

"Liar" Danielle glared and punched him in the shoulder, "You barely wrote to me"

"Sorry" Harry apologized, rubbing his now sore shoulder.

"Good one kiddo" Sirius told Danielle, messing up her hair.

Danielle glared at him and tried to get her hair in place.

"Good one?" Harry asked.

"You must have deserved it" Sirius said.

"Why do I must have deserve it?" Harry asked.

"I don't know. Ask her" Sirius pointed at Danielle, "Now say hello to your godfather"

Harry greeted him with a hug, just when James and Lily seemed to find him.

"Harry how are you?" Lily asked.

"I am fine mum" Harry said.

"Are you sure?" Lily asked, inspecting him.

"I am fine mum" Harry said again.

"Let him breath Lily" James chuckled.

"Hey Harry" James greeted

"Hey dad" Harry smiled.

"Glad to see you are alive" James joked, earning a glare from Lily and Harry, and a loud laughter from Sirius and Danielle.

"We should go now" Lily said, still not finding James joke funny.

Random Facts:

End of First year

Date: 5th and 6th June 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 34

The Nott Family

"Glad to see you are alive" James joked, earning a glare from Lily and Harry, and a loud laughter from Sirius and Danielle.

"We should go now" Lily said, still not finding James joke funny.

"Hey Potter!" Nott greeted laughing at Harry's predicament.

Harry had been invited to spend a week with the Notts. He had packed everything in his trunk and asked his mother to shrink it since he couldn't use his wand outside school, and supposedly didn't know how to do it yet anyway.

He had used to Floo to come here, and as always, he had fall face down once he reached Nott's house. Nott seeing him fall.

Now Nott wouldn't stop laughing.

"Oh come one Harry! You have to admit is hilarious" Nott said between laughs.

"No its not" Harry said.

"You have to be the only wizard to not be able to use the floo correctly" Nott said.

"Where is Draco?" Harry tried to change the subject.

"Great idea! We will ask Draco to teach you how to floo" Nott laughed harder "He should be here any minute, he sent his elf a couple of minutes ago to say he would be arriving shortly"

Harry glared at Nott. Not long after the fireplace flared up and Draco landed perfectly in it.

"Malfoy" Nott greeted, still trying to control himself.

"What is so funny?" Draco asked confused.

"Nothing" Harry answered quickly.

"Harry doesn't know how to floo" Nott said, and laughed harder.

"How did you get here then? Side-apparation?" Draco asked Harry smirking.

"Face down" Nott said. Harry glared at him.

"Face down?" Draco asked.

"Face down" Nott repeated.

"You don't know how to land?" Draco asked amused.

"No, I don't" Harry grumbled.

"You have to be the only wizard to not be able to floo correctly" Draco said.

"That is what I said!" Nott exclaimed.

"Stop laughing" Harry ordered.

"Good afternoon boys"

Theodore stopped laughing and turned to look at his father.

"Father, these are Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter"

Both nodded at Theodore's father.

"A pleasure to meet you sir" Draco greeted.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Nott" Harry greeted.

"Hope everything is well?" Mr. Nott asked.

"Of course, sir" Draco answered.

"Nott, showed them to their rooms. I expect you for dinner in an hour" Mr. Nott told Theodore and left.

"Follow me. I will show you to your rooms" Theodore said.

The house looked bigger than Potter Manor, but it was dark. The walls were dark red, almost like blood, and the furniture was dark wood.

"This is my room" Nott said pointing to a dark wood color door to his left, "The next one is Draco's, and the next one Harry's" he said pointing ahead.

"I will meet you both here in half an hour to go meet my father for dinner" Nott walked into his room.

"I'll see you later" Draco said, going into what Nott had said was his room for the week.

Harry walked further down, until he reached what was supposed to be his room and opened the door.

The room was large, a couple of dark red sofas, a large four-poster bed, and a door that led to a bathroom.

Harry heard a pop behind him, and turned around quickly taking out his wand.

"Young Master will be needing anything?" an old looking house elf, wearing a dark red fabric bowed.

"No thank you" Harry answered.

The house elf looked shocked at first, but quickly composed him self.

"If you need anything my name is Grody" and with a pop he disappeared.

"Of course they have house elves, they are an old pureblood family" Harry told himself.

Harry withdrew his trunk from his pocket, and tapped it with his wand, letting it grow into its normal size.

"Now to unpack" he said out loud.

It took half an hour to unpack, which led him to run to where he was supposed to meet Draco and Theodore.

"Careful Potter you might fall" Theodore mocked. Both him and Draco snickered.

"HA HA. Very funny" Harry glared. He didn't notice where he was walking and fell face down to the floor, making Theodore and Draco to laugh out loud.

"Come on, we should go meet father" Nott said after a couple of minutes of trying to compose themselves.

"Whatever" Harry grumbled.

"Lighten up" Draco patted his back.

The three boys walked towards the dining room, where Theodore's father would be waiting, Theo leading the way.

"Sit boys" Mr. Nott ordered once they got there, "Grody"

"Master called?" the house elf Harry had met earlier popped in, and bowed to Mr. Nott.

"You may serve dinner" Mr. Nott ordered.

At a snap of Grody's fingers, food appeared on the table. They ate in complete silence.

Once they finished, Grody popped again and vanished the empty dishes.

"Draco, you are Lucius and Narcissa's only son, aren't you?" Mr. Nott asked.

"Yes I am, sir" Draco said proudly.

"I am well acquainted with your father. Good man" Mr. Nott nodded.

"Harry, you are James and Lily's oldest son aren't you?" Mr. Nott asked.

"I am" Harry answered politely, "I have a younger sister"

"10 years old, isn't she?" Mr. Nott asked.

"She is" Harry answered.

"I should meet her. The Potters are a respectful and powerful old family. Nott is of age to get betrothed, maybe your sister would be a perfect match" Mr. Nott said seriously.

"I..." Harry started to protest, but Draco kicked him from under the table.

"It is late. You should go to bed" Mr. Nott dismissed them.

"Good night father" Theodore said.

"Good night Mr. Nott" Malfoy said and Harry grumbled.

"What was that about?" Harry asked angrily once they were out of Mr. Nott's hearing range.

"You were about to talk back to Mr. Nott" Draco accused.

"I was about to protest" Harry stated.

"You can't do that" Theodore told him.

"I can't?" Harry asked skeptically.

"Your family must not follow the rules, since your father married a muggleborn" Draco explained.

"What does that mean?" Harry asked angrily.

"Calm down" Draco put his hands up, "I don't have anything against your mother. I was just trying to explain"

"Explain" Harry hissed.

"When a head of a house says something, no one can talk back, except for another head of the house, and only if he is from a more powerful family" Theodore explained.

"So I have to let him tell my sister who to marry? You?" Harry asked angrily.

"Your parents decide that" Draco said.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"The only thing my father can do is make a proposal about the possible betrothal between Theo and your sister, to your parents. Your father decides if he accepts or not" Theodore said.

"Don't get riled up. Your father might not accept" Draco shrugged.

"He won't accept" Harry calmed down.

"Then you have nothing to worry about" Theodore shrugged.

They spent everyday, having breakfast and dinner, always at the same time, and in silence with Mr. Nott.

Then they went flying, playing exploding snap, talking with each other, or anything they wanted.

Of course they always had to go to sleep at exactly 9pm at the most.

All in all, Harry had a great time. He wouldn't ever think it possible, but he actually liked Draco and Theodore, they could be really good friends if they wanted to.

He had learned a lot of things he had never heard about before, about how to act like a pureblood wizard.

Like the fact that apparently no one can argue with a head of a pureblood house, unless you are a heir yourself, and only if your family is more powerful.

Pureblood families had a bedtime, no matter what the age of the underage wizard was, if he is underage, he has to go to sleep at

9pm, unless there is a social event where the young wizard is required.

All meals have to be in silence if there are older pureblood wizards attending, unless they start the conversation.

Those were the things he had to learn the hard way this week, by getting kicked by either Draco or Nott when he was about to do something he shouldn't.

"It was a pleasure having you over boys" Mr. Nott said. All were standing by the fireplace, the week now over.

"Thank you for inviting us" Draco answered.

Harry kept quiet, he had survived the week.

He didn't want to ruin it in the last minute.

"Please tell your parent I will be asking them over for tea sometime this summer" Mr. Nott told Harry.

"I will, sir" Harry answered reluctantly.

Earning a glare from Theodore, who was standing behind his father, therefore he wasn't seen by him.

Mr. Nott just narrowed his eyes at Harry, but said nothing.

"Hope you will come back soon" Mr. Nott said, handing Draco the floo powder, for him to floo home.

Draco nodded and floo home.

"Mr. Potter" Mr. Nott handed the floo powder to him.

"Thank you, sir" Harry floo home.

"You know what to do" Mr. Nott told Theodore.

Theodore nodded.

"Don't disappoint me. And don't dare disappoint our lord" Mr. Nott said in a cold voice and walked away.

Random Facts:

Date: 21st June to 27th June 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 35

Happy Birthday

"Mr. Potter" Mr. Nott handed the floo powder to him.

"Thank you, sir" Harry floo home.

Flashback

"We've been invited to Neville's birthday" Lily walked into the living room with a piece of parchment in her hands, and a confused look.

"Really?" James asked, "We are invited into the Longbottom's house?"

"It says so here" Lily handed him the letter.

To the Potter Family:

You have been honored with an invitation to Neville Longbottom's birthday party.

It will be held on the 30th of July, at Longbottom Manor.

We will be expecting you at 3pm.

Punctuality is essential.

Frank and Alice Longbottom

"It doesn't ask us to RSVP" James stated.

"I think they don't expect people to not want to go" Lily said with an annoyed tone.

"We don't like being invited to Neville's birthday?" Harry asked.

Both, Lily and James, looked at Harry with bewildered faces.

"Have you become friends with Neville in school?" James asked.

"Not really" Harry shrugged.

"Then I don't understand why we are invited" James threw his hands up.

"I thought you were friends with Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom when you were in school" Harry said.

"We've told you this story before" Lily said.

Harry didn't know what to say. He wanted to know the story, but it appears he was supposed to already know it.

"I want to go to Neville's party" Danielle said excited.

"Maybe we should go" James said unsure.

"And let ourselves be humiliated again?" Lily asked.

"I don't think that is the reason why they invited us, it is their son's birthday party after all" James shrugged.

At that moment a white large owl came through the window and landed screeching on Harry's shoulder, waiting for him to untie the letter.

Potter:

Don't come to my birthday party, I am uninviting you.

Neville Longbottom.

PS. I don't want your family here either.

"I don't think we have to discuss this anymore" Harry handed the letter to Lily to read.

"We are invited and a couple of minutes later we are uninvited" Lily said angrily.

Danielle had a shocked look on her face.

"Why are we hated by the most important family in the world?" Danielle shrieked.

"They are not the most important family in the world" James said.

"Neville is the boy-who-lived" Danielle stated.

"That doesn't give them the right to treat everyone as if they are beneath them" Lily stated.

"Everyone is beneath them" Danielle said.

"Neville isn't like that" Harry said, getting James and Lily's attention
"I think he is lonely"

"Lonely?" Lily looked heartbroken.

"He has friends in school, but I don't think he is really happy" Harry said.

"Maybe we should write Frank and Alice" Lily looked at James.

"No, we shouldn't" James said, "If they want to talk to us they will look for us"

"They have" Lily showed him the invitation.

"They uninvited us" James showed Neville's letter.

"Neville did, not Frank and Alice, maybe they don't even know about it" Lily said "We should go to the party"

"Yes!" Danielle exclaimed.

"I don't think it is a good idea" James said angrily.

"I want to go" Harry said.

"You are outnumbered" Lily said, "We are going to Longobottom's Manor tomorrow"

End of Flashback

"How does this look?" It had been four times now that Danielle had barged into his room to ask how a dress looked. This time it was a pink one, before this, it had been a black, a white, a yellow and a gray one.

"It looks perfect" Harry answered, just like he had said with every dress.

Danielle huffed and walked out of his room.

Harry had been ready for a long time, and had been waiting in his room for Danielle and his mother to be ready.

"We are supposed to be punctual remember?" James called from downstairs.

"We are almost ready" Lily yelled back.

"It is almost 3!" James yelled back.

"Stop pressuring us!" Danielle yelled.

Harry went downstairs to wait with James. They had to wait only fifteen minutes more for Lily and Danielle to be ready.

Lily was wearing a peach colored-dress, it reached below her knees, and was backless. She looked beautiful.

Danielle was wearing a dark green colored-dress; it looked almost black. It had puffy sleeves, and it reached her ankles. She looked beautiful.

"You look beautiful mom" Harry said sincerely with a smile.

"Thank you Harry" Lily kissed his head, "We should go now"

"Danielle you go first" James handed her the floo powder.

Danielle almost ran to the fireplace and threw the powder before yelling -Longbottom Manor- and disappearing in the flames.

No one was allowed to apparate into Longbottom Manor, the only way to get there was by floo.

"Harry you can go next" Lily said.

Harry took a handful of floo powder and walked towards the fireplace.

"Longbottom Manor" Harry stated clearly and threw the powder before disappearing in the flames, only to appear seconds later in what he assumed was Longbottom Manor.

Everything was white, white walls, white floor, white furniture.

"Doesn't it look so elegant?" Danielle asked.

"It reminds me of a hospital" Harry said, stepping out of the fireplace.

"I thought I uninvited you"

Harry turned to where he knew Neville would be standing.

"Happy Birthday Neville" Harry greeted.

"I don't want you here" Neville stated.

The flames flared up again and Lily walked out of them.

"Lily" a cold voice greeted.

Alice and Frank Longbottom walked into the room.

"Alice, Frank" Lily greeted with a nod, in an emotionless tone.

At that moment James walked out of the fireplace and shook the ash off.

"James" Frank greeted in a cold voice.

"Frank" James greeted with a cold voice as well.

Alice put a hand on Neville's shoulder.

"Thank you for coming" Neville said reluctantly.

The Potter family walked into the Hall where the party was being held, the Longbottom's leading the way.

It was full.

Harry could see almost every Gryffindor there, and some Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws as well.

No Slytherin's but him though, at least non-that he could see.

Neville threw him a light glare over his shoulder and disappear through the crowd.

"Please make yourselves at home" Alice said, in a monotone voice, and walked away with Frank on her side.

"Nice to see them again" James said sarcastically.

Lily elbowed him and dragged him to where Amelia Bones and Albus Dumbledore were.

Harry could see Dumbledore's twinkle fade away when Lily and James reached them, but the beaming smile was still there. Albus looked over Lily's and James' shoulders to where Harry was standing, the smile fade as well.

"We are in Neville's house" Danielle said in an excited hushed voice.

"Woohoo" Harry faked enthusiasm, earning a punch on his shoulder from Danielle.

While he was still rubbing his shoulder, someone approached them.

"Potter"

"Ron" Harry greeted, and shook his hand.

"This is Ginny" Ron introduced his little sister; she blushed but greeted both Harry and Danielle with a smile.

She looked like the first time Harry had seen her, small, red vibrant long hair, and was wearing a gold long dress.

"Thank you" Ron said.

"For what?" Harry asked confused.

"For what happened with Quirrel" Ron said seriously.

"I should be the one thanking you" Harry stated.

Ron smiled, and so did Harry.

"Maybe we can be friends?" Ron asked.

"Of course we can" Harry beamed.

"I'll introduce you to everyone" Ron dragged Harry away, leaving Danielle with Ginny.

It had been fun, Ron had introduced him to Dean and Seamus, who still didn't like him, but were polite. He met Hannah Abbot and Susan Bones. He officially met Lavender and the Patil twins who actually liked him. He talked with Cedric and Cho.

All but Neville, were at least polite.

And Danielle kept talking about it late in the night.

"Wake up! Wake up!"

Someone was jumping up and down on his bed, and screaming for him to wake up.

"Come on Harry! We want cake" someone whined.

"5 more minutes" Harry grumbled.

"No! Now!" someone ordered and pull the covers off him.

Kyle and Joseph were looking angrily at him.

"I'm awake" Harry said sleepily.

Harry slowly got out of bed and into the bathroom to take a quick shower.

When he walked downstairs he saw Sirius and his family, Remus, Peter, his parents and sister waiting for him around a cake.

"Harry, we want cake!" Sirius exclaimed.

"Cake for breakfast" Harry made a disgusting face.

"You heard him" Lily said with a smile, taking the cake away "What do you want for breakfast?"

Everyone in the room held shock faces, staring at Lily who took the cake away.

"I think I want some fruit" Harry said seriously.

"You are joking!" Danielle exclaimed angrily.

"I am a growing boy, I need healthy food" Harry defended himself.

"Get the cake back" Danielle threatened, holding onto Harry's shirt.

"But.." Harry started to say.

"Get me some cake" Danielle threatened again.

"I want cake for breakfast" Harry said in a scared voice.

"Mom, we are getting cake for breakfast" Danielle stated, letting go of Harry and making everyone laugh.

"It is not like I was actually going to make everyone have fruit for breakfast" Harry defended himself.

"Don't joke when it comes to cake" Remus advised, laughing.

"Not trying it again" Harry said, joining the rest of his family.

They all ate cake, and after that he was dragged by Kyle and Joseph, to where the presents were.

He had received a new broom by Sirius and his family, a Nimbus 2001, earning a glare by Lily. He got an invisible cloak by James and a pair of two-way mirrors; he got gobstones and cards to play exploding snap from Danielle; a book on how to become an animagus from Remus and Peter, earning a glare from Lily and a beaming smile from James.

Later in the day he received a standard Quidditch equipment from Draco, and a very familiar book from Nott, a diary.

How did Theodore get that diary? And, why did he send it to him? Harry asked himself.

After a perfect party, except for the fact that Holly evaded him as if he had the plague, making it impossible for him to talk to her about what she had said the last time he had seen her.

Harry closed the door of his room behind him, and moved his bed a couple of inches, to get to the loose piece of wood on the floor, where he had hidden the philosopher stone.

There it was, he took it out and held it in front of him, where he examined it. He didn't know what to do with it yet.

He put the stone back as well as the diary and covered it again with the piece of wood and then the bed.

He didn't notice when Danielle opened the door to his room slowly and saw what he had done confused, closing it again and going to her room.

Random Facts:

Date: 30th and 31st July 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 36

Padfoot

He didn't notice when Danielle opened the door to his room slowly and saw what he had done confused, closing it again and going to her room.

"Today is your uncle Sirius' birthday" Lily said at breakfast.

James wasn't there. He had gone to Sirius' house early in the morning.

"You have to be prepared for whatever crazy idea he has for this year" Lily said.

"Uncle Sirius' birthdays are always fun" Danielle exclaimed excited, putting a piece of waffle in her mouth.

"They always get out of control" Lily sighed, "Last year we had to get them both out of the ministry holding cells"

"They didn't do anything dangerous" Danielle said.

"They splinched for apparating drunk" Lily stated, "That is dangerous"

"I wonder what will be his idea of fun this year" Danielle said dreamily.

"If it is too dangerous, you are not going" Lily told Danielle and Harry.

"But mom, you always think it is dangerous" Danielle whined.

"Then you are not going" Lily said with no room for argument, "Now finish breakfast so I can see with Laura where we will leave you kids"

"It is not fair" Danielle pouted.

"Too bad" Lily smirked.

"Hey family!" James greeted.

"Did you get to wake Sirius up?" Lily asked, greeting him with a kiss.

"No" James answered, "Kyle and Joseph beat me to it this time"

"Then why did it take you too long to come back?" Lily asked.

"Sirius knew I was going to try to wake him up, so he pranked me when I got there" James shrugged.

"What did he do?" Danielle asked.

"Some of the things I've done to him on his birthdays" James answered.

"Like what?" Danielle pressed.

"Like making a rooster crow in my ear, throwing a bucket full of water at me, I even had a million spiders crawling up and down my body for minutes" James exclaimed.

"Sounds like fun" Danielle said.

"It was, and I have the pictures that show it" Sirius said, holding a pack of pictures in his hands.

"Let me see!" Danielle started jumping trying to get them, but Sirius was too tall for her, "Let me see them!"

"Danielle, finish your breakfast first" Lily ordered.

"I am finish" Harry said.

"For being a good boy... you get to see them after Danielle" Sirius told Harry, "You are such a disappointment to this family"

"Sirius!" Lily reprimanded.

"It is my birthday" Sirius smirked.

"May I see the pictures?" Harry asked.

"Polite? What have they done to you?" Sirius cried.

"Don't listen to him Harry, I am very proud of you" Lily kissed him on his head.

"You are not going to believe what we are doing today!" James exclaimed, and Danielle pouted.

"What is wrong princess?" James asked Danielle.

"Mom won't let us go to Sirius party" Danielle pouted.

"What? Why won't you let them go?" Sirius asked, "I can't celebrate my birthday without my favorite niece and my favorite nephew"

"We are your only niece and nephew" Harry stated.

"You can leave him behind if you want" Sirius pointed at Harry, and Harry pouted.

"Fine you can go" Sirius smiled.

"No they can't" Lily stated.

"Why not Lily?" James asked, hugging her from behind and kissing her cheek.

"It is too dangerous" Lily said.

"You haven't even heard of what we will do today" Sirius whined.

"I don't have to, it is always dangerous" Lily said.

"You are not coming to my birthday?" Sirius pouted.

"Of course I am, I wouldn't miss your birthday" Lily smirked.

"Hi Lily" Laura came in the kitchen, with Kyle, Joseph and Holly behind.

Harry was trying to catch Holly's eyes, but Holly kept ignoring him.

"Hey Holly!" Harry greeted, but she didn't even look his way.

"She is playing hard to get, that is my girl!" Sirius whispered to James.

"They will make a beautiful couple" James whispered back.

"Just not yet, my baby girl is still a pup" Sirius whispered.

"Have you heard of Sirius grand idea?" Laura said sarcastically.

"Are you bringing the kids?" Lily asked.

"Sirius made it part of his birthday gifts. He wants the kids there" Laura sighed.

"They are going, so we get to go right?" Danielle asked, pointing at Sirius' children.

"Bring them along Lily, I don't think it'll get out of control this time" Laura hoped.

"What are we doing today?" Lily asked Sirius.

"So we get to go?" Danielle asked.

"Yes" Lily sighed, and Danielle whooped.

"We are going to the muggle world!" Sirius exclaimed.

"Wow!" Danielle was excited, "I've never been there"

"Well, this will be your first time" Sirius told her.

"Go change so we can go" Lily told Harry and Danielle, making them both run upstairs.

"Put some muggle clothes on" Sirius yelled.

An hour later they were entering the muggle world through the Leaky Cauldron.

"Let the fun begin!" Sirius exclaimed.

The day had been fun and normal, they had gone to the movies, to eat to a muggle café, and to an amusement park.

As soon as it got dark, Sirius stated it was time for the kids to go to bed so the parents could go have fun.

So now they were all in the Potter's house. Kyle and Joseph fast asleep, both hugging a dog stuffed animal.

"The movie was fun, it was like a million pictures telling a story" Danielle exclaimed, "Muggles know how to have fun"

"It was a little scary" Holly said in a soft voice.

"It was just a movie" Harry tried to get closer to Holly, earning a glare from her.

"What is wrong with you two?" Danielle asked confused, "Did you get into a fight?"

"No" Harry answered quickly, and Holly just shrugged.

"Stark talking" Danielle ordered, putting her hand on her waist.

"But out!" Holly just glared at Danielle.

Danielle was shocked at Holly's outburst.

"What?" Danielle asked.

"I said. BUT OUT!" Holly shouted.

"He is my brother, I get to but in if I want!" Danielle yelled.

"It is non of your business" Holly yelled.

"It is so" Danielle said.

"It is not" Holly said.

"It is so" Danielle said.

"It is not" Holly said.

"Enough!" Harry yelled.

Both Holly and Danielle turned to glare at him.

"Both of you calm down" Harry pleaded, "What is wrong Holly?"

"You are not Harry" Holly told him.

"You've said that" Harry said.

"Well you are not!" Holly said.

"Why do you say that?" Harry asked.

"What did you do to my Harry?" Holly asked with tears on her eyes.

"I am Harry" Harry tried.

"No you are not" Holly cried.

"What are you talking about?" Danielle asked confused.

"He is not your brother" Holly said.

"I think I know my brother better than you" Danielle told her.

"If you did, you would know what I am talking about" Holly accused.

"You are just angry because Harry doesn't want to marry you" Danielle stated.

"Yes he does" Holly said in a soft voice.

"No he doesn't!" Danielle said angrily.

"Yes he does" Holly said a little more strongly.

"Ask him!" Danielle pointed at Harry.

"He is not Harry!" Holly said stubbornly.

"The who is he?" Danielle asked annoyed.

"I don't know" Holly cried.

"You are crazy" Danielle glared at her.

"I am not!" Holly stated.

"You don't make any sense" Danielle said.

"I just know he isn't Harry" Holly said.

"You just know?" Danielle said, "So now you are a seer"

Holly blushed and shook her head no.

"Then you are crazy" Danielle said, "Get out of my house"

"Mom and Dad aren't back yet" Holly said sadly.

"Then I am going to my room" Danielle stomped all the way to there.

"I am not crazy" Holly told Harry.

"What are you doing awake?" Laura reprimanded, walking into the living room.

"What happened baby?" Sirius looked at Holly's teary face and quickly kneel down in front of her.

"I want to go home" Holly sobbed.

"Of course baby, we are leaving" Sirius threw an apologetic look at James and flooed his daughter home.

"I am sorry Lily, I'll owl you tomorrow" Laura said, waking Kyle and Joseph up so they could floo home.

"What happened Harry?" Lily asked him, when they were the only ones left in the living room.

"Holly and Danielle had a fight" Harry said, not telling the whole story.

"Where is Danielle?" James asked.

"In her room" Harry answered.

"We will talk to her tomorrow" James told Lily.

"It is late, you should go to bed" Lily told Harry.

Random Facts:

Date: 4th August 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 37

Prongs

"It is late, you should go to bed" Lily told Harry.

"Today is Ginny's Birthday!" Danielle came into the kitchen excited.

Ever since Neville's birthday they had practically owed each other every day, sometimes even twice a day.

They had become very good friends.

"Maybe you should invite Holly" Lily tried.

Danielle and Holly hadn't talked to each other since Sirius' birthday, and both of them refused to say what happened.

"No" Danielle stated with a disgusted look.

A week ago, they had received an invitation to the Weasley's house for Ginny's eleventh birthday. Harry was excited to see Ron, and the rest of his family. Especially Mr. and Mrs. Weasley who had been like his parents in another life.

"Are you ready to go?" Lily asked, knowing Danielle had a temper just like hers, so making her do something she refused to do, would just bring problems.

"Yes!" Danielle got excited again.

"Is dad coming?" Harry asked.

"He will meet us there after work" Lily said.

"Just yell –The Burrow-" Lily told Danielle, who grabbed some floo powder and flooed away.

"Now you Harry" Lily said.

"Hey Harry!" Ron greeted once Harry had come out of the fireplace and fell face down to the floor.

"Did you see that?"

"Something fell"

"It must have been an animal"

"No, it was Ronnikins friend"

Fred and George laughed.

"Stop it!" Ron told them off, and helped Harry up, "Don't mind them, they are harmless"

"Don't worry about it" Harry shrugged.

"Lily, glad you could make it!" Molly Weasley greeted happily once Lily walked out of the fireplace, "This must be Harry"

"It is" Lily pushed him towards Mrs. Weasley and found himself enveloped in a hug by the woman.

"You are such a handsome man" Mrs. Weasley exclaimed, "Where is Danielle?"

"She was the first one to get here" Lily was starting to panic.

"She is with Ginny" Ron pointed outside where three girls could be seen laughing.

Where Ginny and Danielle were, a blonde girl about their age was as well.

Harry recognized her immediately.

It was Luna Longbottom, currently Lovegood.

"Do you know how to play Quidditch?" Fred asked.

"I am a seeker" Harry said excited.

"You are?" Lily asked.

But Harry didn't hear him, he was already running outside with Ron, and the twins.

"Quidditch and boys" Molly chuckle.

"I have the same problem with James and Sirius" Lily laughed.

"Those boys must be harder to control than your kids" Molly joked.

"They are" Lily laughed.

"Let them be kids, why don't you help me in the kitchen?" Molly asked.

"We can have one chaser and one keeper in each team" Fred reasoned.

"It would be so much better if Charlie and Bill were here" Ron whined.

"They are our older brothers" George explained to Harry.

"We could ask Percy" Fred said, and then George and him started to laugh.

"We could ask the girls" Harry pointed out.

"Danielle knows how to fly?" Ron asked him.

"I don't know, maybe dad taught her" Harry shrugged.

"Ginny is too small to get on a broom" Ron stated.

"I know how to fly" Luna interrupted.

"You do?" Fred asked Luna, who was behind Harry and Ron with Ginny and Danielle.

"Want to play Quidditch?" George asked.

"I don't like flying" Luna stated in a dreamy voice.

"I know how to fly and I like flying" Ginny said excited.

"When did you learn how to fly?" Ron asked.

"I taught her" Danielle lied.

"When?" Fred asked incredulously.

"You just met" George said.

"You are going to let us play" Danielle stated.

"You heard her" said Fred.

"Danielle said we are letting them play, so we are letting them play" said George

"Give them your brooms" said Fred, taking Ron's and Harry's brooms from them.

"They are playing instead of you" George told the younger boys, taking one broom from Fred.

"The eleventh and tenth year old girls are way better than you" Fred said, handing one broom to Ginny while George handed one to Danielle.

Before the girls could get a hold of the brooms, Ron took them.

"Go play with your dolls" Ron told Ginny and Danielle.

The famous Weasley temper could be seen coming forward on Ginny, but it was nothing compared to Lily Evans temper, which Danielle had inherited.

Danielle walked towards Ron and slapped him on the head, taking the brooms from him.

"The dolls are over there" Danielle pointed to the right, "Go have fun" she told Ron and handed one broom to Ginny before getting in the air.

Before Ron could protest, Ginny took off as well.

"Are we playing or are you going to stare?" Ginny mocked the twins.

"You lost" Fred told Harry and Ron. Both Fred and George took off, George with a quaffle on his hands.

"I can't believe she did that!" Ron said shocked., and Harry laughed.

"Your sister took our brooms!" Ron protested.

"Don't you have more brooms?" Harry asked.

"They are in the cupboard" Ron pointed at an old looking cupboard.

"Lets go get them" Harry dragged Ron towards it.

They played for a couple of hours, Ron and Fred being keepers on each team, George and Ginny on Fred's team as chasers, and Danielle and Harry on Ron's team as chasers.

Fred wasn't a very good keeper, but George and Ginny were good at being chasers. Ron was great at being keeper, Danielle was awesome at being chaser, and Harry was pitiful at it. So in all it was a fair game, which Fred's team won.

"I can't believe my sister beat me" Ron whined.

"She is really good" Harry pointed out.

"She is a girl" Ron protested.

"She is a very good girl chaser" Harry stated.

"Not fair" Ron pouted.

"Maybe the nargles had something to do about it" Luna said, once they reached where she had been sitting, watching the game.

"The what?" Ron asked.

"The nargles" Luna repeated in a dreamy voice.

"I've never heard of those" Ron grumbled.

"Or maybe your sister is just a very good chaser" Luna said in her usual dreamy tone.

Everyone started laughing at Ron's red face.

"Lunch is ready!" Mrs. Weasley called from the kitchen.

They all ran inside, just letting the brooms scattered outside.

"I don't think so!" protested Lily, "Everyone back outside! Put those brooms in their place. Come on!"

Everyone slowly got outside again and put the brooms back in the cupboard.

Everyone went inside again feeling very hungry, and seated around the table.

"Go wash your hands!" Lily ordered.

"But..." Danielle started to protest, but got silence by one her mother's famous glares. Danielle got out of her chair quickly and ran towards the nearest bathroom to wash her hands, the rest of the Weasleys, Luna and Harry behind her.

"Your mom is scary" Ron whispered to Harry. Harry laughed it off.

Before Molly was able to serve lunch, Mr. Weasley and James Potter arrived.

"Looks like we are just in time" Mr. Weasley beamed, looking at everyone sitting around the table.

"I am starving" James said sitting in an empty chair.

Lily cleared her throat.

"Hands?" James asked.

Lily nodded.

Both Mr. Weasley and James went to wash her hands, and came back as quickly as they had left.

Molly had outdone herself.

Food had been delicious.

"Don't even think about it!" Molly threatened Fred when he was about to put a rubber spider on Percy's food.

"Amateur" Danielle said.

"Excuse me?" George asked.

"You got caught" Danielle stated.

"You could have done it better?" Fred asked.

"Of course I could!" Danielle looked offended.

"What makes you say that?" George taunted.

"I am a marauder!" Danielle stated.

"You are a what?" Fred asked.

"What did you just say?" George asked.

"Don't mind her" Lily said, "My husband and his group of friends had a group named the marauders when they were in school" she explained.

Both Fred and George looked in awe at James, making him feel slightly uncomfortable.

"You are a marauder?" George asked.

"Who are you? Prongs, Padfoot, Moony or Wormtail? Fred beamed.

"How do you know...." Danielle started to ask.

"Prongs" James said proudly.

Fred and George got out of their chair and started worshiping James.

"You've been our role models since our first year" Fred said.

"Please teach us" George said.

"Let us be your humble servants" Fred said.

"How do you know about the marauders?" Danielle asked.

"We found a map two years ago" Fred started to explain.

"You found the marauders map?" James asked excited, "I can't believe it! Peter, wormtail, lost it in our sixth year. Can I see it?"

"Of course!" George beamed.

"It is in our room!" Fred said.

The three of them disappeared in a second, possibly going to the twins bedroom.

"What exactly are the marauders?" Arthur asked curiously.

"They were a group of friends back in Hogwarts, James, Sirius, Peter and Remus" Lily explained, "They basically liked to prank everyone in the school"

"Pranks?" Molly asked, "I don't think my sons need any more ideas"

"My dad and uncles are the best at pranking" Danielle beamed.

"I don't think they are better than the twins" Ginny argued.

"They should do a prank war to find out!" Danielle said.

"No!" Lily and Molly screamed at the same time.

After lunch, there had been cake and then Ginny opened her presents.

James and the twins had been absent for the rest of the party, until Lily called him so they could go home.

"Coming dear" James called back and skipped down the stairs.

"We had a lovely time" Lily told Molly.

"I'm glad you came" Molly said.

"Happy birthday dear" Lily hugged Ginny.

"Thank you Mrs. Potter" Ginny said.

The Potters went back home.

Random Facts:

Date: 11th August 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 38

Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy

The Potters went back home.

"Can I get a wand?" Danielle asked for the millionth time that day.

"Next year" Lily answered patiently.

But Danielle was getting on Harry's nerves.

"We are here for Harry's school supplies" Lily explained for the millionth time.

The day Harry was due back in Hogwarts was fast approaching, only 3 days away, and like a good family, they had postponed shopping until the last minute. Just like every other wizarding family, it seemed.

Diagon Alley was full. Harry had never seen so many wizards in one place, not even at Hogwarts. It looked like everyone had left their shopping until the last minute.

Harry had thought her mother had forgotten about having to go to Diagon Alley this year, yes, Harry did too. It wasn't the case, it seemed only Harry forgot, and Lily had an ulterior motive.

Harry groaned loudly when he found that what that motive was.

"That is disrespectful Harry" Lily reprimanded.

They were standing outside Florish and Blotts where a large sign was hanging.

Only for today

Autograph signing by Gilderoy Lockhart

He knew he would have to see him at Hogwarts, he hadn't imagined he would see him before that.

He had forgotten about the autograph signing, to be perfectly honest, even if he had remembered about it, he would have never remembered exactly the date it had been.

"Come on!" Lily urged, "We have to get in line"

The line had hundreds of witches.

"Do we have to?" Harry asked annoyed.

"Yes, we do!" Lily said sternly and dragged them both to the end of the line.

"We will never get my things at this rate" Harry said.

"You can get them while Danielle and I wait here" Lily said.

Harry not waiting for her to change her mind, ran inside to get his books as quickly as possible, so he could get out.

"Avoiding the giggly ladies?"

Harry turned around quickly and saw Draco Malfoy with an annoyed look.

"You were dragged here as well?" Harry asked.

"Mom apparently is a fan, though she says it is only because it would look bad if she didn't have his autograph and everyone else did" Draco rolled his eyes.

"He is a fraud" Harry stated.

"You seem sure about it" Draco said with a raised eyebrow.

"It is impossible for anyone to have done everything he says he's done" Harry explained.

"I guess" Draco shrugged, "Our new DADA professor must be a woman"

"Why?" Harry asked.

"We have to buy every book of his" he pointed to a smiling Gilderoy Lockhart life size picture.

"I just hope it isn't him" Harry whined, really hoping Dumbledore had find somebody else.

"Now that would be a waste of time" Draco shivered, "Another year of a fraud of a professor. We should do something about it. We haven't learned anything of importance in that class. If this year we have him, I will be writing to my father"

"That actually wouldn't be such a bad idea" Harry said between teeth, not expecting Draco to hear.

"My dad has great influence in Hogwarts, he could even get Dumbledore sacked" Draco said.

"I know he could" Harry whispered, this time Draco really didn't hear.

"Draco"

Draco and Harry quickly turned around.

Harry saw a man he hadn't seen in a long time, and whom he honestly hated almost as much as he hated Voldemort and Bellatrix.

Long blond, almost white, hair; a cane on his hand, and wearing dark green elegant robes.

Mr. Malfoy.

"Where is your mother?" Mr. Malfoy asked, not looking at either boy.

"She is waiting for Mr. Lockhart to sign a book for her" Draco answered.

"She isn't in line is she?" Mr. Malfoy asked with disgust.

"No, she is waiting for you to come back so you can make Mr. Lockhart give her the autograph" Draco said.

"Of course she is" Mr. Malfoy sighed, "Wait here"

"Your father is a strict man isn't he?" Harry asked almost growling, though Draco didn't seem to notice.

"He is" Draco answered proudly.

"Look who it is!" someone yelled from the crowd.

"Neville Longbottom came here to get a book autographed" Gilderoy Lockhart exclaimed.

Harry could see the annoyed look on Neville at being noticed.

"What he didn't know is that he would be getting my full collection of books, every one signed of course" Lockhart handed him a pile of books, that Neville was struggling to carry.

"This will be a great time to make an announcement" Lockhart said seriously, "This year, I will be taken a much needed break"

Every girl in the place groaned loudly, and Lockhart gave them, a fake sad smile.

"I will be teaching at Hogwarts this year" Lockhart exclaimed loudly.

Draco and Harry groaned loudly, Neville looked like he wanted to throw up.

"At least we are not the only ones who doesn't like the idea" Harry pointed Neville to Draco.

"He isn't as stupid as he seems" Draco said.

"I will be the new DADA professor" Lockhart finished.

Everyone in the room, except for Draco and Harry, and Neville who had his hand occupied holding the pile of books, applauded with enthusiasm.

Every photographer in the place, started flashing their cameras, and Gilderoy Lockhart managed to get Neville into every single picture that was taken.

"Poor Neville" Harry said sincerely.

"I wouldn't want to be in his place" Draco said.

Neville managed to get out of Lockhart's reach and ended up being where Draco and Harry were standing.

"Liking the attention?" Draco smirked, and made Harry raise his eyebrows.

Hadn't he just seen Neville struggling to get away?

"Shove it, Malfoy" Neville exclaimed loudly.

"What? Not liking someone else getting more attention than you?" Draco taunted.

Neville just growled, which made Draco laugh.

"Maybe you can ask him for advice once we are at Hogwarts" Draco said. Neville just glared.

"Boys, are we being friendly?" Malfoy put a hand on Draco's shoulder.

"Yes father. I was giving Neville here some advice" Draco smirked.

"Always doing charity" Mr. Malfoy said with a smirk, "You are more like your mother everyday"

"Father these are Neville Longbottom" Draco pointed at Neville, to whom Mr. Malfoy nodded, "And this is my friend Harry Potter" Draco put a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"Eldest son of James Potter?" Mr. Malfoy asked, and Harry nodded, not trusting his voice.

"Such a shame" Mr. Malfoy shook his head, at which Harry glared.

"Neville we should go" Mr. Longbottom put a hand on Neville's shoulder and glared fiercely at Mr. Malfoy.

"I was just meeting your lovely son" Mr. Malfoy smirked.

"Stay away from my family" Mr. Longbottom threatened.

"How nice of you" Mr. Malfoy said sarcastically.

"Stay away from my family" Mr. Longbottom threatened again, enunciating carefully every word.

"Boys, are we being nice?" a cold voice said from behind Mr. Malfoy.

"Of couse darling" Mr. Malfoy put a hand around Mrs. Malfoy waist, who had a very cold look.

Blond long hair, and cold blue eyes; she was wearing a long dark blue cloak and very big diamond earrings.

"We should be going, love. More and more..." Mrs. Malfoy made a pause, "people" she said with distaste looking at Mr. Longbottom and his son "are coming here. It is beneath us"

"You are right as always, we shouldn't be seen..." Mr. Malfoy made a long pause, "with them" he smirked at Mr. Longbottom and Neville, with a quick glance at Harry.

Mr. Longbottom growled loudly.

"Lost a dog?" Mrs. Malfoy asked with disdain.

"Narcissa" Mrs. Longbottom greeted coldly.

"Alice" Mrs. Malfoy greeted in a colder tone.

"You look lovely" Mrs. Longbottom said in a fake tone.

"You don't" Mrs. Malfoy said coldly, which earned a glare from Mrs. Longbottom.

"You should teach your boys better manners" Mrs. Malfoy advised.

"They know to treat everyone how they deserve to be treated" Mrs. Longbottom answered, which made Mrs. Malfoy smile; it made Harry shiver.

"Harry there you are" Lily exclaimed happily, but her posture quickly changed when she saw Harry was surrounded by the Malfoys and Longbottoms.

"Lily" Mrs. Malfoy greeted with a smirk.

"Narcissa" Lily greeted politely.

"Is this your son?" Mrs. Malfoy asked looking at Harry.

"He is" Lily answered.

"He looks just like James" Mrs. Malfoy said, "Such a shame" she shook her head looking at Lily with disdain.

"We are leaving" Lily told Harry coldly, glaring at Narcissa.

Draco shrugged at Harry; Harry nodded back, walking away with his mother and Danielle.

"Did you get your books?" Lily asked coldly at Harry, when they were outside.

"No" Harry had forgotten.

"We will ask for them to be delivered" Lily said, obviously not wanting to go back, "Your robes still fit?"

"Not really" Harry shrugged.

"We are getting you new robes" Lily stated, rushing them both to Madame Malkins'.

"Who was she?" Danielle whispered for only Harry to hear.

"Mrs. Malfoy" Harry answered in a whisper.

Danielle raised her eyebrows, expecting Harry to explain who Mrs. Malfoy was.

"She is one of my friend's mother" Harry explained.

"She didn't seem nice" Danielle said.

"She didn't" Harry repeated.

"Hogwarts?" A lady asked once they were inside Madame Malkins.

It took almost half an hour for Harry to be fitted, and Danielle to convince her mother to buy her a new blood red robe.

Almost as soon as it started to get dark, the Potter's flooed back home, with everything Harry needed, except for his books, which Lily had already owled to be delivered the next day.

Random Facts:

Date: 29th August 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 39

Poked

Almost as soon as it started to get dark, the Potter's floored back home, with everything Harry needed, except for his books, which Lily had already owled to be delivered the next day.

"Harry are you ready?" Lily asked.

"Will this take long?" Harry whined.

"Probably" Lily answered honestly.

"Do we have to go?" Harry asked.

"Your health is important" Lily said.

Harry was curious most of all, to know what it was so important about the black smoke Poppy had noticed on the diagnostic spell, which she had given him almost a year ago.

Not being able to find out what it was, he had been called into St. Mungos for more tests.

Harry remembered exactly what Madame Pomfrey had said that day.

Flashback

"Is there something wrong?" Lily asked the mediwitch concerned.

Instead of answering her, Madame Pomfrey did the diagnostic spell one more time. This time, the black smoke disappeared almost as soon as it appeared.

"What does the black smoke mean?" Lily asked.

"The green means there had been injuries that had already healed throughout his life, which is perfectly normal. We've all had. The blue shows us his magic, the brighter the more powerful the witch or

wizard is. Harry's is perfectly normal for his age. The red means torture. It can mean physically or mentally, but when it's this red means it hasn't healed. That alone makes me concern" at this point the healer paused for a second "I've never seen black smoke before. I have no idea of what it means, but I don't think it means anything good. I'm going to do more tests and get them to St. Mungos' research department for help" seeing the mother's scared expression she added " Don't worry Lily, I'm sure it is nothing life threatening"

End of Flashback

And now he was being rushed into the fireplace to floo to St. Mungo, his mother with him.

Danielle was staying at the Weasleys today, since she had refused to stay with Holly for the day.

Flashback

"I will call your aunt Laura to see if you can stay with them today" Lily said, grabbing some floo powder.

"No!" Danielle said frowning.

"No?" Lily asked.

"May I stay with Ginny instead?" Danielle pleaded.

"Are you sure?" Lily asked sadly.

"Yes" Danielle nodded.

"You should talk with Holly" Lily advised.

"No" Danielle answered.

"I will call Molly" Lily sighed, and Danielle smiled.

End of Flashback

"We have an appointment" Lily told the woman in the reception.

"Name?" the woman asked.

"Harry James Potter" Lily answered.

"Research team?" the woman asked.

"Yes" Lily answered.

"4th floor" the woman stated, going back to whatever she had been doing before Lily had interrupted her.

"Come on Harry" Lily led the way to the elevator.

The elevator was packed with wizards; Lily and Harry had to squeeze in.

They apparently were on the ground floor. A voice announced what you would find in each floor everytime they reached a new one.

"First floor: Creature-Induced Injuries" the voice announced.

A couple of wizards got out, making more room for everyone else.

"Second floor: Magical Bugs" the voice announced.

Five wizards got out on this floor. The elevator was now comfortable to be in.

"Third floor: Potion and Plant poisoning" the voice announced.

A couple of witches got out, but four got in.

"Fourth floor: Spell damage" the voice announced.

"This is our floor" Lily gently pushed Harry outside once the doors of the elevator opened.

"The voice didn't say research team" Harry stated.

"It would be very long if the voice announced everything there is in each floor" Lily explained.

"How many floors are there?" Harry asked.

"Ten" Lily answered, "But only five allow non-staff members"

"Do you use to work here?" Harry asked.

"You know I was training to be a healer" Lily answered narrowing her eyes.

"I forgot" Harry said quickly.

"Why didn't you finish your training?" Harry asked.

"Because I chose to raise you instead" Lily hugged him, "You already knew that"

"Of course" Harry said.

"Are you planning on coming back?" Harry asked.

"Maybe next year when Danielle enters Hogwarts" Lily said with a smile.

Harry liked this moments, were he could get to know his mother better. He got to know her mother's dreams, what she liked.

"Here it is" Lily announced.

They reached a large bronze door with the words –Research team-written on it; Lily knocked a couple of times.

A small plump witch wearing only white opened the door.

"Harry Potter?" asked the witch looking straight at Harry. Harry nodded.

The witch opened the door to let them through. Inside there were several witches and wizards all wearing white, just like the witch that had greeted them, going from one place to another as if they were in a hurry, no one paid any attention to him or his mother.

"Follow me" the witch told them, walking quickly, avoiding with ease everyone else. Not something Lily or Harry could say, they were having trouble not being on anyone's way.

"If you could sit down and roll your sleeves up, Mr. Potter" the witch asked Harry.

Harry saw a small stool where he sat down and did just what he was told to do.

The witch got a large needle and came towards Harry.

"What is that for?" Harry asked a little scared.

"We are going to get a sample of your blood" the witch answered.

"I thought you already had one" Harry stated.

"It is a year old, we need a new one" The witch answered, and put the needle in his arm, taking a sample of his blood. It all took less than a minute.

"Now, go to Healer Wayne" the witch pointed to a man sitting on the floor with his eyes closed. He looked as if he was meditating.

"Come on Harry" Lily urged, pushing him towards the man.

"Healer Wayne?" Lily asked the man once they reached him.

The man bolted as if he was being attacked.

"You shouldn't disturb someone like that when he is meditating" The man narrowed his eyes angrily at them.

"We were told to come to you" Lily said angrily.

"Who are you?" The man asked harshly.

"This is Harry Potter" Lily put a hand on Harry's shoulder.

The man stood up and grabbed Harry gently by his other shoulder, making him stand in front of him.

"This isn't going to hurt" The man told him gently and took his wand out pointing it at him.

"Wait a minute" Lily protested.

"I won't hurt him" The Healer told Lily.

"You are pointing a wand at my son" Lily said angrily standing between the healer and her son.

"I am a trained mind healer, I am going to try and see if I can find out what happened to your son with Legimency" The Healer explained.

"Will that work?" Lily calmed down.

Harry now was scared. he didn't want the Healer to go into his mind.

"We hope it will" the Healer told Lily. Lily started walking aside, and the Healer pointed his wand at Harry again.

"Wait" Harry said, "What is Legimency?" he asked.

"It is a way for me to gain access into your mind, hopefully it will help me find the answers we are looking for" The Healer explained to him as if he was a 10 year old, which annoyed him until he remembered he had been a 10 year old only 2 years ago, technically.

"I don't think so" Harry closed his eyes.

"Don't worry, I won't look into your secrets" the Healer chuckled, thinking he was with a stubborn child.

"How do I know you won't?" Harry asked not opening his eyes.

"You will feel everything I do, and see everything I see, so you would know if I don't keep my word" The Healer said.

"Still..." Harry started protesting.

"Harry, this is important, open your eyes" Lily ordered.

"No" Harry stated with no emotion.

Legimency.

Harry felt someone trying to get into his mind, which made him open his eyes in shock.

He saw how the healer went quickly over his memories, without looking into any of them.

Abruptly he felt the healer stop, Harry looked carefully at what had made the healer stop, and he could see it too.

It was as if it was a part of a room that hadn't been cleaned in years, dark looking, and with spider webs making it almost impossible for them to get near. At least there were no spiders in sight.

The healer left his mind.

"What was that?" Harry asked.

"Something I've never seen before" the healer answered.

"You've never seen spider webs?" Harry asked.

"Those weren't imaginary spider webs, those were real ones, magical ones" the Healer said.

"What?" Harry asked.

"We need to work on getting rid of them so we can see what they are hiding" The Healer said with a smile, obviously trying not to scare Harry, "It will take time"

"How much time?" Harry asked not really wanting to be there for the rest of the day.

"Lets hope for only a couple of months" The Healer smiled comfortably.

"What?" Harry shrieked, "Months?"

"Maybe a little more, but I will do everything for it to only take a couple of months" The Healer said.

"Is it bad?" Lily asked scared.

"I don't know" The Healer told Lily, "I couldn't see anything but those webs"

"How are you going to get rid of them?" Lily asked.

"Like I said, they are either real ones, or magical ones. I'm going to try the muggle way first, dusting" The Healer smiled, taking it as a joke until he saw Lily's narrowed eyes. The healer cleared his throat and continued in a more serious manner, "If they are magical, I'm going to fight them with magic. If that is the way, then it will probably exhaust Harry"

"Why would it exhaust Harry?" Lily asked.

"It is Harry's mind, I would have to use his magic to get rid of them" The Healer explained.

"He starts school in a couple of days" Lily said concerned.

"I will talk to Dumbledore to schedule appointments, maybe Harry can come here a couple of times a month, or I can go there. Either way it has to be at least a couple of times a month, maybe more." The Healer said.

"I don't think it would be a problem" Lily said smiling at Harry to comfort him.

"Spider webs?" Harry asked annoyed.

It made the Healer chuckle.

"Who should we go to next?" Lily asked the Healer.

"That is enough for today, we have to see if this works first" The Healer said, sitting down again into the position they had found him.

"Thank you Mr. Wayne" Lily said, but he made no reaction of hearing her.

"Let's go Harry, we have to pick Danielle from the Weasley's before going home" Lily said.

Harry still was skeptical about everything the man had said. Maybe he would be able to get rid of those weird things on his mind, without needing the help of the Healer.

Random Facts:

Date: 30th August 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 40

It starts again

Harry still was skeptical about everything the man had said. Maybe he would be able to get rid of those weird things on his mind, without needing the help of the Healer.

"Mom" Harry tried to, carefully and gently, wake Lily up. Not wanting James to hear him.

Sleepily and slowly, Lily opened her eyes and saw her son kneeling beside her.

"Is there something wrong?" Lily jolted from bed.

"No" Harry tried to calm her down, looking over to where James was, hoping he didn't wake up, "I was just wondering..."

Lily saw her son fidgeting, and was starting to get worried.

"Is there any way we could get to platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$, without James and Danielle or Sirius?" Harry rushed.

"No" Lily chuckled.

"You want to get rid of us?" James asked in an offended voice, looking over his wife.

"It's not that" Harry felt guilty.

"We love you so much" James cried.

"I love you too" Harry rushed towards James and hugged him.

"But if you don't want us there..." James said between sobs.

"Of course I do, I'm sorry" Harry said sincerely.

"Perfect. I'll call Sirius" James got out of bed and out of the room, presumably to go get Sirius.

"You do know you were guilted into it, right?" Lily chuckled.

Harry groaned.

"Go get ready" Lily smiled, "I'll make breakfast, your favorite"

Harry smiled weakly and went towards his room.

"Trying to get rid of us?" Danielle smirked when he passed her door.

"I tried" Harry shrugged.

"I'll make you regret it" Danielle threatened jokingly.

Harry groaned and watched his sister closed her door.

Harry had everything ready. He had been hoping to get out of the house before breakfast, which was why he had put everything inside his trunk yesterday night, and slept on his clothes.

Not having anything else to do Harry sat on his bed.

"I could try and get started into what Healer Wayne said" Harry shrugged to himself.

He closed his eyes and took on Healer Wayne's meditation position.

It took him time to relax, he didn't know how much, but it hadn't been easy.

He saw himself on his mind, and started exploring.

His mind for some reason was dark, he felt as if he were in Hogwarts dungeons.

Where was the spider web? He didn't remember where he had seen it.

Someone was sobbing. He could hear someone crying, a boy he thought.

The noise told him, the boy was far from where he was standing, but he could tell it came from a child.

"Harry!" a voice woke him up abruptly.

Harry fell off his bed.

"Breakfast is ready!" Lily called.

Harry looked at his bedside clock, a muggle one, an hour had pass.

"You are getting so big" Lily's eyes were getting moist.

'You are embarrassing him Lily" James put a hand on her shoulder and then came closer to Harry.

"My baby boy is starting his second year!" James cried loudly, getting a couple of families to turn their way.

Harry groaned and waited for the usual dramatic show to start. Instead of it James started to laugh.

Harry squinted his eyes open and saw James standing in front of him, laughing freely.

"I won't do anything this year" James promised and hugged Harry tightly.

Harry smiled and hugged James back.

"Why?" Danielle asked confused.

"What is it, honey?" Lily asked Danielle.

"I miss Sirius" Danielle pouted.

Lily started laughing at Danielle's disappointed expression.

"What is so funny?" James asked, letting go of Harry.

"Sirius is funnier" Danielle kept pouting.

"Than whom?" James asked narrowing his eyes.

"Than you" Danielle accused.

"You don't mean it" James looked offended.

"I wish Sirius were here" Danielle stated.

"I wish he were here to. I think he is funnier, as well" James said squinting his eyes at Danielle.

"Good, you accept it" Danielle patted James' back.

"I meant funnier than you" James narrowed his eyes at her.

Danielle just smirked.

"I like this better" Harry said with a smile.

"This isn't fun for me" Danielle sing-song.

"I am just glad Sirius couldn't make it this time" Harry said relieved.

"Really?" Danielle had a mischief look.

"You are going to tell him I said that aren't you?" Harry sighed.

"Of course! What kind of niece would I be if I didn't?" Danielle smirked.

"I am not going to miss you" Harry stated.

"Yes you are" Danielle said.

"No I am not" Harry said.

"Yes you are" Danielle said.

"No I am not" Harry said.

"Yes you are" Danielle said.

"No I am not" Harry said.

"You are right" Danielle said.

"No I am not" Harry said. Danielle smirked.

"You should get in the train" Lily hugged Harry good-bye.

"She wants you out of the house already" Danielle said, getting a gentle slap on her head from her mother.

"Hug your brother good-bye" Lily stated.

Danielle walked towards Harry and hugged him tightly. "Write to me"

"I will" Harry promised.

"Harry" Ron nodded.

"Ron" Harry nodded with a smile.

He was walking through the narrow halls in the train, trying to find Draco or Theo, when he passed Ron's compartment, where he was sitting with his younger sister, Ginny and her friend Luna.

Both Ginny and Luna waved to him and went back to talking to each other.

"Potter!" Draco called from afar.

Harry walked towards him and into the compartment he had seen Draco get into.

Inside, Daphne, Pansy, Theo, Blaise and Draco were already sitting in complete silence.

"Hi" Harry greeted. Only Theo and Draco nodded.

"Is this going to be like this for the whole time?" Harry asked.

"The whole year?" Daphne asked.

"Yes" Blaise answered.

"I was just talking about the ride to Hogwarts" Harry mumbled.

"Yes" Blaise said again.

"Don't mumble" Pansy chastised.

"They will get over it" Draco shrugged.

"Really?" Harry asked in disbelief.

"No" Draco answered.

"Thank you for your honesty" Harry said in a sarcastic manner.

"That is what friends are for" Draco answered.

"Maybe I should go find Hermione" Harry said.

"She isn't talking to you either" Draco said.

Harry just slumped further into his seat.

"Welcome to a new year in Hogwarts" Dumbledore greeted in his usual cheerful tone.

The Sorting had already gone through.

Luna had been sorted into Ravenclaw and Ginny into Gryffindor.

"I hope he shuts up soon, I am hungry" a new first year Slytherin whined, earning glares from everyone around him.

"Just a few words before we can enjoy the awesome food the Hogwart's house elves prepared for us" Dumbledore said.

"Thank you Headmaster" Lockhart interrupted.

"This should be interesting" Pansy said.

"I hope he shuts up, I am hungry" Draco glared.

"How come no one glared at him?" The boy said pointing at Draco, earning a glare from everyone around him again.

Dumbledore sat down amused and let the new DADA professor talk.

"Thank you headmaster for giving me a chance to greet my new students" He smiled widely towards everyone present.

"I know you are all star-struck at seeing me this close, a celebrity as a professor. How many kids can say that?" Lockhart chuckled.

"Shoot me now" Draco said.

"Gladly" Blaise said, sending a stinging hex towards him.

Draco yelped loudly earning a glare from Professor Snape.

"Exactly" Lockhart said towards the Slytherin table, thinking it had been an over enthusiastic reaction to him, "Please, treat me as you would treat any other professor, I am here to help you"

Everyone clapped loudly, except for the majority of the Slytherins.

"He is a fraud" Draco stated.

"Shut up Drake" Pansy said with a glare, and started to clap loudly.

"I thought she was smarter than that" Daphne said disappointed.

The food had been great as always.

They were now all asleep, except for Harry.

He thought he would try to see who they boy was before going to sleep.

It took him a while to completely relax and get to where he had gotten into that morning.

He could hear the soft sobbing. He walked towards where he thought it was coming from.

Before he could reach the boy, he saw them.

There they were.

In a dark corner, or so he thought, were the spider webs.

Forgetting about the boy he walked towards them.

He could feel them, they were sticky and they smelled as if they were rotten.

He reached towards them and tried to get rid of them by hand.

But when he got rid of some, new ones appeared.

"The muggle way doesn't work" Harry told himself, "So magic it is"

Of course since he was in his head, he had no wand. So he tried to call his magic into doing what he wanted it to do: getting rid of those spider webs, still wary of there being a spider somewhere near.

But he just didn't know how to do it, tired and annoyed he decided to go to sleep, and maybe wait until Healer Wayne taught him how to do it, before he could do it by himself.

Random Facts:

Date: 1st September 1992

I went back to earlier chapters and started trying to make them make a little more sense.

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 41

Time to learn

Tired and annoyed he decided to go to sleep, and maybe wait until Healer Wayne taught him how to do it, before he could do it by himself.

"It must be crowded in there" Luna said seriously staring at him.

It was early in the morning, and everyone was eating their breakfast ready for the first day of class, when Luna walked towards him.

"Not that much" Harry said confused, thinking Luna must be asking about the common room, because of the larger number of first years in Slytherin this year.

"Really?" Luna asked incredulously, "A mind isn't supposed to handle what yours is"

"My mind?" Harry asked confused.

"It must be crowded in there" Luna stated.

"Is she flirting with you?" Theo asked Harry confused.

"I don't think so" Harry answered, not taking his eyes off Luna.

"You should be careful" Luna advice, "Maybe Ycnemulcco could help"

"Ycne... what?" Draco asked, now being part of the discussion.

"Ycnemulcco" Luna repeated, "You need to take control of your mind, I just don't know which you I am talking to"

"What?" the three boys asked at the same time.

"Have a great day" Luna smiled and went towards the Ravenclaw table, she left three very confused slytherin boys behind.

"Mad, that one" Draco said.

"You know her?" Theo asked Harry.

"Yes, she is one of my sister's friends" Harry answered honestly.

"Your sister must be weird then" Theo said, "Did you like my present?" he asked changing the subject to something he had been trying to ask for a long time.

"What?" Harry didn't know what Theo was talking about, he had forgotten about the diary the moment he had hidden it.

"The birthday present I sent you" Theo answered.

"I am not into diaries" Harry said coldly, remembering the diary, which he knew was safely hidden.

Did Theo know about what the diary really was?

It looked like he at least knew it was something that could hurt him. Too much attention was put into it at the moment for his comfort.

"You got him a diary?" Draco asked Theo incredulously, trying hard not to let a loud laugh out.

"It is not a normal diary" Theo defended himself, Draco started laughing and Harry glared at Theo.

"It writes to you back" Theo explained angrily.

"A diary shouldn't write back" Harry stated in the same cold tone.

"Its called magic" Draco stated.

"It still shouldn't write back" Harry said.

"So you are saying, you didn't like my gift?" Theo asked looking offended.

"I just don't like diaries" Harry stated, going back to his food.

"Fine" Theo stated angrily and walked out of the Great Hall.

"That was rude" Daphne stated, once Theo was out of sight, "If you didn't like it, you should have lied"

Harry just shrugged, not really caring about Daphne's advice.

"Really Potter, you are a disgrace to this house" Pansy stated and walked out with Daphne and Blaise besides her.

It was their first class of the year and he was actually looking forwards to it.

Charms had always been an entertaining class. Flitwick was a more than capable teacher.

The class was never quiet, but the only topic there was Charms.

The professor knew how to keep people interested in the subject.

"Welcome back" a very cheerful Professor Flitwick exclaimed at the start of the class.

"He will get a heart attack one of this days" Draco whispered to Harry.

"I thought, maybe today, we could remember what we learned last year" Professor Flitwick tried to tell his class, knowing it wouldn't be received so well.

Everyone in the class groaned except for Hermione, just like Flitwick had known the reaction would be.

"Come on guys" Professor Flitwick sounded excited and tried to get everyone into it as well, "We can see it as a game"

That got everyone's attention, how could it be seen as a game?

"We could make it a contest, or a race" Professor Flitwick started to literally jump up and down.

Murmurs could be heard from the confused, but starting to get excited, class.

Professor Flitwick vanished every chair and desk in the room.

Everyone was standing at the far end of the room with a little muggle toy car in front of them. Some of the purebloods looked like it was the first time they had ever seen a car in their lives.

"Everyone is going to use what they've learned last year in this class, to get the car in front of you to the goal" the Professor explained.

A goal banner appeared at the other end of the room, where Flitwick was standing.

"Easy. now what is that?" Draco asked pointing at the cars.

"It won't be that easy" Professor Flitwick clapped happily, "Those are called cars, it's a muggle type of transportation. Everyone will start at my sign"

The pureblood looked disgusted at the thought of using any type of muggle transportation, and confused as well. Some of them actually put their wands away and crossed their arms.

After a couple of seconds, lights came out of the professors' wand and everyone started to get the car into the other side of the room.

Flames appeared in front of some cars, or the floor started to crack as if an earthquake had appeared in front of others.

Some cars burned and others disappeared into the floor.

Harry hadn't started the race yet, astonished to how hard the race actually looked.

Professor Flitwick was doing everything in his power to make everyone fail. He looked as if he was having the time of his life.

Hermione's car looked as if it was going to make it, until Flitwick saw it and turned it into ice, making the girl adopt a shocked expression.

Wingardium Leviosa

Harry levitated his car towards the other side, where the banner was.

Putting it down gently, and pushed it with a little magic to go through the banner.

"I won" Harry announced calmly.

"What?" The professor asked amused, turning around to see the car that had gone pass him.

Harry pointed to his car, and Professor Flitwick saw that Harry was being honest.

"Congratulations Mr. Potter" The professor exclaimed happily, "20 points to Slytherin" he awarded him.

"Congratulations Mr. Potter" Draco imitated the professor, once class was over.

"That is disrespectful" Hermione chastised, she had been walking behind them.

"That is disrespectful" Draco now imitated Hermione.

Hermione huffed and walked away.

"Hermione wait!" Harry ran after her, it was the perfect opportunity for him to talk to her.

"I'm sure Draco didn't mean it" Harry apologized once he had reached her.

"Yes, he did" Hermione had tears coming down her cheeks.

"He likes you" Harry tried.

"You all left me behind" Hermione sobbed, she had been wanting to ask for a long time why they had left her behind.

"What?" Harry was now confused, he didn't know what she was talking about.

"You went to get the stone without me" Hermione said in a whisper, looking at the floor. She felt a little unsure of herself at the moment. She had thought she had had friends, but they had abandoned her.

"We thought you didn't want to go" Harry tried to make her feel better.

"You still lied to me" Hermione accused angrily, gaining more confidence.

"Hermione, we had to go get it" Harry tried to reason with her, trying to get her to understand how important it had been.

"No, you didn't" Hermione shoved him lightly, "A professor would have done a better job"

"You can't always expect others to save you" Harry said angrily, he loved Hermione, but he hated the fact that she was so trusting of the power figures around her.

"We are just kids" Hermione looked offended.

"We are capable of doing more than you think" Harry said softly, trying to make her understand and be more trusting of her capabilities.

"You lied to me" Hermione said, more tears coming out.

"I am sorry" Harry apologized sincerely. They had really hurt her.

"It is not enough" Hermione said with intensity in her words.

"What can I do?" Harry asked a little desperate to make things better.

"You can start by answering the question I asked last year" Hermione said seriously.

Flashback

"No, I meant. Why do you think I am more powerful than what I let others know?" Harry asked.

"You killed a Troll" Hermione said.

"No, I didn't" Harry said.

"I was there. You don't have to lie, no one is here but us" Hermione said.

"Hermione, I didn't kill the Troll" Harry said.

"I saw you" Hermione said.

"We are talking about Halloween right?" Harry asked. She nodded.

"The Troll just fell dead" Harry said.

"No it didn't. I saw you kill it" Hermione said getting frustrated.

"I didn't even have time to point my wand at it" Harry said.

"Yes you did, I saw you cast the curse that kill it" Hermione said.

"I think you have no idea of what you saw" Harry said.

"Really?" Hermione asked, "So there is nothing weird about you?"

"No there isn't" Harry said.

"Why did you curse Ron off his broom?" Hermione asked.

"I didn't" Harry said

"You said Draco did" Hermione said, "Yet your wand was the one that was used"

"My wand wasn't used" Harry said.

"Everyone know it was, it was all over the school about the Priori Incantatem, just like the fact that you denied the wand was yours" Hermione said.

"It was a misunderstanding" Harry said.

"You didn't know your own wand?" Hermione asked.

"I didn't had much time with it" Harry said.

"How do you know Ginny Weasley?" Hermione asked. It startled Harry.

"Why do you ask that?" Harry asked surprised.

"So you do know her?" Hermione looked triumphant.

"Why do you think I know her?" Harry asked.

"You mentioned a Ginny. I just wasn't sure it was Ginny Weasley" Hermione said.

"Why is this important?" Harry asked.

"I don't know yet. You are going to answer that" Hermione said.

"I am sorry Hermione but we are all entitled to have our secrets" Harry said, with a finality to his tone.

End of Flashback

"I am sorry Hermione but we are all entitled to have our secrets" Harry said once more, using the same words he had used before.

"There shouldn't be secrets between friends" Hermione said sadly.

"You shouldn't push people to tell you something they aren't ready to tell" Harry stated.

"I thought you trusted me" Hermione looked hurt.

"I do" Harry said.

"Not completely" Hermione said.

"I am sorry" Harry apologized.

"You keep saying that" Hermione said.

"I am really sorry" Harry said.

"We are going to be late" Hermione said, walking away.

"Mr. Potter, you are late" Professor Snape said when Harry walked into the class, one minute before it was supposed to start.

"The bell hasn't rang" Harry protested.

"Maybe a T on today's assignment will help you read the time" Professor Snape said.

"Being on time is the same as being late" Blaise told him once he sat down, something they had explained to Harry last year.

"And an essay about punctuality" Snape continued once Harry sat down.

The potion they were supposed to do for the class was already written in the board.

Harry started on his potion with Draco.

At the middle of the class, they were interrupted.

"Mr. Potter you already have a T" Snape said once he walked beside him.

"So I shouldn't be doing today's assignment?" Harry asked confused.

"You shouldn't be in my class" Snape stated coldly.

Harry grabbed his things and started to walk out of the room, not really wanting to fight with the potions' master.

"Another detention for walking out of class" Snape called after him.

"But you said..." Harry started to defend himself.

"Maybe an essay about how to act in class" Snape dismissed him.

Harry shut the door close after him.

The first day of classes' had finished with Herbology. it couldn't have come any faster for Harry.

"Welcome to Defense against the Dark Arts class" Lockhart greeted them.

He entered the room after all the students were seated, obviously wanting to make a big entrance.

The room was just like Harry remembered it, pictures of Lockhart covering all the walls. All the photos were smiling at the students, they were going to blind them all. Having teeth that white should be illegal.

"Why don't you choose a place to sit" Lockhart said as if he hadn't noticed everyone was already seated.

"You don't really need to know anything about defending yourselves against the dark arts" The professor started saying.

"What?" Harry and Draco asked interrupting the professor.

"Not when you have me to protect you" The professor finished, making all the girls sigh dreamily.

"So you will always be there if we need you" Harry stated.

"Not again" Pansy whined, knowing Harry was going to mock the professor just like he had mocked last year's professor.

"What do you have against DADA?" Daphne asked irritated.

"Besides my last DADA professor trying to kill me?" Harry said sarcastically.

"You survived" Daphne said regretfully.

"Get over it" Blaise told Harry, annoyed.

"As I was saying" The professor cleared his throat to gain everyone's attention once more, "We will have a quick surprise exam"

Everyone groaned.

"Is it about DADA or you?" Harry asked.

"It is about what is in the books you were supposed to have read before coming to class" Lockhart said happily.

"We were supposed to read them?" Draco asked.

"You gave us 7 books!" Harry exclaimed.

"I am sure you found them very interesting" Lockhart said.

"What is so interesting about your smile and favorite color?" Harry asked him.

"My achievements..." The professor started saying.

"Aren't possible" Harry interrupted.

"Excuse me?" The professor asked getting annoyed.

"They are impossible" Harry stated again.

"Mr. Potter, I understand" Lockhart looked as if he was trying hard to make him feel comprehended, "It must be hard"

"What do you mean?" Harry asked confused.

"You obviously like the attention, and with Neville and now me..." Lockhart said regretfully.

"I don't like the attention" Harry defended himself.

"Quiet, it's time for the exam" Lockhart said happily and handed them the papers.

"His favorite color?" Draco asked once class was over, "His favorite food?"

"He is full of himself" Harry stated.

"You can say that again" Draco said.

"Are you sure you aren't related" Harry asked.

"Careful Potter, I am the only friend you have left" Draco stated coldly and walked a little faster than Harry.

Random Facts:

Date: 2nd and 3rd September 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 42

Dueling?

"Careful Potter, I am the only friend you have left" Draco stated coldly.

"I thought it would be fun to have a mini dueling tournament" The Professor said over excited.

They were in their DADA class. Not something any of them were looking forward. At least not the ones that actually saw through the professors facade.

"We haven't learned anything yet" Blaise told the professor with a raised eyebrow.

The only thing they have learned so far where personal attributes of the professor. You certainly couldn't defend yourself with that knowledge.

"You are in second year already" The Professor said, "And you've read my books, I think that is all you need"

"So we are either supposed to stutter them to death or bore them to death" Draco stated, "depending on which professor we choose is better, Quirrel or you"

The sarcasm was palpable.

"I knew you would love this idea!" Lockhart ignored Draco's comment, to which Draco rolled his eyes.

"We can make it a couple's duel or you can fight solo" Lockhart said in a scary voice, but kept smiling. To Harry it was scary.

"Couples" "Solo"

Lockhart chuckled.

"How about we make two tournaments, and you can choose to be in a couple's or solo's duel" Lockhart said posting two pieces of paper in a wall.

"Put your name in whichever you want" Lockhart said.

"Can we put our names in both?" Neville asked.

"Of course you may" Lockhart exclaimed, "But it wouldn't be fair for the rest of them to fight the boy-who-lived. It wouldn't be fair if I write my name in it, would it?"

"That is a great idea" Draco exclaimed, faking enthusiasm.

"What is?" Lockhart asked.

"The one that wins should fight the professor" Draco exclaimed.

"But, it wouldn't be fair" Lockhart tried to get himself out of it.

"It would be an awesome learning experience" Daphne said.

"We would have the opportunity to fight an experienced dueler" Blaise said.

"Well, if its what everyone wants" Lockhart said.

And a chorus of "yes" was heard.

"Then the tournament will only be solo" Lockhart said.

"Scared of fighting two twelve year olds at the same time?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Of course not" Lockhart said, "But it will be more interesting"

Lockhart vanished the papers that had been hanging in the wall.

"How about we start with Draco Malfoy vs Ron Weasley" Lockhart said vanishing the desks and chairs in the room.

Both Draco and Ron walked to the center of the room and bowed to each other slightly not taking their eyes off of each other.

"When I say three you can start" Lockhart said, "Remember until I say three"

Reducto!

"Ahhh" Ron jumped aside barely managing to avoid the curse Malfoy had thrown at him.

"That is cheating" Ron said angrily.

"He said three" Draco smirked.

Wingardium Leviosa!

Ron tried to levitate a picture of Lockhart towards Draco, but it was painfully slow and taking Ron's complete concentration.

Reducto!

Draco blew the painting with the curse.

"My painting" Lockhart cried.

Both Ron and Draco looked at each other. Draco without making a sound showed Ron quickly how to do the Reducto curse, so Lockhart wouldn't notice. Ron nodded at him when he thought he got it.

Reducto!

Ron cried the curse loudly, a little to the right to where Draco was, hitting the painting behind. It exploded as well.

"Bad aiming Weasel" Draco said.

Reducto!

Draco cried out, aiming his curse a little to the left to where Ron was standing, hitting the painting behind.

"There is something wrong with my wand" Draco said.

"It looks like it is a tie" Lockhart stopped the duel, shocking back angry sobs.

"Miss Brown and Miss Greengrass can go next" Lockhart said, pushing Draco and Ron away.

"Good one" Harry high fived Draco.

"I still don't know if I like him better than Quirrel" Draco said looking at Lockhart.

"His classes aren't as boring" Blaise said.

"True" Draco smirked, "Lets see how Daphne wins this one"

"Lavender can surprise you" Harry said.

"Not against Daphne" Blaise said.

Lavender bowed completely, and Daphne barely enough.

"When I say three" Lockhart said, "One, two, three"

Daphne cried something out that no one could decipher and next thing they knew Lavender was bound in the ground, her wand in Daphne's left hand.

"Easy" Daphne said, walking away.

"Miss Greengrass aren't you forgetting something?" Lockhart said.

"I don't know the counter spell" Daphne shrugged, walking towards Blaise, who quietly congratulated her.

"Surely you know it Professor" Blaise said.

"Of course" Lockhart said walking towards Lavender.

Trying every spell he could think of and not being able to get Lavender out of the bounding.

"We should continue with the dueling" Lockhart said.

"You are going to leave Lavender like that?" Harry asked.

"It is a good learning experience, she could try and get out of it" Lockhart said.

Without thinking and with a silent spell, Harry freed Lavender.

"Good, Miss Brown, you were able to get yourself out of it" Lockhart said surprised.

Everyone had an opportunity to duel; the last ones being Harry and Neville, the slytherins always winning.

"Mr. Longbottom vs Mr. Potter" Lockhart said.

"This should be easy" Neville taunted.

"It should be fun" Harry smiled.

"On the count of three" Lockhart said, "One, two..."

"Aaaaah!" Harry started screaming, blood coming out of his forehead, soaking his face.

"Mr. Potter!" Lockhart exclaimed scared and ran towards him, "What is wrong?"

"I didn't do it!" Neville put his hands up in a defensive manner.

"Of course you didn't" Lockhart said, "Mr. Malfoy help Mr. Potter get to the Hospital wing"

Draco moved quickly towards Harry and caught him just as he fainted.

"Maybe Mr. Zabini can help you" Lockhart said.

Reluctantly Blaise walked towards them, and helped Draco with Harry.

"What happened?" Madame Pomfrey asked once he saw Harry.

"He fainted" Blaise stated.

"Blood came out of his forehead" Draco pointed to it.

"Get out" Madame Pomfrey ordered the two boys while she tended to Harry.

"How is he?" Dumbledore asked.

"He is exhausted, sleep should help" Madame Pomfrey answered, not taking her eyes off the boy.

"What happened?" Dumbledore asked.

"I am not sure" Madame Pomfrey answered honestly.

"How is it possible for a boy to just faint and blood to come out like that?" Dumbledore asked.

"We should tell his parents" Madame Pomfrey said.

"No" Dumbledore stated.

"What do you mean no?" Madame Pomfrey asked angrily, "They deserve to know"

"We don't know what happened to him, we shouldn't worry them" Dumbledore said.

"They are his parents, they deserve to know" Madama Pomfrey protested.

"You just said Harry is only exhausted. It is not life threatening, we shouldn't worry them" Dumbledore said.

"Albus Dumbledore!" Madame Pomfrey stated angrily.

"He is fine" Dumbledore said with a smile and walked out of the Hospital Wing.

"At least I have to tell Healer Wayne" Madame Pomfrey said to herself, going towards her office to floo the healer.

"Yes?" A voice asked.

"With Healer Wayne please" Madame Pomfrey stated.

"I will connect you" The voice said.

"Yes?" a voice asked a couple of minutes later.

"Healer Wayne?" Poppy asked.

"Yes, who is this?" Wayne asked.

"This is Poppy Pomfrey, I am calling from Hogwarts" Madame Pomfrey said.

"Is there something new with Mr. Potter?" Wayne asked.

"Actually there is" Madame Pomfrey said, "He was just brought to me"

"May I come through?" Wayne asked.

"Please" Madame Pomfrey stepped back so Healer Wayne could come through.

"Healer Wayne" Wayne introduced himself once he was standing in Madame Pomfrey's office.

"Madame Pomfrey" Poppy introduced herself.

"What happened?" Wayne asked interested.

"It seems Mr. Potter fainted during a duel" Madame Pomfrey said.

"Was he hit with something?" Wayne asked.

"No, the duel hadn't started yet when he fainted. Blood came from his forehead, but there are no cuts" Madame Pomfrey said.

"Is he unconscious?" Wayne asked.

"He should be" Poppy answered.

"May I see him?" Wayne asked.

"Of course" Poppy led him to Harry.

"Mr. Potter" Poppy exclaimed when he saw Harry awake.

"Why am I here?" Harry whined, "Mr. Wayne, why are you here?"

"What happened Harry?" Wayne asked.

"I don't know" Harry shrugged.

"May I look into it?" Wayne asked.

"Into what?" Harry asked back.

"Into your mind, maybe I can see what went wrong" Wayne said.

"I guess" Harry said uncertain.

Wayne sat in front of Harry and went straight into his mind.

Not wasting time, Wayne found what he was looking for immediately.

There was a spot where it looked like someone had been ripping the web off.

It looked completely dark if you looked through it.

"Mr. Potter, I don't think it is a good idea to take it out" Wayne said once he left his mind, knowing Harry would understand what he was talking about.

"Why not?" Harry asked.

"It seems to be hurting you, I don't know how you did it without me, but you shouldn't try it again" Wayne said.

"You said it shouldn't be there" Harry said.

"It shouldn't, but amazingly, it looks like it's actually helping you" Wayne said, "There seems to be something more dangerous behind it"

"Did you hear him?" Harry asked.

"Heard who?" Wayne asked.

"The boy" Harry answered.

"What boy?" Wayne asked.

"The one that was crying" Harry answered.

"Where?" Wayne asked.

"In my mind" Harry answered.

"You can hear a boy crying in your head?" Wayne asked concerned.

"Never mind" Harry said.

"There is going to be a dueling class" Draco told Harry once he had been let go by Madame Pomfrey.

"Since it went so well the first time" Harry was sarcastic.

"I don't think Dumbledore would put that incompetent man as the professor" Draco said.

"It is Dumbledore, and that man is our DADA professor" Harry pointed out.

"Yes, but Severus would be a much better choice. Professor Flitwick is a duel champion" Draco pointed out.

"I still think Dumbledore is going to choose Lockhart" Harry shrugged.

"I don't think so" Draco said.

"Willing to bet?" Harry taunted.

"How much?" Draco gave in.

"Why does it have to be money?" Harry asked.

"What were you thinking?" Draco asked.

"If I win, you will do as I say for the rest of the year" Harry smirked.

"You are joking" Draco said in disbelief.

"You were so sure you were right" Harry said.

"If I win you will start acting as a true slytherin" Draco said.

"Deal" Harry offered his hand, Draco shook it.

Both of them wrote their names in the sheet.

Random Facts:

Date: 4th September 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 43

Snake

"Deal" Harry offered his hand, Draco shook it.

Both of them wrote their names in the sheet.

Severus walked into the Great Hall, where almost all students were in.

At his presence, everyone fell silent.

"I told you" Draco whispered to Harry.

"Wait for it" Harry whispered back.

Not even a minute after Snape, Lockhart walked in.

"A tie?" Draco asked angrily.

Lockhart walked towards the platform that was in the middle of the hall, where they were all used to seeing large tables. Now it was going to be used as the room for their dueling class, no tables or chairs could be seen.

"Welcome everyone" Lockhart greeted, "I am going to be your dueling instructor"

All the girls sighed, and most of the boys groaned.

"I told Dumbledore how very important it is for you to learn how to defend yourself, and of course he thought I was right" Lockhart smiled widely.

"Yesterday you said we didn't need to learn how to defend ourselves" Blaise said loudly.

"You said you would always be there to protect us" Theo said loudly.

"You were lying?" Daphne asked in a fake scared tone.

"Of course not" Lockhart looked uncomfortable, "but I can't be there for you all the time"

"Especially if he is signing pictures and posing for reporters" Draco grumble, which made Harry chuckled.

"The first thing we are going to learn, is the proper decorum in a duel" Lockhart started explaining, "Professor Snape was kind enough to agree to be my assistant"

Snape glared fiercely at Lockhart.

"Assistant?" Draco started to laugh, but stopped when Snape noticed.

"I won" Harry told him.

"I can't believe I lost" Draco grumbled angrily.

"If Professor Snape would be kind enough to come, everyone thank Professor Snape for this" Lockhart started clapping, very few joined him.

Snape walked towards the platform and stood in front of Lockhart.

"When you are in a duel you have to bow to your opponent first" Lockhart bowed deeply, and Snape lightly.

"The first spell will learn in this class will be the disarming spell" Lockhart started explaining, "It will take your opponents wand away. The spell is Expelliarmus"

Everyone repeated slowly trying to copy the wand's movement.

"I will demonstrate" Lockhart said, "Don't worry, I won't hurt your professor" he chuckled.

"First we bow" Lockhart bowed again deeply, and Snape only nodded.

"Then we duel" Lockhart said.

Expelliarmus!

Snape threw the spell towards Lockhart before he even pointed his wand at the potions master. Lockhart was thrown backwards off the platform, his wand now in Snape's hand.

"Awesome!" Draco exclaimed. All Slytherins cheered.

Lockhart stood up and got up in the platform once more.

"That was the correct way to use it" Lockhart said, "Thank you Professor Snape"

"And what did Lockhart teach us? How to land?" Draco sneered.

"Maybe we should have a mock duel" Lockhart said, "How about Neville Longbottom and Ron Weasley?"

"No" Snape stated, "Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter"

"This should be fun" Draco smirked and walked towards the professors.

"I am having Déjà vu" Harry grumbled to himself, before following Draco.

"Only aim to disarm" Lockhart said cheerfully.

"I won't go easy on you" Draco smirked while bowing lightly.

"Sounds like fun" Harry copied Draco on his bow.

"At the count of three" Lockhart said for everyone to hear, "One, two three"

Expelliarmus!

Reducto!

"I said only disarm" Lockhart tried to stop the duel.

Spells were being yelled and thrown.

Lockhart was now cowering off the platform, Snape only smirked.

Serpensortia!

Draco yelled, and a king cobra appeared in front of Harry.

"You have to be kidding me" Harry whined. He tried to get rid of it by magic but the snake was too fast, and getting angry.

It slithered towards a student near the platform ready to strike.

"Stop" Harry ordered, knowing full well he hadn't use english.

The snake stopped and looked at Harry.

"You speak" it said.

"I do" Harry told it, "Leave him alone"

"Why" the snake asked.

"He didn't do anything to you" Harry said.

"So?" The snake asked.

"Why do you want to hurt him?" Harry asked.

"He smells good" The snake hissed, looked towards the frightened, shocked student and pounced, but vanished before it could reach him.

"Class is over" Snape said, still pointing his wand at where the snake had been last, but not taking his eyes off Harry.

"You are a parselmouth?" Draco asked looking offended when they were back in their common room.

"It is not a big deal" Harry tried to shrug it off.

"Not a big deal?" Draco voice went very high.

"Drop it Malfoy" Harry stated.

"You are a Slytherin" Blaise said.

"What?" Harry asked turning around, he hadn't known someone else was paying attention to their conversation.

"You have to be related to him, only they have that ability" Blaise stated, sitting down next to Draco.

"I don't think the Potters are related to Slytherin" Harry didn't sound convince, what if Blaise was right?

"You have to be" Blaise said.

"You are related to the Dark Lord" Draco sighed impressed.

"What?" Harry didn't sound happy with the idea.

"The Dark Lord is Lord Slytherin, so you must be related" Draco stated.

"You have to be kidding me" Harry said.

"You have to, only the ones in Slytherin line have the ability to talk to snakes" Blaise stated.

"Everyone is going to love you" Draco smirked.

"It didn't looked like it" Harry said, remembering everyone's scared expression.

"Everyone that matters is going to love you" Draco said.

"You mean the slytherins?" Harry asked.

"Who else would I mean?" Draco asked.

"He is right" Blaise pointed at Draco, "You will be treated like royalty"

"Slytherins can't make up their mind about me can they?" Harry asked.

"You are unique" Blaise said.

"They always think about themselves, right now you are important" Draco said.

"Why am I important?" Harry said.

"Are you really that dense?" Draco said.

"You are a slytherin descendent, since the Dark Lord is presumably dead, you're family is the only known live descendents. You would be considered one of, if not the most important and powerful family in the wizarding world" Blaise explained respectfully.

"So I would be the snake's King" Harry said.

"More like Prince" Draco said.

"Your father would be the king" Blaise pointed out.

"I still don't think the Potter's have slytherin blood in them" Harry said uncertain. What other reason was possible for him to be a parselmouth?

Dumbledore's POV

"Potters and Slytherin?" Dumbledore asked himself.

Dumbledore went towards Fawkes and stroked the magnificent bird lovingly.

"What is so important about the eldest Potter child?" Dumbledore asked the phoenix, not really expecting an answer, "Why is he always involved in everything that happens?"

Dumbledore started pacing in his office until a couple of minutes later he made up his mind and went towards his desk. He sat down and looked for a blank piece of parchment in one of his desk's drawers. Finally he found one in the bottom one, he took it and closed the drawer.

In the top of the desk there was a quill and a bottle of ink ready to be used.

He took it and started to write a letter.

Mr. Potter,

James, it has been longer than I would like, how is your family?

I am sure you would love to hear about young Mr. Potter.

He has been doing great in classes, extraordinary student your son is.

He has some interesting ability, which is the main reason for this letter.

I am afraid this isn't merely a social letter to enquire on your health.

Young Mr. Potter surprised us yesterday in our new dueling class.

You should come visit us sometime, an auror, maybe giving some points would be a great asset for the class.

I am sure Professor Lockhart will be grateful.

But this senile man is getting off topic. As I was saying, young Mr. Potter surprised us all by letting us know of his rare and unique talent.

I am sure it wasn't intentional, but we found out when he let loose a snake on one of the students present, it is very uncommon for someone to be able to talk to those magnificent creatures.

I didn't know you were from the Slytherin line, I guess I always had the impression you were from the Gryffindor line.

It was an unexpected surprise.

I hope your family is well, please send my regards to your beautiful wife and your friends.

Albus Percival Dumbledore

Random Facts:

Date: 12th September 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 44

Here comes the night

In the top of the desk there was a quill and a bottle of ink ready to be used.

He took it and started to write a letter.

Harry,

We received a very surprising letter yesterday afternoon from Albus Dumbledore.

Potters coming from the Slytherin line?

What a prank!

How did you manage it?

But be careful son, making everyone believe you are trying to get a snake to hurt a student is taking it a bit too far.

It was a prank right?

If not. YOU ARE IN BIG TROUBLE YOUNG MAN!

Parseltongue? Really?

You never said anything. I would look into the family tree anyway, just to be sure, but Potters are known for being of the Gryffindor line.

Of course it is not impossible for a Potter to have married someone from the Slytherin line at some point. Like I said, I will look into it.

Write us back.

At least to explain to us about the snake, or better yet about the prank, crossing my fingers.

Hope you are well,

Danielle and your mother send their best wishes and love (too corny, I know)

Your father,

James Potter

"Are you in trouble?" Draco asked, trying to read the letter above Harry's shoulder.

"I am not sure yet. But I could be" Harry sighed.

"They should be proud" Draco pointed out.

"For getting a snake to attack a student?" Harry asked.

"You didn't!" Draco exclaimed surprised.

"Of course I didn't" Harry looked offended.

"But you just said..." Draco started saying.

"That is what everyone thinks I did" Harry interrupted.

"So what happened then?" Draco asked Harry to explain.

"I tried to calm down the stupid cobra that you conjured" Harry accused.

"It was a duel!" Draco defended him self, "We are not friends during a duel"

"As I was saying. I was trying to calm the snake down, but the stupid snake wouldn't listen to me" Harry said.

"I thought all snakes had to obey anyone who could speak their language" Draco said confused.

"Really?" Harry asked, "They rarely listen to me"

"You have to be the exception to the rule" Draco said.

"Awesome!" Harry exclaimed sarcastically.

"Why did it attack that guy?" Draco asked.

"Because snakes are awful creatures" Harry grumbled.

"Snakes are our house animals" Draco pointed out.

"That doesn't mean they aren't awful" Harry stated.

"Planning on killing anyone?" a random Gryffindor upper year student asked in a malicious tone walking beside them.

"Yes, we were just trying to decide who though" Draco said with a serious expression, "Interested?"

The boy left them stomping as he did.

"Thank you" Harry told Draco sarcastically.

"Be proud of who you are" Draco told him seriously.

"Excuse me?" Harry asked.

"You are a parselmouth. Accept it and be proud of it" Draco said.

"I am not ashamed of it" Harry stated.

"Then stop trying to make everyone like you" Draco said.

"I don't care if they like me" Harry said.

"Yes you do" Draco said, "Stop trying to be everyone's friend. Not everyone is always going to like you"

"I know that" Harry said.

"We should go back inside" Draco said, walking back towards the castle. Harry fell behind, deciding to stay there for a couple of more minutes.

He went to a tree nearby and sat underneath it.

He had been having weird headaches all day, now being one of those times.

He was going to try and meditate for a while, at least that would relax him.

Inside his mind he decided he was going to try and find the spider webs again, maybe this time he would be more successful on taking them off.

After a couple of wrong turns inside his mind, which he found embarrassing, he found the place he was looking for.

Somehow, for some reason, there seem to be less spider webs than he remembered. It was darker and he felt colder with every step.

Finally he reached them and willed all his power into taking them off.

Slowly he started to see them starting to react to his magic, but it was taking a lot of his energy to do just that. He was beginning to feel exhausted.

Maybe if he slept for a while he could try again later.

"Harry wake up" Ginny shook Harry up.

Harry woke up and saw Ginny and Luna standing in front of him.

Luna was looking at him carefully standing a little further from him than Ginny.

"You fell asleep" Ginny giggled.

Harry just looked at her as if he was trying to figure out who she was.

"Are you feeling alright?" Ginny asked a little concerned.

"Good afternoon, I am Luna Lovegood" Luna stepped forward and introduced herself to Harry.

"Lovegood?" Harry asked in a cold voice.

"Pureblood" Luna stated.

"What?" Ginny asked confused.

"This is Ginevra Weasley, pureblood" Luna introduced Ginny.

"Don't call me Ginevra!" Ginny told the blonde girl angrily, "He already knows us"

"Where am I?" Harry asked in the same cold voice.

"Hogwarts" Ginny answered, feeling a little confused.

"Really?" Harry smirked, "How old am I?"

"Your body is 12 years old" Luna answered.

Harry made a disgusted face.

"Could you let Harry out now?" Luna asked.

"No" Harry answered getting up and dusting off the dirt in his robes.

"That isn't your body" Luna stated.

"It isn't his either" Harry smirked and walked away.

"What was that about?" Ginny asked, once Harry was out of sight.

"Harry was suspended" Luna said in a dreamy voice.

"Suspended?" Ginny asked raising her eyebrows.

"He will be back" Luna said and walked towards the school, leaving Ginny confused.

"I can't believe Harry is a parselmouth" Ginny said, the Weasley twins, Ron, Neville and Luna present.

"He isn't" Luna said.

"We all heard him" Ron told the blonde girl.

"Yes we did" Luna smiled.

Ron shook his head in confusion and went back to looking at everyone but at Luna.

"Only someone from the Slytherin line can speak parseltongue" Luna stated.

"I knew it!" Neville exclaimed loudly, "Potter is a slytherin!"

"Of course he is" Fred said.

"We all saw him being sorted into Slytherin" George said.

"That is not what I meant" Neville said.

"He is a descendent from one of the founders?" Ginny looked impressed.

"No" Luna answered.

"But you just said..." Neville started to say.

"Harry isn't a descendent from Slytherin" Luna said.

"You said only someone from Slytherin line can speak parseltong" Neville looked irritated.

"Exactly" Luna smiled widely.

"You are making no sense" Neville said irritated.

"Harry isn't a heir" Luna stated.

"Then how was he able to speak parseltongue?" Ron asked confused.

"He wasn't" Luna answered.

"We all heard him!" Ron exclaimed.

"Yes we did" Luna smiled.

"You are impossible" Neville left angrily.

"Why was he so angry?" Luna asked confused.

"You are weird" Ron told her.

"We like you" Fred and George told her at the same time.

"Thank you, I like you too" Luna answered seriously and sincerely,
"The slythein heir is inside him"

"What?" Ron and Ginny asked him at the same time.

Fred and George started laughing, thinking it was a joke.

"Laughter is important" Luna told the twins.

Snape's POV

"Severus Snape" Harry Potter said in a low voice.

"Another detention Mr. Potter" Severus said in a menacing way.

"Wrong name" Harry smirked.

"What was that?" Snape asked.

Harry walked towards the potions master, slowly, Snape couldn't take his eyes off him, there was something familiar in the way he walked. Potter acted as if he was the owner of the world.

Snape had called Harry to his office on Dumbledore's orders. He was supposed to find out what the brat's intentions were. Obviously Harry didn't speak parseltongue, Potter was too Gryffindor and Lily was a muggleborn. Harry couldn't possibly be of the Slytherin line.

He was just as arrogant as his father, he wanted attention.

The fact that he had hissed to a snake hadn't meant anything but that he was an attention seeker.

Harry reached Snape and held his arm tightly.

Before Snape could think about what was happening, Harry exposed the potions master's forearm and saw the mark.

Snape got away from Harry roughly and glared at him.

"Why are you here?" Harry asked curiously.

Snape just glared.

Harry paced a bit slowly and calmly.

"Are you still a death eater or are you a traitor?" Harry asked slowly.

Snape caught the fact that Harry thought being on Dumbledore's side was the same as being a traitor. He had to be smart about this. Why did Harry know about the mark? It wasn't common knowledge anymore. It had been during the war.

Children now thought about the war as a story their parents used to tell.

Snape didn't answer Harry's question.

"You should have looked for me" Harry's face contorted to rage.

Crucio!

Pain like he had wished he'd never feel ever again was currently the only thing he felt.

He was in the ground trying hard not to scream out loud, he could taste blood in his mouth, he must have bitten himself at some point.

It dragged for almost a minute, but felt like hours to him.

"I don't like traitors" Harry said once he had lifted the curse of the man.

Crucio!

This time the curse lasted for only a couple of seconds.

"Tell Dumbledore I am back" Harry ordered.

"But master, is that wise?" Snape said in a hoarse voice once he had understood who was standing in front of him.

"Don't question me Severus and do as I say" Harry ordered, "You will have to gain my trust again if you don't want to die soon"

Dumbledore's POV

The old man was sitting in his desk, just pondering about what this year would bring. For the first time since he had been a Headmaster, someone had barged in his office without him knowing he was coming beforehand.

"Potter is being possessed" Snape said in alarm.

Random Facts:

Date: 13th September 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 45

Dear Diary

"Potter is being possessed" Snape said in alarm.

"What was that Severus?" Albus asked Snape, hoping he had heard wrong.

"Potter is being possessed by the Dark Lord" Severus explained more calmly.

Severus stood still, in front of Dumbledore's desk, waiting for the old man's reaction.

"Are you sure?" Dumbledore asked seriously.

"I am" Severus answered clearly.

"That would explain some things" Dumbledore stated.

"What things?" Severus asked curiously.

"Maybe you should see for yourself" Dumbledore stood up and went to grab his pensieve. He carried it to the middle of the room for easy access and took a vial next to it, examining it.

"This is it" Dumbledore said, apparently finding what he had been looking for. Albus gestured for Severus to come closer, emptying the vial into the pensieve.

"After you" Dumbledore told Snape, expecting him to go in first.

Severus, stepped closer and went into the pensieve, a few seconds later Dumbledore was standing next to him.

"Where are we?" Severus asked

"Hogwarts, near the dungeons. Last year" Dumbledore answered.

Someone running could be heard, and whoever they were, they were coming towards them quickly.

Harry suddenly stopped, making Hermione slam into him and fall to the ground backwards.

"The troll" Severus said to him self.

"Yes" Dumbledore answered, with a look he told Severus to watch.

The noise of Hermione falling caught the troll's attention.

For the first time, Snape noticed the troll.

A height of maybe twelve feet and just as dumb and dangerous as a troll was supposed to be, from what he had read in various books.

"Don't move" Harry ordered in a voice that frankly scared Hermione.

That voice made Snape shivered involuntarily, he had heard that tone once before. It was the one the Dark Lord through Potter had used not even an hour before.

Harry moved his wand without saying a word and before the troll could take a step towards them, it fell to the ground dead, blood getting out from everywhere in its body.

"Silent spell" Snape stated.

"It seems like it. Dark one too" Dumbledore pointed at all the blood.

Snape walked closer to it, "if it weren't used on a troll I would know what spell was used".

"You know the spell?" Albus asked.

"These gashes are consistent with the Sectumpsemtra spell" Snape stated.

"I've never heard of that spell" Dumbledore said.

"There is no way Potter could have heard of it either" Snape avoided telling Dumbledore how he knew of the spell, "It isn't strong enough

to use on a troll. He would have to be extremely powerful to get through the troll's skin"

"Mr. Potter, Miss Granger. Why aren't you in your common rooms?" a voice asked from behind the two first years. It was Professor McGonagall.

"I think that is enough" Dumbledore said, and the memory vanished.

They were both standing in Dumbledore's office once more.

"That is quite different from Potter's memory of that day" Snape stated.

"It is" Dumbledore agreed.

"How is that possible?" Severus asked confused.

"It isn't. You can't change a memory, without leaving a hint that you did, behind.

"Yet, Potter did" Severus said, frankly a little scared.

"I think Harry has been possessed for quite some time. Riddle has to know spells and curses we've never heard of" Dumbledore sighed.

"There is a memory maybe you should see" Severus put his wand to his head and retrieved a memory from it. He put the memory in the pensieve and gestured for Dumbledore to go in, he did.

They were now standing in Snape's office, where he was currently checking on what looked like essays. A sneer on his face told how much he liked that. Dumbledore couldn't help but chuckle.

Three knocks were heard on the door.

"Come in" memory Snape said.

Harry walked in, opening the door slowly and closing it behind him.

"I hear you got away with trying to hurt a Gryffindor. Very Slytherin of you" memory Snape said without looking away from the papers in his desk.

"Praising a student?" Dumbledore asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I was trying to make him blurt something out" Snape stated.

"I didn't hurt Ron" Harry stated standing in front of the potion's master desk without moving a muscle, quite a difficult feat for an eleven year old.

"This was after the Gryffindor-Slytherin flying class then?" Dumbledore asked.

"It was. Potter was serving detention with me at the time" Snape stated not taking his eyes off Potter.

"Very good liar. I think the rest of the Slytherins might have underestimated you" memory Snape continued obviously not believing Harry, "How have you managed without a wand this past days?"

"I've managed" Harry answered.

"Wandless magic?" Dumbledore asked not believing it possible.

"I don't think he had been doing magic at all" Snape said.

"Every eleven year old is too excited about the prospect of being able to use a wand for him to be this calm" Dumbledore noticed.

"I found it suspicious as well" Snape agreed.

"How did he survived in Slytherin without a wand?" Dumbledore asked curiously, "I thought he wasn't very much liked in his house at the time"

"He wasn't" Snape answered, "Somehow he managed to avoid everyone"

"How are you planning on getting it back from the Headmaster?" memory Snape asked, referring to his wand.

"That is not my wand" Harry answered.

"Sticking to your story" memory Snape, for the first time since Harry had walked into his office, looked at him "You know what to do" Snape said referring to his detention and went back to what he was doing before Harry walked in, ignoring Harry.

"I actually believed for a second it wasn't Mr. Potter's wand" Dumbledore stated.

"He was very convincing" Snape stated, "I think he actually believed it wasn't his wand"

Dumbledore saw how Harry went straight to the corner of the room where several old cauldrons were, which Harry had to clean without using magic.

"Tough on your students?" Dumbledore asked disapproving.

"It teaches them discipline" Snape stated.

If it weren't for the fact that Snape told Dumbledore to pay attention he would have never heard it.

"Bone of the father, unknowingly given, flesh of the servant, willingly sacrificed, blood of the enemy, forcibly taken" Harry said in a whispered looking straight into memory Snape's eyes.

"What was that Mr. Potter?" memory Snape asked with an angry expression making Harry look at him startled by the sudden noise.

"Excuse me?" Harry asked.

"What did you just say?" memory Snape asked again.

"I haven't said a word" Harry answered.

"I heard you Mr. Potter" memory Snape stood up from his chair losing control of his temper.

"I haven't said a word" Harry tried again.

"You just recited the ingredients and procedure of making a very dark potion" memory Snape said.

"But I haven't said anything" Harry tried one more time.

"I heard you Mr. Potter. You recited it looking straight into my eyes" memory Snape yelled.

"But I..." Harry was trying to defend himself when memory Snape interrupted and ordered him to get out of his office.

Harry let the caldrons exactly where they were, got up quickly and got out without looking back.

The memory vanished. Dumbledore and Snape were back in Dumbledore's office.

"What is that potion used for?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's a regeneration potion" Snape stated looking straight into Dumbledore's eyes, "it is used to restore a wizard's body who has become maimed and disfigured to their true and whole bodily form"

"Voldemort" Dumbledore nodded knowingly.

Flashback

Danielle had waited for Harry to be gone to Hogwarts before going into his room.

She walked inside, not expecting to get caught. Her mother wasn't home and James was working.

She closed the door behind her and walked towards the bed.

She pushed it aside and started looking for the loose piece of wood she had seen Harry removed.

After trying on several, she found it and removed it.

There they were.

The diary he had received on his birthday and a stone.

Danielle first grabbed the stone, curious as to why Harry would think it was valuable. She would still take it of course.

She put the piece of wood back, pushed the bed to where she thought was its place and went back to her room, the diary and the stone in her hands.

End of Flashback

Danielle had thought that taking those things would be an awesome prank, of course she hadn't anticipated the fact that it would be pointless since Harry wasn't going to notice at least until Christmas.

They were both in her closet, they had been there since she had taken them.

Obviously Harry didn't care about the diary right? Otherwise he would have taken it with him.

Writing on a diary should be fun.

She went to her closet and looked for the diary.

She found it and took it with her to her bed, she grabbed a pen and a bottle of ink.

She opened the diary into the first page and started writing.

Dear diary, my name is Danielle Kelly Potter and I am 10 years old. I have an older brother, Harry, he is now 12 years old, he has been going to Hogwarts for 2 years now, and I still have to wait another year to be able to go. My family has always been a light family so it was quite a shock when we heard my brother was in Slytherin. He is unique in that way. I just hope I can be cunning and ambitious as well, I would hate to be apart from him when we finally go to the same school. He doesn't owl as often as I like, but I understand he has friends and school to think about. I just miss being his best friend. We found out a couple of days ago he is a parselmouth. My father thought it had been a prank, but Harry confirmed on him being able to talk to snakes. How awesome is that? Now my father is trying to find out how are we related to Salazar Slytherin. I could scare everyone with that. It would be fun. My brother received this diary on his birthday by one of his friends, but he hid it in his room along with a weird yellowish stone.

"Danielle please come" Lily called her from downstairs.

"Coming" Danielle yelled back, leaving the diary open in her bed.

Hello Danielle, my name is Tom Riddle

Was visible now instead of everything she wrote, but she didn't see it.

Random Facts:

I haven't written a word in days, and I think it is because I have several chapters already written. So I am not forcing myself to write more since I can update daily anyway. I decided to update all of them, they are just like 8. Maybe that way I will hurry to write another chapter.

Date: 13th and 20th September 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 46

Banned

Hello Danielle, my name is Tom Riddle

Was visible now instead of everything she wrote, but she hadn't seen it.

Today was the second dueling class of the year, since it had been established that there would only be one per month, and Harry wasn't going to miss it. Messing with Severus would be interesting. With the advantage of being able to keep an eye on someone who was supposedly one of his most trusted followers.

It had been hard for him to act like an innocent twelve year old. Especially if said kid wasn't even slytherin material for what he had gathered. He was only respected because he was able to speak parseltongue.

A mudblood girl had once tried to talk to him, but he had managed to brush her off, hopefully she would never think of going near him again. A slytherin, being friends with a mudblood? It was almost laughable.

He was a little confused though, he had been sure Harry Potter was a Gryffindor, he wasn't sure about the age, since he couldn't actually tell time when he was trapped inside a mind, but twelve seemed a little too young for everything that he thought he had managed to see happening through the boy's eyes.

Everything he had seen has happened in only a year? The philosopher stone, twice now that he thought about it. The basilisk. The triwizard tournament, they had let an eleven year old compete?

He was pretty sure Harry would have become a Gryffindor, both his parents had been in that house. Though it was better for him that he hadn't follow their steps. How they had managed to survive his attack those years ago was something he didn't understand.

In less than two weeks he had achieved what Potter had been incapable of, being a true Slytherin. People now not only respected him, but feared him. Not everyone yet, only the lower years. It was a start.

Everyone at least acted as if they respected him. He made everyone move away by just hissing. Not that he was actually using parseltongue, but no one knew that. Being feared was something he had always craved for.

Dumbledore knew about him, he knew he wasn't exactly Harry Potter, just like he had ordered Snape. He knew it because the old man wouldn't keep his eyes away. At least Snape still did what he was ordered to.

He needed the fear he had had in the first war, for that, Dumbledore had to confirm he was Voldemort.

Danielle was alone again. Her mother had gone to shop for some groceries and her father was working.

She hadn't received a letter from Harry yet, and even though things were better with Holly, she wasn't really interested in spending too much time with the girl. She missed Ginny and Luna at times, they were fun to be with. They had written to her once letting her know about what the experience of Hogwarts had been for them.

Danielle went to her room and had no idea of what to do to pass the time.

She remembered Harry's diary and looked for it. She could pass the time writing on it.

She found it and sat on her bed with the diary on her legs.

Dear Diary, it has been a long time since I wrote you last, actually I've only written one time, but I am not used to doing this. If I had seen any one else writing on a diary, I wouldn't have stopped laughing at them. Everything is all right with Holly again, well as all right as it can be. I think I wouldn't really be friend with her if she weren't Padfoot's daughter, she is nothing like him. She is too boring, she is always quite, and when she decides to talk she always says the stupidest things. But she is family, and like my parents always

say: Family comes first. I am always going to be there for her. I'll help her come out of her shell. Maybe we can start by doing pranks, something she has never shown any interest in.

Danielle stopped writing for a second to ponder on what she had written so far.

When she had decided to write on the diary again, she had gone straight to the second page not even glancing at the first page where she had already written once before. Not noticing that everything she had wrote on that page wasn't there anymore.

While she was reading what she had wrote, the words started to vanish. She was sure she hadn't used invisible ink. She still checked the ink bottle just to make sure, but no, it was regular ink. She stared at the now blank page, which didn't stay blank for long.

Hello Danielle, my name is Tom Riddle

Those words appeared where she the words she had written had once been.

She should tell her mom about it.

But if she said something, she would be grounded for stealing from Harry.

She was just going to throw it in the closet and try to forget about it. That was the best decision.

Before she could grab it and throw it in her closet, the words disappeared and new ones where in their place.

You must feel very lonely with your brother so far away, everyone needs someone to talk to.

Danielle did feel lonely at times.

But a diary wasn't supposed to write back. A diary was supposed to be just for her, so she could get her feelings out. Wasn't it?

The words vanished and new ones appeared, before she could make a decision.

You will be a perfect slytherin, you and your brother will be friends once more. Don't worry about it. In the mean time you can talk to me, that is why I was made for.

Well, it is a magical object, someone obviously bewitched a book to write back. Ans she did want someone to talk to, now that Harry barely wrote back. It was almost as if he forgot about having a sister, ever since he had started Hogwarts he had changed.

With magic, anything is possible, right?

Hello Tom

Harry was waiting for the class to begin, only the Slytherins were near him, everyone else had made it obvious they wanted nothing to do with him.

Being a slytherin was still advantageous, no matter the time.

"Hello"

Harry turned around slowly and saw a blonde weird looking girl. She was the same girl he had seen when he had taken control over this body.

Harry just stared daring her to say something else, but mostly trying to intimidate her to go away.

"You are the slytherin heir" it wasn't a question, she had stated it, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Frankly, to him, it was the most obvious thing in the world, but he wouldn't think it would be for her.

"I am Lord Slytherin" Harry said in an arrogant voice.

"Not really" Luna stated.

"You dare deny it?" Harry asked angrily, standing up and looking down at Luna.

"The true Slytherin heir is just a spirit at the moment" Luna stated firmly.

"I will help him come back, and I will join him" Harry told the girl in a harsh whisper in her ear, so no one else would be able to hear him.

"That is sad" Luna said back, actually looking sad.

"What is?" Harry asked confused stepping back from her.

"You would like to see him come back" Luna said.

"That is what I said" Harry stated.

"You would ruin people's lives" Luna accused dreamily.

"Everyone if you could pay attention"

Harry turned around, sitting back down forgetting about Luna, and saw who was supposed to be the DADA teacher trying to get everyone's attention.

Snape was standing next to the DADA professor looking intensely at Harry.

Snape had been avoiding him; that he was sure of.

Maybe he was scared. He should be.

That didn't excuse him though, he needed the complete servitude from Snape for his plans to work.

Opening the chamber of secrets wouldn't be easy without his help.

Severus walked towards Harry not taking his eyes off him.

"You need something?" Harry smirked at him once the potion's master had reached him.

"It would be unwise for you to stay in the class" Snape tried to make it sound as a suggestion.

"It would be?" Harry arched his eyebrow daring the professor to throw him out.

Snape cleared his throat and took his intimidating persona back.

"Mr. Potter, you are not welcome in this class" Snape said out loud.

Harry couldn't believe he had dared to do such a thing.

Harry couldn't defy him or punish him for it, if he didn't want people to become suspicious of him, it wasn't time yet.

Promising pain with his eyes, Harry turned around and walked out.

Draco's POV

Draco had been waiting for this day ever since he had started his first year. Finally the quidditch try-outs were here and he was allowed to try out.

He grabbed his Nimbus two thousand, his father gift to him last Christmas, and walked towards the quidditch pitch.

Being friends with Harry had become much easier lately, he didn't want his company as much, and he had become capable of defending himself. Not that he needed it as much, with him being a parseltongue, he had been treated as nothing less than someone from a royal family. Sometime he even thought he was perceived as more noble than him.

Even though he must be from the Slytherin line, his father had still married a mudblood. What a horrible thing to do, to dirty such line.

He was smart though, and he knew it will benefit him to be such good friend with Harry.

He still couldn't forget that day.

Flashback

"Potter" Draco sneered from behind.

Harry turned around and had an arrogant look. Something he had never seen on the boy.

His eyes weren't as green as he remembered, they were darker, and with a twinge of red on them, something he wouldn't think was possible.

"Trying to hide?" Draco taunted.

"From you?" Harry asked in disbelief, "Blonde and think he is above everyone else. You must be a Malfoy"

"I am the only heir of the Malfoy house" Draco stated proudly and arrogantly.

"Just like your father" Harry said, not looking impressed.

Draco couldn't help to feel offended, his face turned red and he was itching to get his wand and hex the boy in front of him.

"I wouldn't do that" Harry threatened.

Draco got even more furious and pointed his wand at the boy, before he could even think of a hex to use, his wand was not on his hand anymore.

The dark-haired boy was holding it and threatening to break it.

"Give me my wand back?" Draco ordered.

"Or what?" Harry smirked.

"I will tell my father!" Draco threatened, Harry laughed out loud, but the laugh was something that terrified him, it sounded evil to his ears.

"You would do no such thing. From now on you would do exactly as I say" Harry played with the other boy's wand and turned from him.

"Look at me when I am talking to you!" Draco turned the other boy back forcibly, but was thrown against the wall once he did.

"Don't touch me" Harry threatened harshly, pointing Draco's wand at him. "You would do as I say"

Harry's eyes turned completely red, Draco felt as if he was being hypnotized by them.

He turned away angry at being defeated by someone beneath him.

"I asked you a question!" Harry hissed venomously, "I expect an answer"

"You are the one that should do as I say! I am a Malfoy" Draco stood up in order to look more menacingly. He was taller than Harry.

"Even your father wasn't as stupid as you seem to be" Harry sneered, Draco looked confused for a second but composed himself quickly.

"My father?" Draco smirked.

"Your father knew his place" Harry pointed Draco's own wand at him.

Imperius!

Draco felt calm as if he could anything he wanted. And a voice in his head was giving him really good ideas.

"You are going to follow Harry Potter and make your friends follow him as well. There is a special item you are going to help him get"

The voice made sense.

End of Flashback.

Draco had been able to throw off the curse within the hour, his father had made sure his son would be able to do just that since he was young.

But even he wasn't as stupid as to not do as he had been ordered to do, especially if said person was an eleven year old powerful enough to do an unforgivable curse.

It had been a shame the item, the philosopher stone, had been lost.

Draco reached the quidditch pitch and waited for the try-outs to start.

Random Facts:

Date: 2nd October 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 47

Green

But even he wasn't as stupid as to not do as he had been ordered to do, especially if said person was an eleven year old powerful enough to do an unforgivable curse.

Draco's POV

Draco had become part of the Slytherin team with ease, and his father had bought a Nimbus two thousand for everyone in the team once he had learned of his son's achievement.

Draco was proud of it, and today was the first game, Gryffindor vs Slytherin.

Since they didn't have that much time to practice, he had had to practice every day for almost every free time he had.

He was nervous, but he maintained a calm act, it wouldn't do for a Malfoy not to look confident.

"I want that cup" Hodgins, the new slytherin captain threatened, "If you don't get me that cup I will make sure none of you are part of the team next year"

Everyone looked at him with arrogant expressions, almost daring the boy to do as he threatened. Hodgins was a half-blood after all, and everyone else was a pureblood.

It was time for the game to begin. He could hear the insufferable Gryffindor seventh year Lee Jordan's voice.

"The Slytherin team!" Lee announced, more booing than cheering could be heard.

"As keeper the Slytherin captain Julius Hodgins" Hodgins mounted his new broom and flew out.

"As chasers, Kirk Gwen, Heath Fligg and Mathew Blirch"

The three 5th years flew out after Hodgins.

"As beaters, Yaxley Hort and Seath Wirt"

Both 6th years flew out, leaving only Draco behind.

"And as seeker, Draco Malfoy"

Draco mounted his broom and went to meet the rest of his team.

"And now the Gryffindor team!" Lee announced with more enthusiasm. Almost everyone in the school cheered.

"As keeper the Gryffindor captain Oliver Wood!" Lee yelled and everyone cheered loudly.

The 7th year flew out to the pitch, where the Slytherin team was waiting.

"As chasers, Angelina Johnson, Alicia Spinnet and Katie Bell"

Three girls flew out.

"Don't they look beautiful? I wish Katie would finally agree to go on a date with me" Lee said, it made Draco sneer.

"Mr. Jordan!" Professor McGonagall could be heard. At least the Gryffindor head of House knew how to act.

"As beaters, The Weasley twins!" Lee Jordan actually stood up and started throwing his arms in the air, "No one can go against them!"

"And as seeker, Seamus Finnegan!" Lee finished introducing the Gryffindor team before McGonagall could say anything.

"I want a clean game" Madame Hooch threatened.

Hodgins and Wood shook hands with a glare firmly placed in both boys' faces.

All of them just waited for the whistle that would signal the game to start.

It couldn't come any sooner.

The quaffle was thrown in the air and grabbed by Spinnet who quickly flew to where Hodgins was waiting, skiving the bludgers that were being thrown her way, but the Weasley twins were being successful in keeping them away.

Just when she was almost were the hoops where she threw the quaffle to Bell who came out of nowhere and who threw it into the left hoop.

"10 points to Gryffindor!" Lee announced, making everyone cheer.

Draco was looking for the snitch, with Finnigan flying near him.

The quaffle was now in the hands of Fligg who threw it to Blirch. Blirch threw it back to Fligg when he reached the Gryffindor hoops and straight to the left hoop. Oliver blocked it and threw the quaffle towards Spinnet who grabbed it and flew to the other side of the pitch.

Only fifteen minutes into the game the score was 50 to 0, in favor of the Gryffindor team.

It had to be pitiful to watch. They were slytherins!

His father had come to watch the game.

Blirch was able to throw the quaffle into the hoop scoring 10 points for their team.

Getting frustrated, Hort threw the bludger with as much force as he could to Spinnet, who was hit in the head falling to the ground, broom forgotten.

"Someone help her!" Lee yelled scared.

She started to descend slowly, someone must have actually have a head on their shoulders and levitated her down. She was still unconscious, leaving the Gryffindor team with only two chasers.

"That had to be a foul!" Lee kept yelling at Madame Hooch.

Draco knew nothing would be done. It was the beater's job to throw the bludger into the other team's players after all. It was Spinnet's fault for not avoiding it on time, or the Weasley's fault for not helping her.

An hour into the game, neither Draco nor Finnigan had seen the snitch yet, and the game was becoming violent.

The score was now 120 to 30 in favor of the Gryffindors.

He had to get the snitch soon if he wanted to win.

That is when he saw it, something bright was hovering near the Slytherin's hoops.

Draco turned towards Finnegan, the boy hadn't seen it yet.

Draco grabbed his broom with force and flew as fast as he could towards the snitch.

He skived everyone in the pitch with some difficulty, but tried to make it look as if it was nothing to him.

Bludgers were being thrown his way, and he was actually hit by one, making him lose the snitch.

He flew towards Hoot angrily.

"Take the Weasley twins down!" Draco ordered the older boy.

The game if it was possible, became even more violent, making it very dangerous.

Wood had been hit by a bludger and the Gryffindor team was one chaser and a keeper down.

The score was now 210 to 130 points, the Gryffindors were still winning.

That is when he saw it again, the golden ball was a couple of feet away from him, and Finnegan has seen it as well.

Draco turned towards it and started chasing it.

It looked as if the ball had a brain for itself, it knew he was being chased and was trying to get away.

Finnegan still hadn't reached him, but was proving to be a good flier.

The ball kept moving out of the way and Draco was becoming frustrated at it, promising him self he would blow the ball off after he caught it.

The ball flew rapidly towards the ground and Draco followed it wanting to end the game.

When the ball almost reached the ground it went back up and away from the two seekers.

Draco flew back up and caught it.

The game was over.

"Slytherins wins with 280 points" Lee announced regretfully for everyone to hear.

Only the Slytherins and some Ravenclaws cheered.

Lily's POV

"Baby, how are you?" Lily was concerned as soon as Danielle walked in the kitchen. She hadn't been paying much attention to her daughter lately. She hadn't been concerned though, since Danielle was getting into the age where her mother wasn't that indispensable anymore, and the less she saw of her better. She hated that it had come so soon, but the only thing Danielle wanted to do lately was to be alone in her room.

It was practically the first time she had seen her in a week. Danielle was pale and tired looking. Maybe it was the fact that she hadn't had any sun for more than 7 days, and because it was still too early in the morning.

Her mother's instinct told her to be concerned, and that was what she was being.

"I am fine" Danielle snapped.

It took Lily by surprise, Danielle wasn't a morning person, but she had never been disrespectful before.

"Excuse me?" Lily asked surprised.

"Sorry" Danielle said without sounding sorry at all.

Lily saw as how Danielle walked towards the table and sat down, expecting breakfast to be served.

"I don't think so" Lily narrowed her eyes, "You can serve yourself"

"Whatever" Danielle answered and stood up, but it looked as if she would fall at any moment. She walked towards the stove and pile some food to a plate. A bit of scrambled eggs and a toast.

"More" Lily ordered, if she was getting sick she needed to eat better.

"I am not that hungry" Danielle turned around towards the table.

"More" Lily wasn't going to let it go.

"Fine!" Danielle snapped harshly and put some more scrambled eggs on her plate.

"I want to see it all gone" Lily threatened.

"Of course" Danielle smirked, and the food vanished from her plate.

Lily was surprised at the way her daughter was acting. She had never been this nasty to her or to anyone else, even in her moodiest moments.

"Go to your room" Lily couldn't contain her temper anymore.

In a childish way, Danielle stuck out her tongue and stomped all the way to her room. She knew when she had reached her destination since the door could be heard slammed shut.

Lily grabbed the now empty plate her daughter had left behind and started washing it, still concerned about her daughters behavior, but most of all, about her sickly appearance.

Maybe she should call a healer? It couldn't hurt.

Lily went towards the fireplace in order to make an appointment.

Harry's POV

Since the game had been over, the party had started in the Slytherin common room. It didn't look as if it was going to be over any time soon.

It did give Harry an excuse to watch how everyone acted. To know the ones who will soon serve you was important.

"Harry" A boy who Harry had vaguely noticed in his classes was trying to get his attention. The boy was taller than Harry and thin, he didn't look powerful at all, but he held an arrogance air around him, which told him he was a pureblood.

"Yes?" Harry asked looking at the boy expectantly.

"I am sorry" Nott said between teeth. Harry could see how much it hurt the other boy to say those words.

"About?" Harry enquired. What would make a pureblood ask for forgiveness from a half-blood?

"I didn't mean to snap at you" Nott tried again, it looked as if it was physically hurting the boy.

"You did?" Harry arched his eyebrow.

"At the beginning of the year?" Nott now was confused. Maybe Harry was going to milk everything he could from the moment, "Just accept my forgiveness, Potter" Nott snapped.

"Why should I?" Harry asked, smirk firmly in place.

"Because it was your fault" Nott raised his voice. When he noticed he was getting everyone's attention he tried to compose himself.

"If it were my fault, shouldn't I be the one apologizing?" Harry asked.

"You may" Nott signaled for Harry to apologize, which made Harry laugh.

"I don't apologize" Harry turned his back on the boy, and Nott walked away offended.

Draco had been looking at the commotion and now that Nott had walked away he walked towards Harry.

"Harsh?" Draco asked looking amused.

"No" Harry answered.

"All this, just because of a diary?" Draco asked.

"A diary?" Harry asked confused.

"Nott's birthday present?" Draco taunted.

"He gave me a diary as a birthday present?" Now Harry was the one that looked amused.

"Where you obliviated?" Draco started laughing.

"Maybe" Harry smirked.

Random Facts:

Writing about a quidditch game was the most difficult thing I have done. I hope it was acceptable =S.

Date: 24th October 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 48

Chamber of Secrets

"Where you obliviated?" Draco started laughing.

"Maybe" Harry smirked.

The boy, who he had gathered from Malfoy, was named Theodore Nott, was still angry at him. It was really amusing to Harry to know it was all about a diary. He could vaguely remember the boy's father, he had been a fanatic, a death eater, one of the deadly ones.

Several red-headed boys, who Malfoy called 'the Weasels', kept trying to get near him. Apparently they didn't like Malfoy, so they had still not made any progress in talking to him, it made it easier for him.

Harry knew the brute force of the two bulky boys, Crabbe and Goyle, could do nothing but benefit him, so now they acted as his and Malfoy's bodyguards. Harry didn't like that Malfoy acted as his equal, but until he could move on his own between the purebloods he was going to have to endure it.

The mudblood kept throwing calculating glances at him, which annoyed him to an end. And the blonde weird girl kept throwing him pitiful glances every time he walked near, that annoyed him even more.

Classes were just as he remembered: dull.

Harry hadn't been a good student last year, that was for sure. But he had remedied that. He was the top of the class, and the professor loved him. Except for Snape who was still avoiding him. Harry's patience was running thin.

Dumbledore was getting more obvious every day in watching him, so Harry kept throwing smirks his way, which he noticed troubled the man.

Today was Halloween. What better day to say hello to a dear old friend?

Harry walked towards a girl's bathroom he once used to visit frequently the first time he had been in Hogwarts.

Throwing off Malfoy was rather easy, but getting away from Crabbe and Goyle had been frustrating. The boys seemed to think they had to stick like glue to him all the time.

He reached the bathroom and looked both ways to make sure no one could see him going in it. He cast a spell to see if anyone was in it, but no one was. He opened the door and locked it behind him. He didn't like surprises.

He hadn't expected to see a ghost in the bathroom.

"Who are you?" The girl asked dreamily, "You are pretty"

"Who are you?" Harry snapped.

"I am Myrtle" The ghost floated towards him in a flirty way.

"Myrtle go away" Harry hissed.

"You are not pretty anymore!" the ghost, Myrtle, started bawling loudly. Harry had to cover his ears.

"Shut up!" Harry ordered harshly.

Myrtle looked offended and floated to an empty stall, where she jumped into the toilet.

Harry looked relieved at not having to be with the ghost any longer and turned towards the large sink. He looked intensely until he found it.

The small, carved snake.

'Open' he hissed.

The sink started to move and made room for a tunnel. He looked down to it and like he remembered it was dark and the bottom couldn't be seen.

'Stairs'

Stairs appeared in the tunnel. He started walking down the stairs making sure to close the entrance after him.

Once he had reached the bottom of the tunnel, the stairs disappeared. The place looked just like he remembered, dirty and with animal's skeletons everywhere he looked.

His friend had been busy, he hoped she was still hungry.

He walked forward until he saw another door with snakes carved on it.

'Open'

A large hall could be seen. It was obvious it had once been elegant looking. Something only Salazar Slytherin would find fitting, everyone else would find it to be too much.

He walked to the center of the large room where he could see the large statue of his ancestor. He was proud to be a Slytherin.

Harry called it to him.

The mouth of the large statue started to open and something could be heard coming towards him through the now visible tunnel.

Harry had been anticipating this moment. He wasn't going to make the same mistakes he had once made. He will keep to the promise he had made about helping his other self regain a body, but only after he had established him self as the leader. His other self would have to follow him.

'Who dared wake me up?' an angry hissing was heard, though the one hissing could still not be seen.

'I do. I am Lord Slytherin' Harry hissed back.

If it were possible the thing coming his way moved even faster.

Finally, the thing could be seen.

First it was a head, a large snake was coming from the tunnel. A basilisk. His basilisk

It finally came through and it was in front of him, eyes closed.

'I can smell Slytherin in you, but it is wrong' the snake hissed angrily.

'This is not my body, only my soul' Harry hissed back.

If it were possible the snake looked confused.

'I am in someone else's body. His body wouldn't smell like Slytherin if I wasn't possessing him' Harry tried to explain.

'You are using someone else as a suit' the snake hissed in understanding.

Harry, not wanting to get technical with a snake, let it go.

'It has been a long time since I have been woken' the snake hissed.

'Several decades' Harry agreed.

'Is there a threat to the school?' the snake asked getting restless.

'There is' Harry said with a smirk.

The snake if it were possible looked alarmed.

'There are filthy creatures trying to get control of the school' Harry stated.

'That can't be' the snake agreed.

'They have to die' Harry said.

'I will kill them' The snake promised.

'You will' Harry agreed with a smirk.

"You look excited" Draco observed, while putting food on his plate.

"Halloween is my favorite holiday" Harry explained, not even glancing towards the food.

"But the food is not to your liking?" Draco asked.

"I am not hungry" Harry stated.

They were in the famous Halloween feast. Food and candy were everywhere. The students and staff looked happy about it. Not even Dumbledore was paying attention to him this day.

The snake had made a promise to him and he was expecting the promise to be fulfilled this night.

The night was over. Everyone was walking towards their common rooms. Harry was a little disappointed but not annoyed yet. He may find his present in the morning. He could be patient until then.

Thankfully he didn't have to wait.

Just outside the Great Hall, students were abruptly stopping, and shock faces could be seen in all of them.

Harry smirked and tried to see what had shocked everyone, pushing everyone aside lightly. When people noticed he was the one trying to make his way to the front started glaring at him, and whispering to the one standing next to them.

"You did it" A student accused when he pushed him aside.

Frankly that made him proud, but he wanted to see what he had done first.

Finally he reached the front and what he saw made him scowl.

No one was dead. A bushy haired girl, who he still remembered as the mudblood that had tried to get near him at the start of the year was petrified.

The snake couldn't kill a 12 year old?

She was stone-like. Pale and no one could even tell if she was breathing.

That wouldn't cause fear. He wanted all of them dead.

"You killed her!" another student accused him.

Several girls could be heard sobbing loudly. They were stupid, couldn't they see the difference between being killed and being petrified?

"What is going on here?" the voice of Snape could be heard through the crowd, "Move!"

Snape was soon standing a little far behind him. The harsh breath told Harry he had seen the mudblood.

"Mr. Potter" Snape said almost in a scared tone.

"Yes professor?" Harry asked still his back towards Snape.

"What is this?" Snape asked.

"A student" Harry answered.

"What did you do to her?" Snape demanded an answer.

"Nothing" Harry stated. It was true, he wasn't the one that had petrified her.

"Then what happened to her?" Snape asked.

"I would have to guess here" Harry turned towards him, "Either she is a very life-like statue, or she was petrified"

"We are going to the Headmaster's office" Snape grabbed Harry's arm with the intention of leading him towards Dumbledore.

"Why?" Harry asked amused.

"You are going to explain yourself" Snape glared at him.

"I don't explain myself" Harry glared back. Snape let go of Harry's arm.

"I am going to sleep now, it has been a very exciting night" Harry smirked and walked around Snape towards the dungeons.

"Harry wait!" Draco came running towards him when he was about to open the entrance to the common room.

Harry turned around and waited for Draco to catch up to him.

"What was that about?" Draco asked.

"What was what about?" Harry dared.

"The mudblood" Draco said.

"Which one?" Harry asked.

"The one that was petrified" Draco explained.

"What about it?" Harry asked.

Draco smirked and opened the door.

Both of them walked in towards their room.

"You were excited today" Draco stated.

"It was a very good day" Harry answered.

"It was" Draco agreed and went to get himself ready for bed.

Random Facts:

Date: 31st October 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 49

Dark Wizard

"It was a very good day" Harry answered.

"It was" Draco agreed and went to get himself ready for bed.

"It was a very unfortunate thing what happened to Miss Granger" The DADA professor said with a sad look to his class, "Fortunately I knew how to help her, I was able to establish what happened to her and she will be fine once the potion is brewed" he finished with a smile.

That is why Harry hated the fact that his snake had petrified her instead of killing her, there was an antidote to petrifying.

Flashback

'She didn't look directly at my eyes' the snake excused itself.

'And why was that?' Harry asked angrily.

'She was looking at the floor where a puddle of water was, when I sneaked into her' the snake explained.

'I don't like excuses' Harry said harshly.

'It won't happen again' the snake promised.

'It better not, or you will find yourself hearing a rooster croak as the last thing you hear' Harry threatened.

End of Flashback

"There are dark wizards everywhere around us" The professor took back the sad look, "We need to learn how to identify them. Some of them are easy to identify others are sneaky"

The professor walked slowly towards Harry.

"For example Mr. Potter" The professor said loudly putting a hand in his shoulder, "A parseltongue" he said disappointed, "A very dark trait"

Harry looked directly into the professor's eyes, he was curious about him. He used legimancy on him to see what this man was hiding.

The man didn't even noticed Harry in his mind. He was too preoccupied with telling the class how Harry was the devil reincarnated. Something he wasn't going to refute.

What he saw made him smirk. The man was a fraud. The only thing the man in front of him was good at where at memory charms. He could find that useful.

"That is why Mr. Potter here is what we call a dark wizard" The Professor finished explaining, getting Harry to pay attention once more getting out of his mind.

Harry took his wand out careful to not gain the attention of anyone and whispered in a very low voice so not even Draco who was sitting him could hear him.

Imperious!

The professor's eyes went blank, and he stood still.

"Something wrong professor?" a Gryffindor girl asked.

The professor didn't answer her.

"You should continue with the lesson" Harry said out loud.

The professor went back to what he was doing before Harry had cursed him, as if nothing had happened.

The class had become more entertaining for Harry, and it was soon before he would have wanted.

Harry decided that if he wanted something done right he had to do it himself. Which was why he was walking towards the Hospital Wing, where a certain mudblood was.

Snape had been avoiding him even more if it was possible and Dumbledore now narrowed his eyes every time he noticed Harry noticing him.

He reached the hospital wing and walked in.

"Mr. Potter" the healer greeted, not really feeling welcomed.

"Madame" Harry greeted politely.

"Is there something wrong Mr. Potter?" The healer asked.

"I wanted to enquire on Miss Granger's health" Harry told the healer.

The healer looked suspicious and narrowed her eyes slightly.

"We are still brewing the potion that will help her" The healer answered.

"It is good to hear that Miss Granger will be healthy once more soon" Harry said looking sincere.

"It is" The healer agreed, "Miss Granger is not allowed any visitors at the moment"

"Of course Madame, I will leave" Harry bowed lightly before walking out.

He needed to find a way to go around the healer to get to the mudblood. The girl couldn't survive.

He walked towards the girl's bathroom, which was easily becoming his favorite place in the school.

He walked in, being careful of not being seen and locking the door behind him once he saw no one was inside.

"You" a harsh voice accused.

"Me" Harry agreed.

"This is a girl's bathroom" The ghost floated in front of him, glaring.

"I noticed" Harry said.

"You shouldn't be here" Myrtle said.

"Yet I am" Harry said.

"Get out!" Myrtle ordered.

"No" Harry smirked.

"I will get a professor" Myrtle threatened.

"No one likes you" Harry stated.

Myrtle looked hurt and got into a toilet making a big splash.

'Open'

The sink moved so the tunnel to the Chamber of Secrets could be seen.

'Stairs'

He walked down, and walked until he was in front of his ancestor's statue.

'Master, you are back' the basilisk greeted.

'And you are here' Harry said annoyed.

'It is my home' The basilisk stated.

'You should be getting rid of the creatures' Harry accused.

'I have done a poor job' The basilisk sounded ashamed.

'Make it up to me' Harry ordered, and saw the basilisk go through a pipe.

He stayed in the chamber for a couple of hours waiting for the basilisk to get back and bring him good news. He was still frustrated at the fact that he hadn't been able to get near the mudblood, he needed something going his way.

After a long time, he heard it coming.

'I expect good news' Harry called to her.

'I have done a better job' The basilisk said.

'Someone is dead?' Harry asked.

'Someone is' the basilisk confirmed.

'Who?' Harry asked excited.

'A small male human' the snake answered.

'Good' Harry smirked and walked out of the chamber, wanting to get to the common room before the dead body was found.

The next morning they had been ordered to stay in their common rooms, but no one told them why. Harry had an idea though.

There was supposed to be a Quidditch game that day, which he could bet was going to be canceled. It was supposed to be Gryffindor vs Ravenclaw.

"We can't go out on a Saturday?" Draco whined, dropping himself into the chair next to Harry.

"You look like a mudblood" Harry sneered.

"You are in a good mood aren't you?" Draco asked sarcastically.

"The best" Harry smirked.

"You scare me when you do that" Draco stated.

"I couldn't imagine why" Harry shrugged.

"You know something" Draco accused.

"You ask to many questions" Harry hissed, "You shouldn't be able to do that"

Draco looked scared, he had noticed Harry different, but he was sure he had forgotten about Draco supposedly being imperioused since he hadn't acted on it.

Harry looked intensely at Draco in the eyes.

"Stand" Harry ordered.

Draco feeling scared did as he was ordered to do.

"Jump" Harry ordered, and Draco did just that.

"You may sit" Harry smirked feeling confident again.

"You disappointed me once" Harry told him.

"What?" Draco asked confused and a little scared.

"You were supposed to get an item for me, remember?" Harry asked.

"It was lost" Draco answered quickly.

"Find it" Harry said nonchalantly.

"Dumbledore might have it" Draco said.

"Then get it" Harry ordered.

"Yes" Draco nodded reluctantly.

"Leave" Harry ordered.

Draco stood up and ran towards the owlry, getting past the prefects who were supposed to keep all students inside.

He ran unnoticed until he reached the owlry where he looked desperate for his majestic owl.

He found it sleeping in a place where he couldn't reach.

"Black!" Draco started calling it to him.

The owl opened one eye and saw his master. It woke up calmly and flew elegantly towards him.

"I need a paper and a pen" Draco told himself trying to figure out where he could get one.

He found a piece of parchment in the floor, someone had obviously ripped it, but it would work. Now he needed a pen.

He found a puddle of water and took his wand out transfiguring it into ink.

He walked towards a brown school owl and pulled off a feather making the owl screech and fly away angrily.

He sat down besides the now puddle of ink and dipped the feather into it starting to write a letter.

He folded the letter in half and wrote –Lucius Malfoy- on the outside.

"Take this to my father" Draco ordered his owl, which nodded and took the parchment from Draco.

Draco feeling better but still feeling apprehensive, walked towards the common room hoping no one would find out he wasn't there.

Draco got in the common room without anyone noticing just before Snape walked in.

"Is everyone here?" Snape asked the prefects but not taking his eyes off Harry who was smirking at him.

"Yes" One of the seventh year prefects answered.

"There has been a tragedy" Snape said out loud, still not taking his eyes off Harry.

"What happened?" Draco asked.

"Someone is dead" Snape said.

Several gasps were heard.

"Who?" A sixth year girl asked.

"A Gryffindor first year" Snape answered.

Several students calmed down.

"Is that why we can't leave?" A seventh year boy asked.

"The Headmaster thinks it's unsafe" Snape answered.

"Who was it?" A third year girl asked.

"Colin Creevey" Snape answered looking at Harry.

"I didn't know him" Harry answered.

"I can't seem to recall the name Creevey" a fourth year boy said.

"Must have been a mudblood" Another fourth year said.

"He was a muggleborn" Snape confirmed.

"Can we go out now?" Pansy asked.

"No" Snape answered.

"I need sun" Pansy whined.

"It's raining outside" Snape scowled at the girl.

"Whatever" Pansy said and walked towards the girls' room.

"When are we going to be able to go out?" Zabini enquired.

"When the Headmaster says you can" Snape answered and walked out.

Draco kept stealing glances towards Harry. He was sure Harry had known about it. He could even bet the boy had something to do about it.

"Something wrong Malfoy?" Harry asked.

"No" Draco answered quickly.

Random Facts:

Date: 13th and 14th November 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 50

Cry of life

"Something wrong Malfoy?" Harry asked.

"No" Draco answered quickly.

Today the Headmaster had said classes could go as planned, with a promised of a feast in memory of the student that had died a couple of days before.

With that Harry made himself presentable and walked towards Herbology class. He had a two period class with the Ravenclaws.

"I know this is a sad day" The professor told the class, genuinely looking sad, Harry noticed the woman had cried recently, "There is still a student we can help" she tried to smile.

"Who?" one Ravenclaw boy asked.

"Miss Granger" the professor answered.

"How can we help her?" an eager Ravenclaw asked.

"The plants in front of you are called Mandrakes" The professor pointed them to the students.

"A Mandrake is also known as Mandragora. It is a plant that has a root that looks like a human, like a baby when the plant is young, but maturing as the plant grows. Whenever unearthed, the root screams. The scream of a mature Mandrake will kill any person who hears it, but a young Mandrake's screams will usually only knock a person out for several hours" the professor said in lecture mode, "Please everyone grab a pair of earmuffs and put them on"

The students did as told. And the professor continued her lecture after she had made sure everyone had their earmuffs firmly on, the sound was muffled but they could still hear.

"The earmuffs will dull the cries of the Mandrakes once we repot them. It will do no harm to you if they are firmly on" The professor continued, "You can see me first and then you can do it in pairs"

The professor grabbed a pot with a Mandrake in it and an empty one.

She grabbed firmly the Mandrake from the top and pulled it out.

The mandrake started crying loudly and it tried to get free from the professor's grasp.

She put the Mandrake in the empty pot and covered it with dirt. The plant stopped crying.

"Now you" The professor told the class.

Everyone grabbed a partner, Harry's partner was Draco.

Both of them looked at the plant trying to murder it with their glares. None of them made a move to go near it.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy, something wrong?" the professor asked.

"No" Harry answered. Draco looked as if he was disgusted by something.

"Grab the Mandrake" The professor said.

"No" Harry sneered at the plant.

"Excuse me?" The professor asked surprised.

"He doesn't want to help Hermione" a Ravenclaw girl said.

"He hurt Hermione" another Ravenclaw girl said.

"He killed Collin" a Ravenclaw boy accused.

After that it looked as if something had exploded, all the Ravenclaws started pointing and yelling at Harry, and the Slytherins started defending him, mostly because of house pride. Harry just stood in the middle calmly, looking at everyone present.

"Harry didn't hurt Hermione" a girly voice said, drawing everyone's attention.

"Why are you so sure?" A Ravenclaw asked the intruder.

"Only the Slytherin heir can control the kilisab" Luna answered.

"The what?" A Ravenclaw girl asked.

"You know who did it then?" another girl asked.

"Yes" Luna answered.

"Who?" A Ravenclaw boy asked.

"Him" Luna said pointing at Harry, Harry just raised one eyebrow amused.

"You just said Harry didn't do it" a Ravenclaw boy said exasperated.

"He didn't" Luna said calmly.

"You just accused him" the Ravenclaw boy pointed at Harry.

"I did" Luna stated.

"Enough!" the professor raised her voice, "That is enough. Class is over"

"Miss Lovegood, do you need anything?" the professor turned towards the first year.

"Madame Pomfrey asked me to come get you" Luna said.

"Could you please tell her I will be right there?" The professor asked Luna, she nodded happily and walked away.

Still glaring at Harry, the Ravenclaws walked away.

"Amused?" Nott sneered at Harry shoving him slightly.

"Entertained" Harry smirked, brushing off invisible dirt from where Nott had touched him when he shoved him.

"Mr. Potter, could you stay behind?" The professor called him.

Harry turned around to face the professor and walked towards her.

"Yes?" Harry asked politely.

"Mr. Potter, I am going to have to fail you on today's class" The professor said carefully.

"You are?" Harry asked faking surprise.

"You refused to do today's work" The professor explained.

"I am sorry professor, but I don't do house elves' work" Harry answered.

"Is that what you think I do?" The professor asked slightly offended.

Harry didn't answer. There was complete silence for a couple of minutes.

"May I go?" Harry asked.

"You may" The professor sighed, dismissing Harry.

Mom grounded me! Danielle wrote on the diary furiously.

Careful Danielle, you will hurt the pages. Tom wrote back.

Would that hurt you? Danielle asked.

No. Tom answered.

Why were you grounded? Tom asked.

Because she is crazy and old. Danielle answered.

It hardly seems like a reason. Tom said.

Exactly. Danielle wrote.

Why don't you tell me a little about your world so you can calm your self. Tom wrote.

What would you like to know? Danielle asked.

Everything. Tom said. Who is Minister of Magic?

I hate politics. Danielle wrote.

It is important to be informed. Tom answered.

Fine. Danielle wrote back.

His name is Cornelius Fudge, my parents say he is a joke. I don't really know much about him. Danielle explained.

I can tell. You should try and learn more about him. Tom said.

Why? Danielle asked.

Because he is the minister. Tom answered. Who is the most powerful wizard?

That is easy. Albus Dumbledore. Danielle wrote. He is Hogwarts' Headmaster.

The one that let a student die under his watch? Tom asked.

Mom was going mad when she learned about that. Danielle wrote.

How was the boy killed? Tom asked.

I don't know exactly. I just know he was found dead. Danielle wrote.

Those type of things are the things you should know about. You are starting Hogwarts next year, what if there is something dangerous in the school? How are you supposed to take care of your self if you don't know about it? Tom wrote.

I guess I could find out. Danielle said.

Do that. Tom wrote.

Danielle closed the diary, a little annoyed at being told what to do by a book and shove it roughly into her closet.

"I'll do what I want" Danielle glared at the now closed closet door.

Danielle walked down the stairs to find her mom. She found her in the library reading a book.

"Mom?" Danielle asked a little frustrated.

"Yes Danielle?" Lily asked still annoyed at her daughter's temper.

"Could you teach me a spell?" Danielle asked.

"You don't have a wand yet" Lily answered going back to her book.

"I could use yours" Danielle pushed.

"It wouldn't work as well as your own wand" Lily explained.

"But it would work" Danielle stated.

"Fine" Lily sighed closing the book she had been reading, "What did you have in mind?"

"Fire" Danielle answered happily.

"What?" Lily asked confused.

"I want to conjure fire" Danielle said.

"That is too advance, and I am not teaching you a spell that could burn down the house" Lily said forcedly and opened her book to the page she had been reading.

"But mom..." Danielle whined.

"No" Lily stated not taking her eyes off her book.

Danielle pouted and humphed before leaving the library.

"I can learn on my own" Danielle promised her self.

She would wait until her mother left the library to try and find a book that would teach her. Once she had learned how to do it, she would get either her mother's or her father's wand.

Danielle wanted to rant about how unfair her mother was being, but she was annoyed at the diary.

She did something she hadn't done in a while. She took a piece of parchment and a quill, and started writing to Harry.

Random Facts:

Short chapter

Date: 17th November 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

From now on:

Future Harry is Harry

Possessed Harry is Voldemort

Spirit form of Voldemort is The Dark Lord

The Diary is Tom Riddle

Year 2

Chapter 51

Basilisk

She did something she hadn't done in a while. She took a piece of parchment and a quill, and started writing to Harry.

It felt like he had slept for months. Harry was more than rested. He started to wake up and open his eyes carefully, sure that any light would give him a killer headache.

But once he did open his eyes he was startled. Where was he?

He started looking at his surroundings not being able to identify them.

He was starting to get a panic attack when he remembered the last thing he had done before falling asleep.

He was taking those awful spider webs off, but had drained him more than he had thought.

He looked towards the spider webs, where he knew they had been. They weren't there anymore.

Had he been able to take them all off and didn't remember?

That must be why he felt so drained.

He had done a job of months in just one day.

He stood up slowly and walked towards consciousness.

Voldemort noticed Harry's presence getting stronger.

He didn't want the boy to notice he had been possessed, so he went back into his mind and gave Harry control of the body back.

Harry opened his body's eyes and was a little surprised to see he was in his bed. But then remembered that is where he was supposed to be. It just seemed so long ago since he had opened his eyes, that everything startled him at first.

Today was Monday, he had all morning free, and DADA as a first class.

He wasn't excited about seeing Lockhart, but he had to get through it.

It was still early but he could get some breakfast and maybe fly for a couple of hours before he had to be in class.

He got into the shower and put his school robes on. The other second years were still sleeping, taking advantage of the fact that they didn't have class for another 4 hours.

He walked out of his room, out the common room and through the dungeons, his destiny being the Great Hall.

When he walked in the Hall was almost full, the students were having breakfast. Noises of people talking, or grumping from some students that still looked sleepy, could be heard.

Harry sat down next to some first years piling some eggs to his plate. After he had finished his food he drank some orange juice.

Breakfast being done he walked towards the Quidditch pitch.

On his way there he thought he had heard some students whispering about him. Some were pointing, and the grand majority gave him space, appearing as if they didn't want to be anywhere near him.

It appeared that they still didn't like him because of him being a parseltongue. Wizards were very close-minded.

It gave him a sense of déjà-vu, it took him back to the first time he had been in second year. He wasn't going to let it affect him this time. Being a parseltongue was something he was born with, and he couldn't do anything to get rid of it, no matter how hard he wanted it.

"Someone will stop you" a Hufflepuff he didn't recognize shoved him hard, and Harry couldn't keep his balance. He was now in the ground glaring at said student.

"What is your problem?" Harry asked annoyed, standing up.

Some other students from different houses were now looking down on him.

"We will get proof that you hurt Hermione" a Ravenclaw promised.

"Hermione is hurt?" Harry asked scared.

"Like you don't know. You did it!" another student accused.

After that everyone started yelling at him.

He caught the words Hermione and petrified. Scared of what might have happened he ran all the way to the Hospital Wing.

"Madame Pomfrey!" Harry ran in screaming for the Healer.

"Mr. Potter!" a stern witch appeared, "This is the Hospital Wing, you can't come running and screaming"

"I am sorry Madame" Harry apologized, "I wanted to see how Hermione is doing"

"Nothing has changed" the healer said.

"What happened to her?" Harry asked concerned.

"She was petrified Mr. Potter" Madame Pomfrey explained confused.

"Is the potion almost ready?" Harry asked.

"It will take a couple of more months until it is done" the healer explained.

Harry nodded feeling a little better.

"May I see her?" Harry asked.

"Like I've told you before Mr. Potter, Miss Granger isn't allowed any visitors" The healer said dismissing him. Harry now felt confused, like she had told him before?

Harry walked out of the Hospital Wing with determination. He wasn't going to let anyone else get hurt. He hadn't been able to save Hermione, but he would save everyone else. He was going to go in the Chamber of Secrets and he was going to kill that snake if he had to.

He walked fast to Myrtle's bathroom.

He knew no one used that bathroom, and people rarely walked through that corridor.

So he walked into it without looking out for anyone.

"Myrtle?" He called for the ghost.

"You again?" Myrtle asked annoyed.

"Have you seen anyone here besides me?" Harry asked.

"No" Myrtle snapped, "You are the only one that comes here"

"Thank you" Harry said. Whoever is going into the chamber of secrets must have made sure Myrtle wasn't here before coming in. He thought he had hid the diary in his room, back home. How did it get all the way to Hogwarts? Who has it?

He had to make sure no one else got hurt.

"Myrtle could I have a moment alone?" Harry asked.

"It's not like I want to be anywhere near you" Myrtle said, floating away.

Harry was left confused, the Myrtle he remembers had been very difficult to get rid of.

He started looking for the small, carved snake in the sink. He found it.

'Open'

The sink moved so the tunnel leading to the Chamber of Secrets could be seen.

Harry sighed and jumped in. He slid down, getting slime all over his robes.

He finally reached the bottom, hitting himself hard in the head. He started rubbing it laying down for a couple of seconds, trying to wish the headache away.

When the headache had dull a little, he stood up and tried to get some of the slime off his robes. Proving to be an impossible feat.

He walked towards the principal hall in the chamber, where he had once found Ginny laying looking lifeless and Tom Riddle standing over her.

He reached the door that was separating him from that place.

'Open'

The door opened and Harry stepped through.

The Hall was just as he remembered it.

The same ugly looking statue.

He didn't know how to call the basilisk to him, and what would he do once it reached him?

He looked at the statue.

'Snake?' he tried, but nothing happened.

'Basilisk?' he tried again, but nothing.

'I call you, oh great majestic snake' it actually worked.

The statue opened its mouth and the snake could be heard slithering its way to him.

Now, what was the next move on his plan?

What is he going to do now?

The snake reached him before he could come out with a plan, thankfully it had its eyes closed.

'You smell different' the snake hissed.

How would the snake know how he smells before today?

'What?' Harry asked confused.

'I can barely smell slytherin in you' the snake hissed menacingly.

'I am not Slytherin's heir' Harry explained.

'You shouldn't be here!' the snake threatened, thankfully it still had its eyes closed.

'I just wanted to ask something from you' Harry tried.

'I don't follow you' the snake stated.

'No, but you have to know that what you are doing is wrong' Harry tried to reason.

'I am defending the school' the snake stated.

'You are harming the students' Harry said.

'I am getting rid of the creatures' the snake stated.

'They are not creatures, they are wizards' Harry was getting riled up.

'I am going to eat you' the snake said and started trying to attack Harry. It opened its eyes so Harry couldn't see where it was anymore.

Harry had to run for his life, he wanted Fawkes to come and rescue him just like last time, but he wasn't as close to Dumbledore this time. No Fawkes, no hat, no sword. How was he supposed to get out of this alive?

He ran through the large pipes, giving him a sense of déjà-vu. He slipped a couple of times. Now he was dirty, wet and had a couple of bruises and cuts in his arms.

He was getting tired, but the snake seemed to have a lot of energy. It was still right behind him. The only reason he was still alive was the fact that he was too small compared to the snake, so the snake kept missing him.

He could try and get out of the chamber, but what if the snake followed him?

He kept running and trying to figure out what he could do.

Suddenly the snake stopped chasing him and turned around.

Harry didn't know what was happening, but he wouldn't miss his chance of escaping. He ran towards the entrance of the chamber.

He forgot about the fact that he needed Fawkes to get out!

What could he do?

He could levitate himself out. He didn't know if that was possible though.

He took his wand out, but he couldn't levitate himself out. He was too tired to try it.

How was he supposed to get out?

There had to be another exit, otherwise how did the snake get out?

He walked back to the hall, careful not to get the snake's attention back on him. The snake didn't seem to be there anymore.

Slowly and feeling very weak he reached the hall.

Now, to find a way out.

He started exploring to try and see if there were any doors around, but the only thing that could lead anywhere were the pipes.

Not finding any other choice he started to go into the pipe nearest to him, it was on his left a couple of feet away. He really hoped the snake wasn't there.

He started walking through it, it was a very slow walk, he had been hurt more than he had thought at first. Too many bruises and cuts, and the fact that he had been running for a long time made him exhausted. This body wasn't used to so much physical exercise, he couldn't even take in that much adrenaline. He had to get out of there.

Some rats crossed his way, but they were the only living things he encountered. After three hours of walking he found himself facing a blank stone-wall. Feeling drained, he collapsed next to it.

"She is 11 years old Lily" James smiled at his wife.

"She is still 10" Lily answered annoyed.

"It is the age" James explained.

"No it isn't, she is still too young to act that way" Lily was getting tired of her daughters temper lately.

James had known Danielle would be a handful; she had always been very independent. She had always been stubborn and with a horrible temper, just like her mother.

Harry was a very easy child; he had always listened to them.

They were now sitting around the kitchen table. Lily didn't know what to do anymore, her mother's instinct told her something was wrong, something that needed her attention.

It wasn't the age, it wasn't the fact that she was now reaching her teenager years. There was something wrong with her youngest child.

Lily couldn't control it any longer, tears started to escape her eyes.

James started to see how important this was to his wife. He moved closer to her and put his arms around her.

"She is fine Lily. We will take her to a healer to make sure, but she is a very healthy little girl" James tried to comfort her.

Danielle had been hearing the conversation, before her parents could find her out, she closed the door to the kitchen completely and she moved slowly towards her room.

She closed her door slowly after her and put the book she had took from the library in her bed.

She opened the book to where she had been reading; it took her a while to find exactly what she had been looking for.

Incendio (Spell)

It's use as a spell to conjure a small burst of normal fire.

The correct movement is as shown below.

There was an image of a boy doing the spell.

Danielle was going to practice it with a wood stick she had taken from a tree, until she felt comfortable with the spell. She will try it with either her mother's or father's wand then.

It had been bugging her ever since she had received the letter from St. Mungos.

It had been over 2 months ago.

Madame Pomfrey

Healer in Hogwarts,

It has come to our attention that someone has taken Harry's identity.

The blood sample we took from the boy that came here on Harry James Potter's appointment is not the same we have on our records of when said boy was born.

We are not informed about the fact of why it would be so important to hide

Mr. Potter. The concerning part is that this other boy who's identity we don't know,

we couldn't match his blood with any of the ones we have on record, has the exact same problem you had described the Potter boy had. It could be an outbreak.

If you could please send us both Mr. Potter and the other young boy to us so we can

make sure it is safe.

Healer Florence Jacobs

Head of the Research Team, St. Mungos

She had read that letter a dozen times now. She still didn't understand it. Lily Potter had reassured her that it was Harry Potter who had gone to that appointment, his mother had taken him personally.

He had wrote back and told them it had been a mistake, she loved the Potter Family, she wasn't going to put them in any risk until she knew exactly what was happening.

How did the same boy change type of blood? That was impossible.

Voldemort opened Harry's body eyes.

"He is still too weak to maintain control" He smirked to himself.

He stood up and looked at the blank wall behind him.

'Open'

Random Facts:

Next chapter is still not finished. This is the last one for today.

Date: 20th November 1992

Reviews are welcomed.

Year 2

Chapter 52

Lost memories

"He is still too weak to maintain control" He smirked to himself.

Everything in the Great Hall had been black and somber for a month, ever since Colin Creevey had died. Now that another tragedy had happened, smiles were very rare, if not impossible to see.

"I know that losing two friends has been devastating to all of us" Dumbledore started to tell the silent student body, who was paying full attention to him in complete silence.

"Mr. Creevey was a very good friend, he will be forever missed" Dumbledore continued, making a pause for the students to grieve properly "He could always be seen through the halls with his camera, trying to make everyone smile and capture each moment"

All of them looked sad, some first year Gryffindors were sobbing, trying to not be too loud.

"Miss Clearwater, one of our Gryffindor prefects, good student, great friend. I am sure we will all miss her" Dumbledore said after a couple of minutes of silence.

Penelope Clearwater's body had been found ten days before. It had been assumed that whatever had killed Colin Creevey, had gotten Penelope Clearwater as well. She had been found with apparently nothing wrong, except for the fact that she wasn't breathing and her heart wasn't beating.

She had been found at midnight, in a deserted hall near the dungeons. She was thought to have been doing her prefect rounds when it happened.

Percy Weasley, who had been dating Penelope Clearwater, had been the one to find her. He was devastated; he couldn't do anything else but cry ever since he had seen her body.

Right now he was the only one that could be heard in the hall, his brothers around him, trying to comfort him.

After the death of Penelope, rules had been stricter and the student barely got out of their rooms, mostly because they were scared. Dumbledore had said a few words for Penelope the night after she had been found, but he had thought it would be proper to say some words again for both students tonight.

Dumbledore was now looking at the eldest Weasley in the school with sad eyes. It had been hard to get the boy away from the girl's body. He had been hysterical when they were found. Percy's eyes had been red and his voice already sounded hoarse, telling everyone he had been crying for a long time.

Dumbledore still didn't know what was putting in danger his students. He had an idea of who was the one behind it though.

Dumbledore turned to the Slytherin table to where young Mr. Potter was sitting with his friends. He had a blank face; no emotion could be seen in his face, no sadness, no regret. The boy was actually bored.

His friends didn't look regretful either, but they were at least trying to be respectful by being quite, or whispering to each other. Harry just looked bored.

The School Governor's had told him yesterday of the decision to close the school. He wasn't happy about the idea of not seeing a young soul running and laughing in Hogwarts again, but they were right. It was too dangerous.

He couldn't risk their lives.

How was he supposed to keep an eye on Mr. Potter now?

"There is some news I need to tell you" Dumbledore interrupted the whispers.

Everyone fell completely silent once more and looked at the Headmaster, giving him their full attention once more.

"You will all be going back home on the 12th of December" Dumbledore continued.

Everyone nodded lightly, already knowing that information.

"This time you won't be coming back on January" Dumbledore finished sadly.

Gasps could be heard all around. Shocked faces could be seen as well.

After a couple of seconds, once it had settled on their minds what the Headmaster had said, everyone started asking out loud to each other. Trying to understand what was going on. Some actually looked relieved at the news.

Dumbledore made calming gestures with his hand, trying to get everyone to settle down.

After a couple of minutes, everyone did turn around to pay attention to him again.

"Regretfully, it has become dangerous for you to come back" Dumbledore said, making a very short pause. "You will all be going to different schools next year. Your parents and other schools have already been informed. Arrangements have already been done"

Everyone just stared in shock, trying to see everyone at the same time.

In their minds, wondering if they would ever see each other again. At the same time everyone was trying to imagine how their lives were going to be from now on, which schools were they going to be in.

This got the attention of Voldemort for the first time that night. It changed everything. Hogwarts couldn't close. It was his home.

"Enjoy this days, following the new rules. It is for your own safety" Dumbledore turned to look at the Weasley twins, trying to get his point across, but their faces told him they weren't even thinking about not following them.

"Curfew has been changed to 6pm. No one can be out of the common rooms after that time. No one can walk through the halls alone, a prefect or teacher has to always be with you" Dumbledore explained.

Everyone nodded along with everything Dumbledore said.

"I know it has been a couple of hard days, but always remember Miss Clearwater and Mr. Creevey exactly how they were, always with a smile on their faces" Dumbledore said with a smile on his face.

"It is late. You all look exhausted" Dumbledore finished, dismissing them.

Everyone slowly stood up and waited for the prefects to take them to their common rooms.

Before the Slytherins could all go, Professor Snape stood in front of them.

"Mr. Potter if you could come with me?" Snape asked, which made the other Slytherins raise their eyebrows.

Since when Snape asked? That was on the minds of every Slytherin but Voldemort's.

"Of course" Voldemort smirked, intentionally forgetting to say sir.

He moved away from the other Slytherins, and followed the Head of the house.

They walked out of the Great Hall and apart from everyone else.

"Something wrong?" Voldemort asked after a couple of minutes of walking in silence.

"The headmaster would like to see you" Snape answered carefully, not looking at him.

"He does?" Voldemort's smirk fell off his face.

"He would like to see you in his office" Snape repeated.

"Well, I shouldn't be there then" Voldemort stopped walking.

Snape turned around and scrutinized him.

"I don't think that would be wise" Snape tried.

"Wish is why you were never my advisor" Harry said and sat down with his legs crossed on the stoned floor.

Snape stood there confused. Voldemort was literally acting like a twelve year old. Was he going to make a tantrum?

"I will come back" Voldemort threatened with a cold glare.

He closed his eyes and started meditating.

In his mind he didn't have Harry's body, he looked like Tom Riddle, a 50 year old, slits for a nose, Tom Riddle. He was looking for Harry.

He walked slowly and observed his surroundings.

Everything was dark and gloom, he liked it.

He found him just where he knew he would be. Sleeping in that corner.

He sent a little magic his way to nudge him awake and disappeared in the shadows.

Snape was standing in front of what looked like a sleeping Harry. He had been like that for almost half an hour and he had tried to wake him up just once. He still remembered the punishments from when Voldemort was still at large.

The boy opened his eyes abruptly.

"Mr. Potter?" Snape asked carefully.

"What happened?" Harry asked confused looking at his surroundings.

"Professor Dumbledore would like to see you in his office" Snape tried once more.

Harry's eyes widened and he stood up quickly.

"I need to speak to him" Harry said and bolted towards the Headmaster's office.

Once he reached the gargoyle he started shouting every candy he could think of, but it wouldn't budge.

"Stupid gargoyle!" Harry kicked it and started hopping on one foot after it.

Snape reached him after some time, and couldn't believe what he was seeing, this boy didn't act like Voldemort at all.

"Licorice" Snape said out loud. The gargoyle finally moved letting Harry run up the stairs.

"Professor there is something important I need to tell you" Harry said out of breath after he barged in the Headmaster's office.

"I am sorry to say it will have to wait a couple of minutes, Mr. Potter" Dumbledore stood up with a piece of paper in his hands "We will be right back" the Headmaster nodded at Harry and asked Snape to go with him. They left Harry alone.

Harry saw the door leading to Dumbledore's office slightly opened. He stood up to close it. It wouldn't be wise for someone to stumble into it.

He pushed the door closed and heard something that had fallen inside. He had to push the door closed with a little force since it seemed as if the pensieve didn't quite fit in the closet. Once the door finally closed, he heard something crashed.

Harry opened the door scared of what he had broken.

A vial had broken, and the remains had fallen into the pensieve. At least it hadn't fallen to the floor. He now needed a new vial to put the memory into it.

He started looking and saw the memory was starting to play out. He was in that memory. Hermione was there too. Curious he got into the pensieve.

He was now in a hall near the dungeons. Behind a slightly younger version of what he looked like at the moment.

Hermione was currently on the floor, his younger self in front of her.

It was the night of the troll. Who's memory was this?

Hermione and him were the only ones on sight.

It had to be Hermione's.

"Don't move" the other Harry ordered in a deep scary voice.

His younger self scared him.

The younger Harry moved his wand without saying a word and before the troll could take a step towards them, it fell to the ground dead, blood getting out from everywhere in its body.

It shocked Harry out of the pensieve.

He couldn't believe what he had just saw. He didn't remember doing that. How did he do that? He knew that spell. That spell wasn't supposed to work on a troll. That was a dark spell. He had used it only once before on Malfoy in another life.

Forgetting completely he was supposed to wait for Dumbledore and Snape to come back he got out of the office, not closing the door to the pensieve and letting the memory there as well.

Random Facts:

Date: 1st December 1992

I am sorry for the long wait, but it was Spring break and then my mom was in the hospital, so I didn't have any time to write. But now my mom is much better and I am back in school.

Reviews are welcomed.

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